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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Mrs. Lyndon Johnson

**FIRST LADY
OF
AMERICA**

See story, page 7

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Page 4



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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Famous mystery writer Agatha Christie once made an astonishing statement in a London newspaper interview.

SHE enjoyed plotting her mystery stories, she said, but she didn't like writing them—that was too much like going to work every day!

Miss Christie has written dozens of mysteries; her latest book, "The Clocks," begins on pages 22 and 23.

Following Miss Christie's favorite technique, "The Clocks" has a cosy small-town setting. But it's also a setting for—murder . . .

And you'll find that tubby little Belgian detective Hercule Poirot exercising his "little grey cells" to solve the baffling crime.

He has become one of fiction's best-known detectives, thanks to Miss Christie, who is one of the most-translated writers in the world today.

★ ★ ★
DON'T forget our £100 "What is the puppy saying?" contest closes next Wednesday, December 11. The puppy appeared on our cover last week; the contest entry coupon and how-to-enter details were published in the same issue.

★ ★ ★
THANKS to "Elsa" author Joy Adamson's lecture-tour of Australia, donations to the Wild Life Fund are still coming in.

Our Cover

● The new First Lady of America, Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson—who is always called "Lady Bird," though her name is Claudia—photographed here in a formal gold-embossed and full-length evening gown. See story, page 7.

A dozen boys from Grade Five at Glamorgan Geelong Church of England Grammar School at Toorak, Victoria, went to one of Mrs. Adamson's lectures. And they decided to raise money to help wild animals like the famous lioness Elsa.

The boys—all ten-year-olds—took up a collection from fellow students at school and from people in their neighborhoods. It totalled £13-6-0.

★ ★ ★
OUR New South Wales edition last week was being printed when the news of President Kennedy's assassination reached Australia.

We stopped the presses to pay a three-page tribute to the late President, and this appeared in the remainder of the edition.

We wish readers who missed this tribute to know it was printed in as many papers as possible.



THE TWO PRESIDENTS

● When the picture above was taken at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy (centre) on January 20, 1961, Lyndon B. Johnson (right) probably thought that, as Vice-President, he was to be "the most forgotten man in the world," a phrase often applied to the Vice-Presidency. Now, through the tragic assassination of President Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson has succeeded to his nation's highest office. At right are Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the late President, and President Johnson's wife, Mrs. Claudia ("Lady Bird") Johnson, now America's First Lady.



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W244



PRESIDENT KENNEDY chats with a caller. He kept his visitors on the same side of his desk so that the Italian artist Annigoni could always see him from the same angle.

I HAD to paint a portrait of President Kennedy in a hurry. The director of "Time" magazine in Rome had telephoned me in Florence late in 1961 and asked, "Would you be interested in this commission? And could you be ready to leave in a week?"

"Certainly I would be interested," I said, "but how many sittings do I get?"

"Three, perhaps four."

"All right. But I hope no one will expect something like the Queen's portrait in that time."

I left Rome on December 8, 1961. Not only was I short of sittings but I would have little time to work because the portrait had to be sent to "Time" in New York not later than December 20 or 21.

Usually I ask for 25 sittings of at least an hour each, and take weeks or even months to complete a portrait painting in oil-tempera. Still, I decided to try.

They forgot to tell me that the whole affair was secret. In fact, "Time" had suddenly decided to dedicate the issue of January 1, 1962, to President Kennedy as "The Man of the Year." My portrait was wanted for the cover. And, of course, no one was to know this in advance. But I only found out later.

Before I left, the Rome director who had offered me the commission telephoned that he was disturbed by the publicity given in Italy to my impending departure for Washington.

Even if I had known that the object of my journey was intended to be secret,

it would not have been easy to invent a reason for leaving Florence at that time.

Many people would have guessed that it must be for an exceptionally interesting commission, because I do not usually go away just before Christmas, leaving my work, my students, and my children so soon after my annual visit to England.

The Italian Press said I was to paint the President. So did the "New York Herald Tribune." But in the heart of "Time" itself the secret was still well kept. For its sister magazine, "Life," on reading the news in the "Herald Tribune," rushed a messenger to Washington to ask the White House for exclusive

and we set out to buy an easel—a horrible aluminium one—before facing the formalities of entering the White House, the examination of my passport, letters of introduction, and so on. No mention of the proposed portrait was made as the reason for being allowed in.

The appointment with Mr. Kennedy had been postponed for an hour. I waited in the Press Room. I mentioned my business now and again, but no one seemed to know what drawing or painting was. I began to wonder whether the President had any idea that I was there.

It started to grow dark. I began to feel that it would be best to cancel the whole project.

"Exhausted eyes"

rights to publish the picture!

I arrived in Washington. The train, as is usual in the United States, was late and I was tired. An employee of "Time" escorted me to the hotel. The next day I would see what was what. For the moment I wanted only sleep.

In the morning I waited, not daring to move out of reach of the telephone. And I waited.

At last an executive from "Time" did telephone. I was expected at the White House at three o'clock that afternoon. I must join him at his office, which faced the hotel, at about two. He would take me to the White House. And, somehow or other, he would find an easel on the way.

At two o'clock I was in the "Time" man's office. No sign of him. Eventually he arrived

Around me there was much animation. And much indifference. Many people waited—guards, couriers, stenographers. Machines typed, telephones rang. There was nothing imposing. It was like being in the offices of a great commercial enterprise. I became very bored.

I moved to the rectangular entrance hall, which was built in Ionic style. Pink ceiling and doors, light pea-green walls and columns, and the floor chequered in variegated marble of a greenish color.

All around were leather settees and armchairs. In the middle was a large round table, piled with coats, bags, cameras. At the end, between two banners, was a space with a big desk. A negro in spectacles stood at the side and there were many other people, probably journalists and photographers.

At last, at nearly five o'clock, after further delays

in two or three offices, I was ushered into the President's room.

He was tallish, with sloping shoulders, a square head with exhausted eyes, darkly underlined with fatigue.

"You have done a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes, six or seven years ago."

"I thought so. She was telling me about it a few days ago."

Then he asked me what I wanted him to do for his portrait which we were about to begin. Good, I wanted all the sittings I could get. I told him, and for him to pose without moving. Words in the wind!

Certainly I could stay in his office as long as I wished. But it turned out that he read, wrote, received ambassadors, secretaries, and others without pausing for an instant.

In the past I would have given up. Nowadays I am more philosophical. But I realised that in these conditions I would not be able to produce anything good. No one would be pleased.

Patience, I said to myself. It will be an experience.

Basically I was not too disturbed. I thought of my Madonna, waiting patiently for me on her canvas in my studio in Florence. With her I would attempt something really serious.

Every time I arrived at the doorway of the White House the guard had changed. So every time I had to explain what I was doing there.

I said: "My name is Pietro Annigoni. I am a painter and I am working on a portrait of your President." And I added, according to circumstances: "I was here this morning—"

Mr. PRESIDENT and I

By PIETRO ANNIGONI

● The famous Italian who painted the Queen's portrait tells of his unforgettable days in the White House on an assignment to portray Mr. Kennedy — "a man," he found, "who imposed upon himself a tremendous programme of work." This is the first of a series of articles by Annigoni telling of the celebrities whom he has painted.



PIETRO ANNIGONI (above) and the portrait (at left) which he painted after a few days' sketching in the President's office in the White House. "He was sufficiently busy," says the artist, "to justify the absence of a smile and lack of care about the appearance of his tie."

terday—the day before yesterday.

They listened politely and then asked for my passport. Having examined it, one of them would decide to telephone someone inside. It went something like this:

"Look here, there's a Mr. Pirto out here. Do you know anything about him?" Not surprisingly, no one knew of a Mr. Pirto.

"Well," the guard would continue painstakingly, "he says he is painting a portrait of the President."

"Ah," I could hear the reply, "you meant Mr. Pietro. O.K., let him in."

This happened every time, with monotonous regularity. Always, as on the first occasion, I was left to wait in the entrance hall, where, it seemed, my very



MRS. KENNEDY has been a keen amateur painter. She told the artist: "I would love to watch you working. I am very interested in painting."

substantial form went entirely unobserved. I never waited for less than an hour.

Sometimes I had special treatment. A superbly tailored negro rushed to take my coat and scarf, conducted me politely to some corridor, left me—apparently for further instructions—returned, deposited me in another corridor and abandoned me to watching secretaries and stenographers scurrying by.

At other times I landed in one of these secretaries' offices. The girls were usually charming and seemed to understand how difficult the achievement of this portrait was turning out to be.

Each secretary had many personal possessions in her office—trinkets, family photographs, calendars, animals—all giving a quaint impression of homeliness right next door to the most powerful man in the world.

One morning, during this waiting time, a secretary arrived and asked me to follow her. Mrs. Kennedy would like to meet me.

She was full of charm, pretty rather than beautiful, and fragile. She was dressed in trousers and mackintosh. She had doubtless come in through the garden.

Mrs. Kennedy greeted me warmly in a room adjoining the President's office. She said she was delighted to meet me, that she would be happy if we (Mr. Kennedy and myself) had the time to make a real portrait for the White House.

"It would be splendid if you could find a studio in Washington, Signor Annigoni. I would love to watch you working. Would that annoy you, Signor Annigoni? I am very interested in painting."

I told her that unfortunately I had to finish the painting for "Time" with

the utmost speed. The President, as she knew, was too occupied for anything more. In any case, he was leaving for Venezuela in two or three days.

"That's so," she agreed, "but I hope we may meet you again as soon as we return."

But I had to tell her that I would have left the United States by then. I also told her that I had seen a little painting of hers.

("For the love of God don't tell my wife I have shown it to you; she'd be furious," her husband had said.)

She made excuses for it, but did not seem as upset as he had feared.

To my regret I did not meet her again. But be-

there," indicating the side of the table to all these people, who then turned their polite and uncomprehending smiles upon me.

Sometimes he came to see what I was doing. Once he commented that the mouth was not right. He put his finger on it to demonstrate what he meant, and the mouth, drawn in charcoal, was half-effaced.

It was evident that he imposed upon himself a tremendous programme of work.

A man of clear ideas, with a rigid system and unwavering discipline. He listened carefully to those who spoke to him, posing precise questions, never letting anyone escape into vagueness.

When this was attempted, which was often, he would

Artist's problems

fore I left I placed with "Time" a copy of a recent book illustrating most of my work, to be given to her. I never heard whether she received it or not.

The President was usually seated at his desk, which was cluttered with papers in orderly array. I stood before my easel, almost facing him.

To help me he entertained all visitors on the same side of his desk, so that I could always see him from the same angle.

Often he forgot about me.

Then, suddenly remembering my existence, he would say to his visitors: "I guess Mr. Annigoni is having a terrible time, please do sit

say: "No, that's not what I mean." And he would ask the same question again.

Or else he would say: "I have not understood you clearly. Please repeat that."

I was astonished that so many problems were discussed in front of me (home policies and, above all, at that time, Congo questions) as if I were not there.

The balance of new taxes, for instance, was one subject, and concerning the Congo the business of consulting the English.

"We mustn't forget to tell the English all about it," said the President at a certain moment.

And a little later, when everybody had just left his

room, suddenly he remembered again, and opening his door he shouted down the corridor: "Don't forget to tell Britain."

This almost casual way of dealing with highly important matters amazed me.

Another time I watched the President at an interview with journalists, who were, to say the least, extremely forthright in customary American fashion.

"Where were you most taken in over the Cuban affair?" was the first question, for instance. (This was the 1961 crisis.)

He answered all attacks very calmly.

The third working day was wrecked and my sketches were wretched. I worked from morning to evening and far into the night. Result: mediocre.

My diary said: "O.K., Mr. Pirto is here for the last time. Oh, to hell—I've really had enough of hide and seek. Mr. Kennedy lets me stay in his office for six or seven hours a day. But as for posing—not a second. I should never have come."

I made three sketches of the President, but I destroyed the third. He liked the second best, but I chose the first for the final translation into paint.

It was the one which represented him best at work, which showed him most faithfully as I had seen him for the best part of 21 hours.

Not too hard-pressed and not smiling at all.

I saw him smile only occasionally—when it didn't take up his time. That is to say, in front of a camera.

From time to time there was an invasion of Press photographers and movie men, shepherded and kept in order by an unyielding secretary, watch in hand.

This took place every time the President received someone of importance. Then the famous smile stretched almost from ear to ear—but only for an instant.

I must admit that he was so busy as to justify not only the absence of a smile but also the lack of care about the appearance of his tie, even to justify him becoming absorbed in his problems to the extent of forgetting my presence.

After the last sitting, late at night, I stood in front of him, waiting to go. He stood on the other side of his desk looking at me, but not seeing me. I seemed to wait more than ten minutes.

And I was carrying all my things, briefcase, box of paints, easel.

He went on looking at me without seeing me. At last I spoke in a loud voice. "Thank you for your help," I said.

He came out of his trance. "Oh, you are leaving . . . You have finished here. Well, we are going to miss you . . ."

I wondered.

● World copyright "News of the World," 1963.

Annigoni's memoirs will be resumed in later issues.



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The American Women's Weekly December 11, 1954

NEW FIRST LADY-DYNAMIC, RESOURCEFUL -AND RICH

From ROBERT FELDMAN in New York

● America's new First Lady promises to be one of the most exceptional, dynamic, and resourceful women ever to occupy the White House.

NOT since Eleanor Roosevelt have Washington and the world seen a President's wife of such indefatigable energy and wide-ranging interests.

By all accounts, "Lady Bird" Johnson, the 50-year-old Texan beauty who has guided and shaped her husband's career since the day they were married in 1934, will never be content with a merely social role as White House hostess.

The most striking single fact about Mrs. Johnson is that, in her own right and by dint of her own efforts, she is far, far wealthier than her husband—and this is obviously all right with him.

Many people are convinced that without "Lady Bird's" inspiration, dedication, and ambition, Mr. Johnson would hardly be in the White House today, and might not even have made it to Washington.

For one thing, it has been Lady Bird's money and business acumen that have allowed her husband to devote himself so wholeheartedly to his meteoric political career.

It was her devotion and tact that helped him bound back from a severe heart attack eight years ago.

And it is to his wife that Johnson has regularly turned in the past to acquire perspective.

"He likes to get my views," she once told an interviewer, "because he thinks I'm a very average and a pretty dispassionate person."

She was born Claudia Alta Taylor on December 22, 1912, in Karnack, Texas.

But no one has called her by her real name since she was two years old, when her negro nurse, observing that the infant looked just like a lady bird, gave her the name that has stuck for life.

She is gay, but a little rueful about the demise of her "perfectly respectable" christian name.

Even the official Congressional biography of her husband lists her as Lady Bird.

ALL L.B.J.'s

This is convenient, because it means Mrs. Johnson's initials conform to those of the rest of the family.

Everyone and everything is "L.B.J."

There is the President, Lyndon Baines Johnson. The daughters are Lynda Bird, 18, and Lucy Baines, 15.

The dog is "Little Beagle," the big ranch in Johnson City, Texas, is the "LJB" ranch, with the cattle so branded.

If the name "Lady Bird" suggests a fluttery Southern belle, it is only partly true.

Mrs. Johnson has a Texas drawl that can be cut with a knife, and she is pretty, petite, cheerful, charming.

She is also a shrewd and canny manager. For years she has run three homes—in Washington, Johnson City, and Austin, Texas.

Since 1961 the Johnsons have occupied "The Oaks," a large showplace they bought from Mrs. Perle Mesta, the Capital's one-time "hostess with the mostest."

She has often served as father as well as mother to her daughters during Mr. Johnson's absences abroad.

Mrs. Johnson, the daughter of a country merchant and landowner, spent her early

childhood on a cotton farm in East Texas.

Her mother died when she was only five years old, and Lady Bird was placed in the care of an aunt who lived on the lonely cotton farm.

It was an experience that left her rather shy—a characteristic which she determined early to overcome.

She finished high school at the age of 15 and immediately began preparing for three possible careers.

Simultaneously, at the University of Texas, she studied journalism, shorthand-typing, and education.

As things turned out, however, she chose a lanky young man named Lyndon B. Johnson, who was then serving as secretary to Richard M. Kleberg, the owner of the King Ranch. (Kleberg's son, Robert, introduced King Ranch's Santa Gertrudis cattle to Australia.)

Their courtship was rather whirlwind.

As she related it, they were introduced in the office of one of her girl-friends in Austin.

He took her out immediately for a soft drink. He dated her for breakfast the next morning.

After breakfast, they went for a drive. He told her his salary, how much life insurance he had, all about his family—and then asked her to marry him.

She hedged.

He took her to visit his mother and father and to meet Kleberg, his boss.

He drove to East Texas to meet her family.

After two months of this sort of treatment, Lady Bird could hold out no longer, and they were married in November, 1934, at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in San Antonio, Texas.

Johnson's political career began three years later.

The old Congressman from their constituency died, and Lyndon asked his wife if she thought he should try for the seat.

There were 10 others in the running. Lady Bird borrowed 10,000 dollars from her father—against her inheritance from her mother—and swung into the campaign with vigor.

At the start, at least four of the other candidates were rated a better chance. But they didn't have such clever wives.

Johnson won in a breeze.

During the early part of the war, Johnson served in the U.S. Navy and, by a strange (and probably unconstitutional) arrangement, Lady Bird took over most of his duties as a Congressman.

In 1942 President Roosevelt recalled all members of Congress from the armed forces, but all this time Lady Bird knew the political ropes as well as politicians who had served in Washington for years.

With Lyndon back in Congress, Lady Bird decided in 1942 to build up the family fortunes.

Then she heard that a small, unprofitable Texas radio station, KTBO in Austin, was for sale.

She raised 21,000 dollars and bought it.

When she moved in it was losing at a rate of 2000 dollars a month.

For five months Lady Bird stayed on the job. Then the station showed a profit of 18 dollars.

She returned to Washington, but kept a close check on the enterprise. Under her management, the station has grown, acquired a subsidiary, added television, and returned millions of dollars in profits.

With the profits she bought four cattle ranches.

Two daughters

The two daughters came along in 1944 and 1947.

Then, in 1948, Johnson decided to run for the U.S. Senate.

In the primary election (pre-selection) he ran 100,000 votes behind the leader. Fortunately, a runoff election was scheduled, and Lady Bird pitched in to rescue her husband from political disaster.

She began by organizing the women voters.

She visited personally every friend she could find from her university days.

She conquered her fear of flying and covered thousands of miles speaking to small groups of women voters all over Texas.

With her three sisters, she actually rang everyone in the Austin telephone directory, asking them to vote for Johnson.

Finally, in an election where more than one million votes were cast, Lyndon won by a margin of 87 votes.

The same sort of persist-

PRESIDENT JOHNSON with his wife, Claudia (left), and daughters Lynda, 19, and Lucy, 16.



PRESIDENT'S WIFE. Mrs. Claudia ("Lady Bird") Johnson in the gown she wore for her husband's inauguration as Vice-President.

ence was necessary to advance Johnson's career in Washington.

President Johnson is 55, weighs 14 stone, and is 6ft. 3in. tall.

As President he will undoubtedly have to moderate his customary affability, back-slapping, and shoulder-hugging manners.

His working day, since he arrived in Washington, has averaged 16 hours.

He is given to 10-gallon hats and vivid shirts reminiscent of Harry Truman.

He and his fashionably dressed wife sometimes form an incongruous pair.

Johnson was not born to wealth.

In fact, he has known what it means to be hard-up.

He once actually had to suspend his university education for a while to earn money to pay his bills.

After Johnson reached Washington as Kleberg's secretary, he won the favor of the late President Franklin Roosevelt and of the late Speaker of the House of Representatives, the powerful Sam Rayburn, of Texas.

During his year in the Navy Johnson won a decoration for gallantry in action in a flight over enemy positions in New Guinea.

While Johnson was expanding his influence as Congressman and then Senator, Lady Bird was blossoming forth as a popular Capital hostess, known for her informal gatherings.

Unlike Mrs. Kennedy, the pressures of young children will not interfere with Mrs. Johnson's activities.

Lynda Bird, 19, is a student at the University of Texas, and Lucy Baines, 16, attends high school in Washington.

Lynda Bird's engagement was recently announced to Ensign Bernard Rosenbach, of Comfort, Texas, but no wedding date was set.

Friends say that the two Johnson children are remarkably unspoiled.

The girls have been heard to complain that they were "underprivileged" children because they saw their father so little.

That situation is not likely to improve now.





LOW-TIDE AERIAL VIEW of Tomberua shows the coral reefs which make severe tidal waves unlikely. Sharks are rare, but a flurry of fish gives the alarm. Before buying Tomberua, Mr. McHugh camped overnight to make sure it was mosquito-free.



CLOSE VIEW of the island, 25 miles north-east of Suva. Only 500 yards by 100 yards, it has rich soil with coconut palms, raintrees, and massive dilos, which resemble Moreton Bay fig trees. The McHughs will use dilo wood to make a lot of their furniture. They will also grow bananas, pineapples, and papaws. Palm trees abound.

HIGH SLOPING CEILING of a Fijian bure (house). Bamboo is bound together with colorful vegetable fibre. Between the bamboo ceilings and thatched roofs of the bures they build on Tomberua, the McHughs will put galvanised iron sheeting.

ISLAND

When his wartime dream comes true, his Pacific paradise will have even a washing-machine.

"GONE FISHING (for six months)" is the notice business executive Mr. Joe McHugh will be able to hang on his Sydney office door as soon as he and his wife, Pam, have their new home.

It will be way out in the blue—on the Fijian island of Tomberua, a pinhead only 8ft. above sea level.

Just 500 yards long and 100 yards wide, Tomberua could fit into Sydney's Hyde Park about four times.

Getting there from Suva involves a 20-minute flight, then an eight-mile river and sea trip.

The McHughs, who recently bought the island for £5000, are taking off from Sydney on December 22 to begin turning it into every city-dweller's dream—a tropic island **WITH GOOD PLUMBING!**

When they have finished, the only outward signs of 20th-century civilisation will be a concrete storehouse with a blue fibreglass roof. The roof will be a water catchment for 5000-gallon underground storage tanks.

Besides groceries (and freezer), the building will house a diesel engine producing light and power.

It will also be a sturdy fortress for humans in the event of hurricanes or tidal waves.

Every other structure on the island will be Polynesian in appearance, with the various dwellings—cook house, guest suites, staff quarters, and the McHughs' own residence—spaced to look like a Fijian village.

But hidden between the picturesque thatched roofs and the bamboo ceiling lining of each bure (Polynesian name for house) will be sheets of "dinkum Aussie" galvanised iron.

The exterior walls will be of reed and bamboo, but there will be landscape-glass sliding doors.

It will take a lot of "huffing and puffing" to blow down these little straw houses.

"It may take us 10 years to get our island ship-shape," said Joe McHugh, who is slightly dazed about owning Tomberua.

Having a Pacific island has been his dream ever since wartime days in the A.I.F., when he served in the small ships and became aware of the Pacific's tiny, untenanted isles.

But for 18 years he shopped for one in vain. Always he was beaten by unsuitable locations, local restrictions, and high costs.

Then, on a memorable day last March, he saw Tomberua as he flew over it during one of his frequent Pacific safaris.

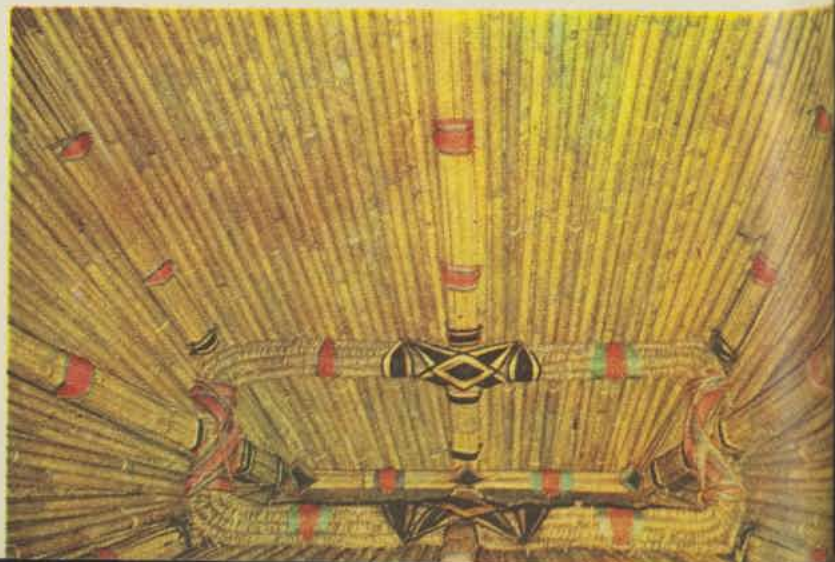
He fell for the little place—hook, line, and sinker.

Joe and Pam McHugh reasoned that £5000 was no more than they would pay for a comparable waterfront site in Sydney.

And, by following Fijian architecture, building costs—in spite of the mod. cons. and high-quality equipment—would still be less than putting up a glamorous retreat at, say, Palm Beach.

In Fiji a modest-sized bure can be built for £50.

Joe McHugh's first shopping was for three 20ft. x



HOME FOR CITY COUPLE

By MARY COLES

3ft. canoes, which are being built for him in Suva.

They'll have outboard motors, and two of the canoes will be linked by a platform to transport heavy supplies.

Barges will also be used for haulages along the eight miles of river on the main island and across the sea to Tomberua.

"We have to use flat-bottomed craft," he explained. "Our island is surrounded by beautiful coral reefs.

"Also, the wash of a deep-keeled boat on the river could cause havoc to the villages along the banks.

"Children, washing, pots, and pans would be floundering everywhere when the wash hit."

Leaving with the McHughes for Tomberua this month will be Joe's brother-in-law, Jack Hazlitt, of Hunters Hill, N.S.W., a retired automotive civil engineer and friend Jim Thompson, of Bondi, N.S.W., who can turn his hand to any carpentering.

Joe McHugh will hoe-in wherever needed. Whether the job is painting, plumbing, concreting, or navigating at sea or in the bush by the stars—he says he's never stumped!

Tall, lean, and happy-go-lucky, he is co-founder and managing clerk of a Sydney legal firm, and also has film-industry interests.

For a few weeks Pam McHugh will stay with friends in Suva.

Her comfort

She will join the men on the island as soon as enough amenities have been installed for a woman's comfort—and areas have been made safe from the peril of falling coconuts.

"We'll have to wear safety helmets most of the time for a while," Joe McHugh explained.

"A crack on the skull from an orbiting coconut can send a man out like a light."

The McHughes will return to Sydney in the New

Year and go back to the island in winter.

By this time next year they expect it to be comfortable enough for long residence.

The crystal-clear water round Tomberua is full of fish, and Pam and Joe drool when they try to describe the size and flavor of the lobsters at their doorstep.

They hope to get an antique Fijian pot for cooking lobsters.

They say they want a genuine cannibal pot to startle visitors with!

Pam McHugh plans to run her island home pretty much the same way as her Sydney one at Castlecrag, doing her own housework. She will have an electric washing-machine.

The only thing that gives her pause is the prospect of making bread.

"And that's one thing you've got to do, darling," said her husband. "In my Army days I did all the cooking I'm ever going to do."

However, she will have an ultra-modern gas stove (portable cylinders), and they plan to employ an Indian couple and Fijian couple.

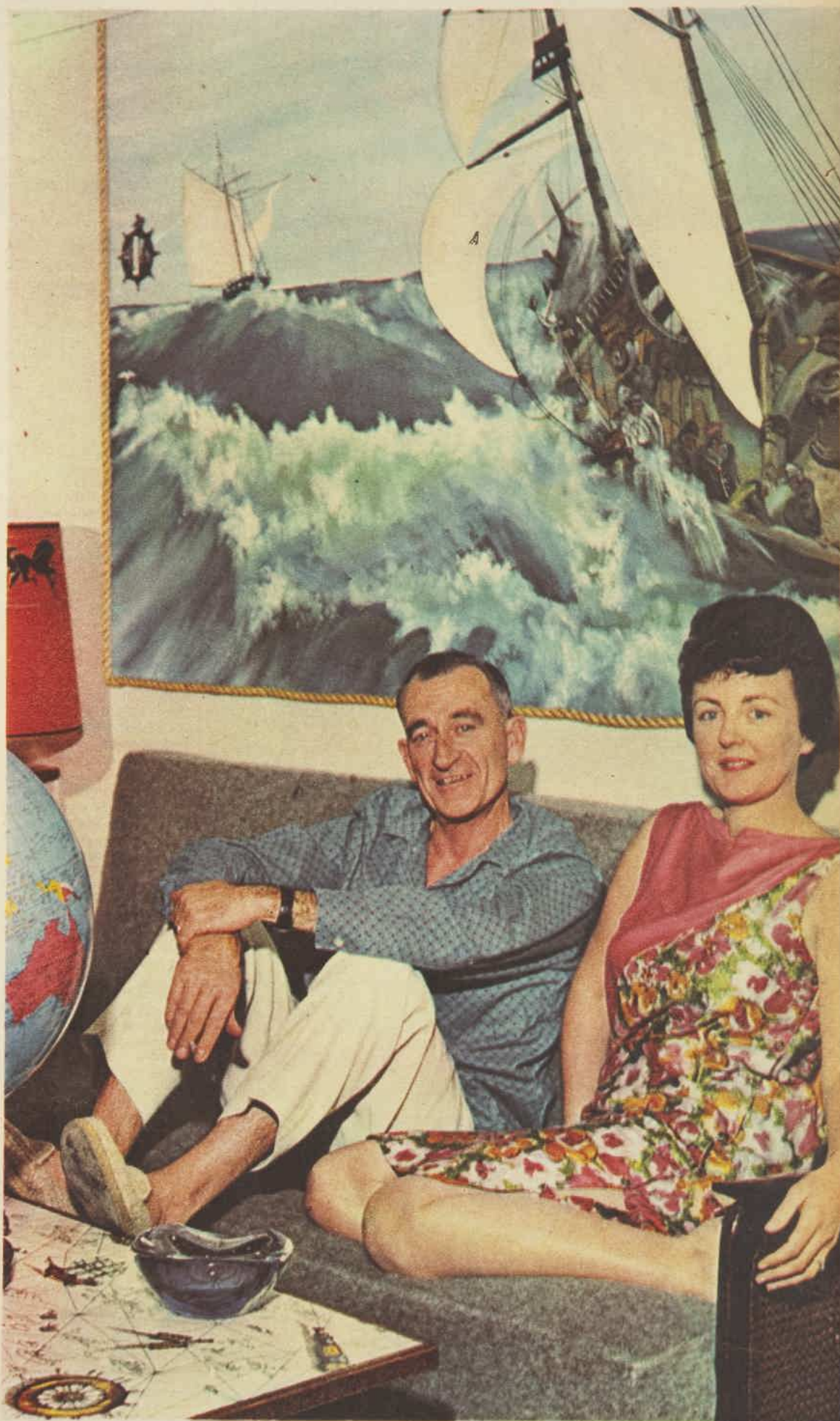
"When we want to vary our menu we'll get the Indian couple to whip up a good curry," they said.

"And the Fijians can turn on some local specials, particularly when we entertain friends and neighbors at a meke—a Fijian feast with dancing and singing."

For the time being they plan to spend six months of the year in Australia and six months in Tomberua. When Joe retires they will make the island their permanent home.

The "OPEN HOUSE" sign will always be up—and not only for their friends.

They see it as a place where they can give the holiday of a lifetime to a handicapped child, a harassed wife, a young man trying to beat polio after-effects—people who are "up against it" and need help to round a difficult corner.



IN THEIR SYDNEY HOME at Castlecrag. Mr. and Mrs. Joe McHugh beside the globe in Mr. McHugh's den. The mural of a pirate ship in the Caribbean is by Kevin Hambly. AT LEFT: Their six-room, contemporary-design house. Until Mr. McHugh's retirement they will divide their time equally between here and Tomberua. Mrs. McHugh, a keen gardener, plans to grow climbing plants on the island and have lawns to set off orchids and hibiscus.

FAB

SUDS
KEEP
ON

WASHING WORK
WORKING
WASHING
WORKING WASH

WHEN OTHER SUDS ARE DEAD AND GONE

THAT'S WHY
the cleanest clean under the sun
is FAB CLEAN

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: ROAD TRANSPORT

By MARY BROKER

● Road transport is an industry where operations must be on a large scale. The cost of semi-trailers and other vehicles, administrative methods, and organisation problems make it hard for the small company to operate economically.

NO doubt the "credit squeeze" made this even more apparent to the industry.

There were just not as many goods. Semi-trailers were making trips loaded to only half capacity.

With this in mind, the years 1961 to 1963 have seen many mergers and takeovers.

In addition, over the last decade, the industry has come to terms with its perennial enemy, the government-owned railways, to their mutual benefit. Hauliers now carry cargo to and from the railways, and in many cases leave the long trip to the trains.

Representative of the companies who merged is Cargo Distributors Limited, which was listed only in September last year, following a combination of the interests of Green McCandlish Ltd. (headquarters in Melbourne) and Rudder's Ltd. (headquarters in Sydney).

In the face of heavy competition from larger operators, the two companies had been having a rough time.

Business is now going so well, however, that the takeover path is being followed. The first step was the acquisition earlier this year of Motor Transport Limited, which holds a big share of trucking Holden vehicles from Adelaide.

Profit jumped last year by 167 per cent., from £56,000 to £151,000, giving an earning rate of 25 per cent. This gives some indication of the efficiency of larger-scale operations.

The 5/- shares at 14/- give a good yield of 4.5 per cent. on the 12½ per cent. dividend, and shareholders have already received a 1-3 new issue, at a premium of 2/6, in the short period since listing.

One hundred shares would cost only £71, for which the dividend is £3/2/6 a year.

Biggest group

One of the long-established companies active in taking over smaller companies is Mayne Nickless Ltd. This is the largest road-haulage group in Australia.

An example of the keen competition in the industry is the four-cornered battle last year for Antill Ranger (Holdings) Ltd. Brambles, Yellow Express, Ansett, and Mayne Nickless all bid and counter-bid hotly for the company. Mayne Nickless emerged triumphant.

Other acquisitions in 1962 included Corio Transport

Co. Pty. Ltd. and Robinson & Bott Pty. Ltd., of Brisbane.

New and bonus issues have been frequent, the latest being a 1-4 bonus issue and a simultaneous new issue last year.

For every 100 shares you held you would have received 50 new shares for only £6/5/-, there being a 5/- premium involved in the new issue shares.

Profit in 1962-63 rose by 19 per cent. to a record £323,000, earning 17.2 per cent. on the increased ordinary capital. The chairman says, too, that the company "has operated encouragingly" so far in 1963-64. Another increase in profit, therefore, seems certain.

One hundred 10/- shares at 32/3 would cost you £164, for a dividend of £6/5/- a year. Prospects of growth and capital appreciation seem good.

Yellow Express has never forgotten its shareholders in its constant expansion by takeover.

New and bonus issues alternate, and, since there was a 1-4 new issue in 1961, a bonus appears a likely bet—

especially with reserves of £1 million supporting the £641,000 capital.

The medium-term outlook is assured by development in the Snowy Mountains area. Work on a contract to transport 28,000 tons of concrete pipes from Wodonga to the Geehi Dam area is to start next January, and be spread over four years. Even if the rest of the business goes awry (which doesn't seem possible), this is quite a nice little contract to fall back on.

Profit rose last year by £10,000 to £156,000, giving 24.4 per cent. on the ordinary capital. One hundred 5/- shares at the present price of 21/- would cost £107, with a dividend return of £3/15/- a year at the long-established 15 per cent.

In many industries, expansion by share issues is considered dangerous, but there seem to be no such worries in the case of the road hauliers.

Investment in any of the three companies outlined above, especially Cargo Distributors, could provide substantial future benefits.

THIS COULD BE YOUR LUCKY CHRISTMAS!

50 Wonderful Prizes worth £8,125 to be won

in the De La Salle CHRISTMAS BOX ART UNION (No. 9)

for only **2/- PER TICKET**

1st PRIZE: A 55-day, luxurious, first-class Cruise for two to Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan, Canada, U.S.A., the Pacific ports of paradise and New Zealand, sailing 17th July, 1964 by "S.S. Arcadia." PLUS £A.300 Spending Allowance. £200 Wardrobe from David Jones' and a 1963 Chevrolet Bel Air Sedan. Value of 1st Prize **£4,677**

2nd PRIZE: A 29-day "Cherry Blossom" cruise, first-class for two, by "Himalaya" to Japan, Hong Kong and Manila, sailing 2nd April, 1964. Plus £100 pre-sailing wardrobe from David Jones' and £A.150 spending allowance. Value, £908.

3rd PRIZE: A 1963 Morris 850 "Mini-Minor." Value, £753.

And 47 more wonderful prizes including very highest quality TV-Stereogram, 14 c.u. ft. Refrigerator, Automatic Washing Machine, 23" Television Set, Slant-o-matic Sewing Machine, Clothes Drying Cabinets, Mixmasters, Radios, etc., totalling **£1,787**

50 Wonderful Prizes — Total Value: £8,125

De La Salle Art Union No. 9 is for special works of the De La Salle Brothers. Closes Dec. 24, 1963. Drawn Jan. 7, 1964, by Colin J. Delaney, C.V.O., C.B.E., Commissioner of Police, N.S.W. (Retired).

TO
Harold J. Baker, Box 486, Crown Street P.O., Sydney
Please send me _____ tickets at 2/- each, or
_____ books of 5 tickets, at 10/- per book

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
(Please print in Block Letters) AWW

THIS WILL MAKE YOUR SHOPPING EASIER

A Christmas Gift Check List

● We have compiled this gift list to help you with your Christmas shopping. The ideas are loosely grouped under activities and interests — no hard-and-fast distinctions of age or sex. Your frivolous auntie may like a beach towel, the studious teenager a reading-lamp. Nor have we indicated prices. Most things can cost a little or a lot according to quality. Our idea is that you go through the list before going shopping, or take it with you to read during that coffee break you will need before the day is out.

BEAUTIES

Magnifying mirror.
Curler cap.
Perfume dispenser, handbag size.
Soap.
Hand-lotion.
Compact.
Lady's shaver.
Make-up cape.
Pre-paid appointment for a facial or hairdo.
Night mask for light sleepers.
Cosmetics (creams, lotions, lipstick, nail polish, eye make-up, etc.).
Perfumes (tiny French perfumes, skin perfumes, colognes).
Cosmetic brushes (lip-stick brush, eye-liner, mascara brush, powder brush).
Eyelashes, false.
Eyelash curler.
Powder-puff, soft down.
Roller sets.
Brush and comb set.
Beaded hairnet.
Home-wave kit.
Hair drier.
Sleeping cap.
Head band.
Haircombs.
Hairspray or any hair cosmetic.
Bag for rollers, etc.

BABIES

Nappy service for a few weeks or months.
Sheet, pillow-case set.
Soft baby brush.

Box made up of powder, baby soap, cream, etc.
Special towel, washer.
Mosquito net.
Bottle warmer.

Open appointment with a photographer.
Nappy pail.
Potty chair.
Teddy bear.
Car seat.
Nursery pictures.
Bunny rugs, red flannel.
Bracelet, gold or silver.
Bank account for £1.

BOYS

Open tickets for two to the cinema.
Marbles.
Football.
Books on hobby or sport, such as stamps, cricket.
Crystal radio.
Assembly kits, such as model planes.
Train set, or parts.
Pogo-stick.
Sleeping-bag.
Globe of the world.
Compass.
And Money—a very acceptable gift to any boy.

GIRLS

Records.
Diary.
Photo album.
Magazine subscription.
Photo frame.
Vanity case.

Dictionary.
Encyclopedia.
Rag doll.
Painting kit.
Piggy-bank.

CLOTHING (Women & Girls)

Underwear.
Nightie or pyjamas.
Brunch coat, blouse, jacket, or shift.
Shorts, slacks, or skirt.
Slippers or sandals.
Shoes (consider the novelty sandshoes, now in many colors in hessian, corduroy, and canvas).

Stockings, socks.
Galoshes.
Raincoat.

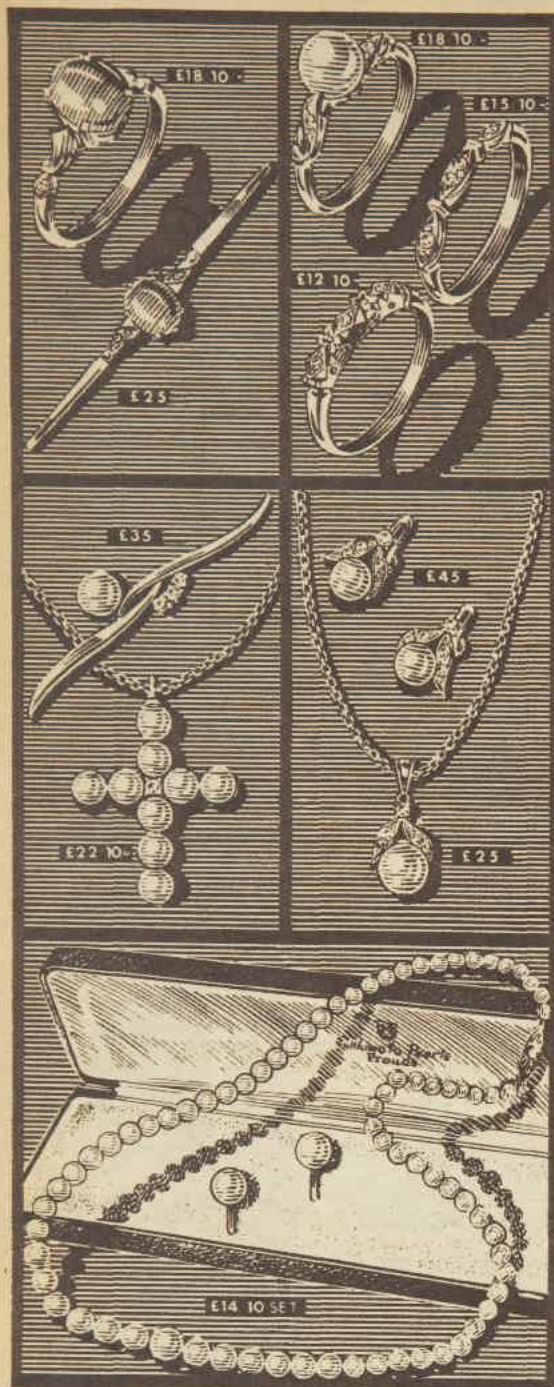
ACCESSORIES

Spectacle-case.
Gloves.
Scarf.
Belt.
Handkerchiefs.
Umbrella.
Evening bag.
Handbag.
Money purse.
Head-band.
Hat.
Dress jewellery (necklace, earrings, bangle, brooch).
Charms, for bracelet.
Ankle chain.
Watch (wrist, pendant, or brooch type).

HOUSE- HOLDERS

Indoor plants.
Flower-pot, fancy.
Sand for pot-plants.
Glassware, ornamental.
Print, framed or not.
Floral or driftwood arrangement.
Ornament.
Candlesticks.
Stool and/or cushion.
Wall scrolls.
Japanese wind bells.
Shoe-bag, hanging.
Front-door mat.
Barometer.
Hot-water bottle and cover.
Scatter cushions.
Magazine rack.
Bellows, fire-tongs.
Door-stop.
Encyclopedia, household.
Duster, cloth or feather.
Gloves.
Fancy matches, tapers.
Lamp and/or shade.
Vase.
Household linen (pillow-slips, embroidered tea-towels, table-mats and napkins).
Cup, saucer, and plate.
Salad-bowl and servers.
Coffee set.
Dish, oven-proof.
Mugs for coffee, cocoa.
Sugar-bowl, cream-jug.
Soup-tureen.
Biscuit-mould.

To page 12



From the Prouds' famous collection of Precious Gemstones

There are fifteen Prouds' stores throughout Australia, one quite near where you live. Next time you are passing, we would be delighted to have you call, for here you will find a gemstone collection of rare and precious beauty. Together at Prouds are magnificent gems from every part of this earth, chosen with infinite care and craftsman set to perfection. Equally outstanding are the fine values you will find at Prouds... so why not make this Christmas a time to own or give a gemstone from Prouds.

£16/10/- Jade and Diamond Ring.
£25 Jade and Diamond Bar Brooch.
£15/10/- Diamond Eternity Ring.
£16/10/- Mikimoto Cultured Pearl and Diamond Ring.
£12/10/- Diamond Eternity Ring.
£35 Mikimoto Pearl and Diamond Bar Brooch.
£22/10/- Mikimoto Pearl and Diamond Cross.
£45 Mikimoto Pearl and Diamond Earrings.
£25 Mikimoto Pearl and Diamond Pendant.
£14/10/- Mikimoto Cultured Pearl Set.

Prouds

KING-PITT STS., HOTEL AUSTRALIA, CHATWOOD, CARINGBAH, SYDNEY • ROURE ST. AND CHADSTONE (ALSO SAUNTS, MELBOURNE)
• ADELAIDE-EDWARD STS., BRISBANE • RUNDLE ST., ADELAIDE • HUNTER ST., NEWCASTLE • CIVIC CENTRE, CANNIBRA • STURT ST., BALLARAT • LIVERPOOL ST., ROBERT

From page 11 Christmas Gift Check list

Ice-cream scoop.
Coffee-grinder.
Teapot and cover.
Teapot-stand, cosy.
Cheese-board and knife.
Bread-basket.
Butter-dish.
Condiment jars.
Canisters.
Cake-tin.
Toast-rack.
Oven-mitt.
Shopping basket.
Pepper-mill.
Breakfast cup, outside.
String-holder, novelty.
Recipe file.
Serviette rings.
Juice-extractor.
Vitamiser.
Mallet for meat.
Kitchen scissors.
Mortar and pestle.
Gadgets (parsley-chopper, bean-stringer, garlic-crusher, etc.).

* You will need to walk through the kitchenware department to see the vast range of gadgets and kitchen equipment available.
Bath-salts.
Shower-cap.
Guest towels.
Towel and washer set.
Colored cotton-wool in jar.
Scales.
Toilet-seat cover.
Bath-mat.
Bath oil bubbles.
Sponge, back brush.
Towel-rack.

DRIVERS

Road directory or maps.
Key-ring.
Seat-covers.
Torch.
Tools (any large single tool such as a jack, or a small set such as spanners).
Car-wash sponge (attachable to a hose).
Driving-gloves.
Rug, cushions.
Fan.
Cigarette-case (mag-netic).
Litter-bag.
Alarm system.
Magnet fob, for hiding spare keys.
Fog light.
Badges.
First-aid kit.
Fire extinguisher.
Weather shield.

SMOKERS

Pipe-rack, pipe.
Tobacco-pouch, jar.
Lighter.
Cigars, box of *.
Cigarettes, carton of *.
Cigarette-holder.
Cigarette- or cigar-box.
Cigarette-case.
Matches (these are available in many forms—giant sizes, miniature, and/or in decorated boxes).
Ashtray (enormous, comic, or just attractive).
* Make very sure to buy the correct brand.

GARDENERS

Tools.
Kneeling pad.
Needlepoint holders, plastic wire, etc (for flower arranging).
Seeds or seedlings (consider wildflowers).

Spraying attachment for the hose, or hand-spray.
Gloves, secateurs.
Plastic basket.
Gardening book.
Soil additives, spray-on fertilisers, weed killers.
Tool-rack, watering-can.
Membership of a gardening or flower club.
Wheelbarrow.
Order on a nursery.
Shrub, bonsai tree.
Pretty pot, empty.
Hose.
Sundial, bird-bath.

GOURMETS

Preserved fruits, home-made.
Biscuits and sweets, home-made.
Jams and pickles, home-made.
Caviare (a small jar of German caviare costs about 4/-; the Russian is much more expensive).
Pate-de-foie.
Marzipan fruits.
Peaches, brandied.
Condiments or spices.
Ginger jar.
Sweets, fancy.
Cheeses.
French mustard.
Glaze fruits.
Biscuits.
Nuts and nutcracker.
Herbs, single pots or sets.

TRAVELLERS

Overnight bag.
Shoe-cleaning kit.
Sewing kit.
Shoe-bags (plastic is cheap and good, but there are more expensive kinds).
Writing-set.
Diary.
Address-book.
Passport wallet.
Typewriter, portable.
Case for bathroom needs.
Clothesline, small and packable.
Clock, travelling.
Coathangers, inflatable or fold-away.
Clothing, drip-dry, uncrushable, and lightweight.
Slippers, stretch and fold-away.
Rain-coat, fold-away.
Travelling wardrobes, plastic.
Manicure set.
Clothes-brush.
Compass.
Map of world or area where they are to travel.

PARTY-GIVERS

Drink coasters.
Set of glasses (some stores will initial them).
Bottle-opener, novelty.
Swizzle-sticks.
Beer-mug.
Cocktail-shaker.
Ice-cube tray, fancy.
Ice-bucket, tongs.
Savory dish.
Toothpicks.
Corkscrew.
Liqueur, miniature bottles.
Candles, candle-snuffer.
Apron.
Bottle of whisky (or any other drink, such as champagne or brandy).
Tray.
Games, such as indoor bowls.
Decanter.

Record rack and cleaning sponge, records.
Hawaiian flares for outdoor parties.
Soda-siphon.
Bottle labels, on a chain to go over bottle-necks.
Set of glasses.
Ice-crusher.

SWIMMERS

Swimming costume.
Beach sandals, coat.
Sun lotion.
Bathing-cap.
Towel.
Head-rest.
Beach mat, bag.
Sun umbrella.
Sun-glasses and case.
Nose-protector.
Flippers.
Underwater mask.
Snorkel.
Surfing plane or board.
Beach ball.

SEWERS and KNITTERS

Pinking scissors.
Sewing basket, with cotton, needles, pincushion.
Length of material and pattern.
Embroidery cloth or tapestry, and cottons.
Down payment on a sewing-machine or knitting-machine.
Wool, needles, and knitting pattern.
Dressmaker's model (these can cost from a few pounds to over £20. Make sure of the size, unless buying the adjustable kind).
Knitting bag.

PET-LOVERS

Gem-studded collar.
Rubber bone.
Toy mouse.
Birdcage-cover.
Birdcage gadgets (mirrors, ladders, bells).
Feeding-bowl.
Kennel or cat basket.
Cushion or mat, for pet's sleeping place.
Fish in a tank*.
Puppy, kitten, tortoise, white rabbit, white mice, guinea-pigs, budgerigar.*
* Check any of these first with the head of the house.

PICNICKERS

Tablecloth, plastic.
Rug.
Salt and pepper shakers, unspillable.
Sun umbrella.
Hamper basket.
Vacuum flask.
Portable cooler.
Tables, stools, fold-up.
Barbecue equipment, e.g., long-handle fork.
Stove, small and portable, gas or kerosene.
Picnic plates.
Plastic box for sandwiches.
Portable barbecue.
Shashlik skewers.

SPORT FANS

Golf-club hoods.
Golf bag.
Golf tees.
Golf buggy.
Golf, tennis, or squash balls.
Racquet and/or cover.
Tennis practice ball.

Binoculars.
Indoor bowling set.
Weight-lifting gear.
Archery equipment.
Spray-jacket for sailors.
Lamp, cycling.
Dart set.
Boxing-gloves.
Skis and/or life-jacket for water-skiers.
Sporting books.
Sleeping-bag.
Playing-cards and book of games; game sets.
Fishing gear (rod, reel, lines, flies, or basket).

STUDENTS

Globe of the world.
Dictionary, atlas, encyclopedia.
Pen-and-pencil set.
Ball-point pens.
Pencil-sharpener.
Briefcase.
Geometry instruments.
Inkwell, blotter-holder.
Reading-lamp.
Earplugs.
Sliderule.
Rogers' Thesaurus.
Chemistry set.

OFFICE WORKERS

Paper-weight.
Ashtray.
Coffee mug.
Photographs in a frame.
Towel, small, and soap-container.
Desk calendar.
Pen-and-pencil set.
Inkwell, paper-knife.
Directory.
Fruit-knife.
Plastic spongebag for office make-up.
Quill pen.

MEN

Tie-pin, studs, cuff-links.
Belt.
Cap or beach hat (deerstalkers are popular).
Sunglasses.
Clothes-brush.
Shaving set.
Prints, e.g., vintage car.
Socks, cravat.
Moccasins.
Hobby, sport, or do-it-yourself book.
Travel book.
Magazine subscription.
Hip flask.
Beer mug.
Bottle of whisky, brandy, champagne, or liqueur.
Chess set.
Glasses, set of.
Slide-box and viewer.
Light-meter.
Photo file, album.
Home developing kit.
Shooting stick.
Cosmetics, such as after-shave lotion, hair-conditioner.

WOMEN

Musical box.
Pill box.
Fan.
Chocolates.
Materials, directions for any make-it-yourself idea (e.g., lampshade).
Scented sachets.
Cookery books.
Magazine subscription.
Book on flower arranging, cake icing, etc.
Opera glasses.
Mink buttons.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By *Ita Buttrose*

A VERY pretty, summery all-white wedding scheme has been chosen by Kay Mainwaring for her marriage with Graham Fairfax at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, on February 14.

After the ceremony, which will be held in the afternoon, Kay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Mainwaring, of Vacluse, will entertain guests at a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay.

Kay will be attended by Susan Buchanan, Barbie Jones, and Jane Bradshaw, who has just announced her engagement to Gerald Allen. She will also have tiny tots Lisa Morton and Brett McMahon as flowergirl and pageboy.

At the moment Kay and Graham, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fairfax, of Bellevue Hill, are busily making the rounds of Sydney's antique shops looking for furniture for their new double-storey home, which is set in lovely garden surroundings in Cranbrook Road, Rose Bay.

I'M looking forward to seeing Mrs. Max Sturzen next winter in a chic Pierre Balmain hat which she bought in Paris recently. The hat, which is in caramel felt, is shaped like a kerchief and ties at the back of the neck. It was featured throughout Balmain's winter and autumn collections, which Mrs. Sturzen attended. She also saw Givenchy's collection and loved his winter coats, which are styled on princess lines and are covered with matching slim-fitting full-length capes. One was made in leopard-skin and priced at seven and a half thousand pounds. Mrs. Sturzen and her husband returned home a few weeks ago after nine weeks in the East, Europe, and America. While they were in London they dined with English cricketer Eric Bedser and Mrs. M. K. Tancred and her daughter, Mary, who are expected home in February.

I HEAR that Blair Farquhar is in Sydney visiting his mother, Mrs. Herbert Crossing, before sailing in Orian on January 3 for a two-year working holiday in Europe. Blair, who has been working on a property in Walgett for the past year, previously spent four years on properties in the Northern Territory and hopes to work on cattle properties in England and Scotland during his trip. Also staying with Mrs. Crossing at Newport is her daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Middleton and her children, Andrea and Douglas, who recently returned to Australia after living in America for eight years. The entire family plans to spend Christmas in Gunnedah with Mrs. Crossing's elder son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farquhar, of "Iona Downs."

PRETTY teenager Susan Hill will be leaving by air on December 27 for New Zealand, where she will holiday for three weeks. During her stay she will visit Napier, where she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Reg Bettington and their daughter Vicky, who recently visited Sydney.

ONE of the gayest end-of-school dances will be given by Frensham girls Georgina Crawford, Belinda Ewing, Helene Irwin, Jill Nicholas, Victoria Ogilvie, and Philippa Rudder on December 14. The party will be held at the beautiful St. Ives home of Philippa's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rudder. The 180 young guests will dance to a huge blue-and-white striped marquee to the music of a seven-piece orchestra. The marquee will be set in the garden and supported by white columns and decorated with trails of ivy and masses of flowers.



JUST WED. Mr. Gordon Douglass and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Jane Hill, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants (from left), Miss Gillean Hardie, Mrs. R. C. Packer, Miss Susan Hill, Miss Susan Fuller, Miss Celia Winter-Irving, and Miss Alex Hardy. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, of Double Bay, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglass, of Darling Point. The reception for more than 100 guests was held in the beautiful garden of Mrs. Sylvia Dowling's home at Bellevue Hill.



ATTRACTIVE Miss Lorraine Knight (left) with her sister, Miss Janette Knight (right), and Miss Barbara Carter at the swimming party and smorgasbord lunch which the St. Ives Branch of the Save the Children Fund held at the Killara home of Mrs. Stan Lands. The branch president, Mrs. Leonard Cain, welcomed guests-of-honor Sophie Stewart and her husband, Ellis Irving.



AT LEFT: Professional tennis player Lew Hoad chatted with Mrs. Frank McCall Power (left) and Mrs. Edward Esdaile after he had given a tennis exhibition, one of the highlights of "A Day in the Sun," which was held at Mr. and Mrs. Victor Boyce's waterfront home, "The Hermitage."

ABOVE: Miss Kerry Baxter (left) and Mrs. Paddy Thomson with Mr. and Mrs. Victor Boyce's Great Dane puppy, Viscount, at "A Day in the Sun," which members of the Food for Babies Fund Ladies' Committee gave at Vacluse. A buffet lunch was served to 150 guests.

ENJOY THE PRESS-
BUTTON MAGIC OF

Bask IN THE SUN



Bask - the wonderful new SPRAY-WAY
to enjoy the sun without burning

Just a finger pressure on top of your Pressure★Pak Bask releases a clean, cooling film of skin-treatment that has no equal under the sun. Bask replaces skin moisture dried out by the sun. Bask stays on in the water.

For protection from sunburn, windburn and insect bites,
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57782/63

IT'S LAUGH-TIME AGAIN

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Laughs have come thick and fast lately on TV. I must say I like it; it is such a treat after the rigors of hospital and crime dramas.

Television

YOUR funny-bone has lost its sensitivity if you can't find a laugh in some of this new season's offerings.

There is the new "Tony Hancock Show," the new "Sid James," and the very latest offerings, America's "Comedy Playhouse," on TCN9 on Thursdays at 7 p.m., and the B.B.C. "Comedy Playhouse," on Channel 2 on Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m.

Neither Playhouse series has continuing characters or theme — they are both half-hour comedies, both with star-studded casts.

The identical names of the shows are sure to drive viewers crazy trying to keep abreast of crossed-line conversations about who saw which "Comedy Playhouse."

The only thing to do is to remember 8.30 p.m., Tuesdays, on ABN2, and 7 p.m., Thursdays, on TCN9 and see them both, come what may.

TCN9's second offering in the series (first was Bobby Rydell's "Swinging Together") was "Maggie Brown," with Broadway star Ethel Merman as Maggie, at her hilarious and boisterous best.

"Maggie Brown" had strong overtones of "McHale's Navy" and "South Pacific." In spirit, Ethel Merman certainly is Ernest Borgnine's Commander McHale's identical twin.

"Maggie Brown" is set on one of those palm-studded South Pacific islands during World War II. Maggie ran a bistro and had 3000 U.S. sailors to keep happy.

Maggie had two troubles — to keep her beer supply up to her customers' capacity and keep them away from her 18-year-old daughter.

Real romp

This kept her very busy, but she found time to sound off with the famous Merman voice, too.

It was a real romp, a half-hour of pure relaxation, slapstick that didn't go too far.

ABN2's "Comedy Playhouse" is pure comedy, too, but much quieter, more sophisticated.

"Elizabeth Taylor in London" came between me and the first in the series, but I caught up with the second, "Our Man in Moscow," starring Robert Morley.

I sat entranced, giggling quietly as Morley, Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Moscow, dealt with a day's problems.

It started with a broadcast that gave the news that Australia had defeated England and won the Ashes — a diplomatic incident.

Morley, who is surely one of England's best actors,

spent quite a long time in Australia some 10 years ago. I remember him making a momentous statement about his love for cooking while he was here.

His cooking motto he said was, "Have courage and wash-up as you go."

In "Our Man in Moscow" he was just as pompously profound and ponderously practical as his remark.

It was a delightful script revolving round the Ambassador's dilemma: a Russian tuba player who wanted to defect from Russia and play Strauss waltzes in front of



UNUSUAL STUDY of comedian Tony Hancock, 38 (right), as himself. In this picture Hancock is with his younger brother, Roger, 31 (left), who is his business agent.



AT LEFT: Harry Corbett as Harold Steptoe and Wilfrid Brambell as Albert in "Steptoe and Son." They are making a new series.

kings and queens, and a visiting English Rock group who wanted to defect to Russia, as the Russians were more with it than the English.

And it was one of those scripts full of sly inference and innuendo that only the English, and particularly the B.B.C., seem to be able to get away with.

"Our Man in Moscow" was written by Alan Simpson and Ray Galton, two ace British scriptwriters.

The first series of B.B.C. "Comedy Playhouse" shown on the A.B.C. some time ago was like this one — an entirely new approach to TV situation comedy.

Instead of writing a continuing series round a particular comedian, Simpson and Galton wrote a number of totally unconnected short comedy plays, 30 minutes long, which were then cast with stars of the legitimate theatre, variety, and TV.

In the first series, one of the comedies, "The Officer," starred Harry H. Corbett and Wilfrid Brambell as those now famous junk collectors, Steptoe and Son.

It was such a tremendous success that the classic series "Steptoe and Son" was developed from it.

★ ★ ★

"STEPTOE AND SON" had a big triumph recently in London when they were chosen to appear at this year's Royal Variety show, and Galton and Simpson were called in to write the script for the sketch they performed.

The sketch was the hit of the night. In it, the Steptoes were seen collecting junk which included an old polo stick and a cast-off cornet from the back door of Buckingham Palace.

It was so riotously received not only by the special charity audience but also by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret in the Royal Box, that the artists asked and got Royal permission to put it on disc, which is due for release in London any day now.

I always rate TCN9's "Honeymooners," starring Jackie Gleason and Art Carney, and "Steptoe and Son" as the funniest TV comedies I have ever seen.

I hear that Corbett and Brambell are in the throes of making another "Steptoe and Son" series now and that it is likely to be on ABC-TV late in 1964. Let us hope for a repeat of the old series before that, though.

Time for a repeat

AND talking of repeats — isn't it about time "The Honeymooners" was repeated again? I feel sure there would be a new audience for it now, as well as a hard core of old viewers who'd enjoy it once more.

Getting back to today's TV laughs, the new Tony Hancock shows (ABC-TV) Saturdays 8 p.m. are comedy plus.

I never liked Hancock's

East Cheam personality.

Now, as a rather pathetic, undistinguished little man, bumbling around rather ineffectually, or in a grand manner that lands him in trouble, I think he's superb.

NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★ IN THE FRENCH STYLE

A leisurely moving film about the amorous adventures of an American would-be artist (Jean Seberg), but there is nothing shocking enough to raise an eyebrow. The Paris atmosphere is ably captured in the indoor and outdoor photography. — Lido, Sydney.

In a word . . . SLOW.

★ GIDGET GOES TO ROME

That cute girl-midget of the surfboards returns again with lots of bright young fun. Cindy Carol is teen-appealing as the new Gidget who finds herself in love, in numerous awkward situations, and in Rome when she realises she's suddenly grown-up compared with the little miss who rode her surfboard at Malibu a few weeks back. —K.Y., Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . TEENAGE.

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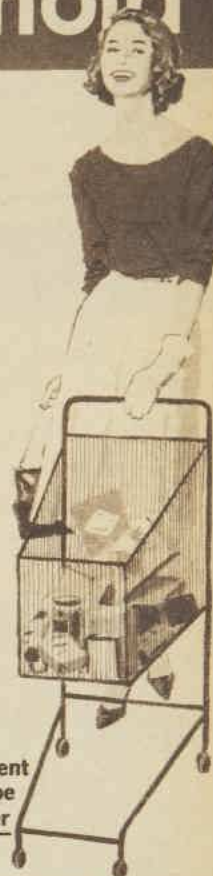
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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "I wonder where all these fallacies come from about hair? You know—people with red hair are always mean and have quick tempers. Bald-headed men are supposed to be the most virile. Samson losing his strength when his hair was cut. People with low hairlines are supposed to be stupid. And how many girls have made a fortune in movies and TV and how many plays have been written about the worst fallacy of all—that all blondes are dumb? Don't you believe it. Just remember this:"

Momma's moral: There's many a girl these days who looks like a dumb blonde who's actually a very smart brunette.

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At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair and holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hairspray a delight to use! Now available in two sizes, 8/11 and 14/6.



Hair style by Charles Coppe

Le Gay, the new holding hairspray with the Brush-away formula

TS37/63

DID YOU KNOW?

LATEST Nielsen Ratings—measure of American TV audiences—finds "The Beverly Hillbillies" considerably ahead of its competition and continuing as America's favorite TV series. Even "Petticoat Junction"—a kind of "daughter of Hillbillies" and a near-replica series—has been carried by its parent into a high niche, sixth spot in the audience's favor.

The Nielsen Report also showed two of the new prestige shows in serious difficulty—"The Judy Garland Show" and "The Jerry Lewis Show."

Top shows, in order, were: "Beverly Hillbillies," "Bonanza," "The Dick Van Dyke Show," "The Lucy Show," "Andy Griffith," "Petticoat Junction," "Danny Thomas," "Red Skelton," "Perry Mason," "Donna Reed," "I've Got a Secret," "Patty Duke," "Candid Camera," "Dr. Kildare," and, just a palpitation behind, "Ben Casey."

WHILE he's ahead, Danny Thomas plans to wind up his show at the end of this current season. During the 11 years the show has been on TV, the 49-year-old star has threatened to bid adieu regularly.

Now one of the top 10 shows, Thomas insists this time his retirement is genuine.

"I think it's time to pick up the chips and walk away," the comedian said. He will still be around the studios, however. He plans six hour-long "specials" for next season, and will continue as co-owner of the company that produces "The Dick Van Dyke Show," "Andy Griffith," "Joey Bishop," and the "Bill Dana" shows.

Television

DENNIS WEAVER, who came back for additional "Gunsmoke" installments after having left the series, has handed in his notice again. He says he has played the part of Chester for the last time.

BOB HOPE and Lucille Ball will be Mr. and Mrs. in a TV comedy for a big 300,000-dollar (£A150,000) special.

THE last "Jackie Gleason Show" for this season will be considerably changed from its usual comedy-variety format. The programme is to be "a salute to the Great One"—as his colleagues call him—and will be a documentary celebration of Gleason's 35 years in show business. Film clips of the comedian's past comedy and dramatic TV shows, his motion pictures, his golf matches, and so on will be fashioned into a TV biography.

A RUMOR current in U.S. television studios warns of a "new payola scandal." A spokesman for the TV-radio performers' union said the organization was keeping its eyes open for TV "casting directors" who exact "tribute" from performers for hard-to-get dramatic and commercial jobs. The union warned members to be wary several months ago after a case was turned up involving "four or five singers."

MICKEY ROONEY'S son, Tim, has been cast as his TV son in his new series under preparation for next season.

IN the hope of giving "The Travels of Jamie McPheeters" some endurance, the producing network is adding Charles Bronson—of the defunct "Empire" series—in a regular role.

ARCHIE MOORE, aged former world light-heavyweight boxing champion, turns cowpuncher in a coming segment of "Wagon Train."

Newsweek Magazine, December 11, 1963

GIRL WITH A GUN

By BARBARA LAWSON, in London.

● England's favorite undercover girl, Cathy Gale, heroine of the ABC-TV series "The Avengers," couldn't be more conspicuous if she tried.

HER eyelashes are long and false, her clothes are avant-garde and showy, and the revolver she habitually wears in her garter is forever on display.

Deadly with a gun, a wow at judo, and pretty as a picture, this new face on television belongs to 35-year-old blond film and TV star Honor Blackman.

Her partner in this tongue-in-cheek thriller series meant for laughs is Patrick Macnee, who plays the role of John Steed, the tough, sophisticated agent who dresses like a dandy and always has an air of cultivated callousness about him.

Steed's dossier reads: He is a thoroughly professional and efficient secret agent, expert at murder, arson, burglary, forgery, and the use of explosives, codes, and poisons. He is trained to withstand torture and brainwashing.

He is dedicated, ruthless, unscrupulous. Unlike Cathy, he carries no gun-holster and uses his gun infrequently. When tackling criminals, he fights like a cat and uses every dirty trick in the book.

No female on television has shattered the conventional image of her sex so devastatingly as the tawny-haired Honor Blackman.

Secret longing

What exactly does Cathy Gale have that other girls haven't?

"She's that tantalising mixture of real female underneath a faintly masculine exterior," explained Honor, running silver nails through her hair, which I later learnt was not her own but a wig.

"But, more than that, Cathy has touched off the secret longing of almost every woman to beat up a man once in a while.

"The plucky little woman, all cuddly, defenceless, and submissive, is old stuff now.

"The point is, if women want to compete in a man's world, they've got to be able to dish it out as well as take it."

Though the more "defenceless-type" females may not agree with her, there's no getting away from it . . . Honor (Cathy Gale) is Britain's No. 1 pin-up girl.

Here are two quotes from the hundreds of fan letters she receives each week:

From "A Wife (Featherweight)": "Dear Miss Blackman. When you threw that molesting oaf of a male over your shoulder last night you were striking a blow for all women."

And another: "Dear Cathy — I could use those false eyelashes when you've finished with them. I'm in an attacking mood . . ."

Honor does, however, feel that husbands should be "boss" of their own homes, and her own husband, actor Maurice Kaufmann, agrees.

"We have a rule that I never practise my judo on Maurice," Honor said.

"With me throwing him all over the room, I might get to feel superior."

Honor goes once a week to judo classes and now has her Yellow Belt.

About the wig, "It's exactly the same color and styled the way I normally wear my hair," she said. "But my own hair is so fine it's hopeless to keep in place and the wig saves a hairdresser having to touch it up every few minutes.

"I wear a long black wig for laughs in a later series, though."



JOHN STEED (Patrick Macnee) and Cathy Gale (Honor Blackman), of "The Avengers." Steed is an undercover agent, Cathy a widowed friend who helps him out unofficially.



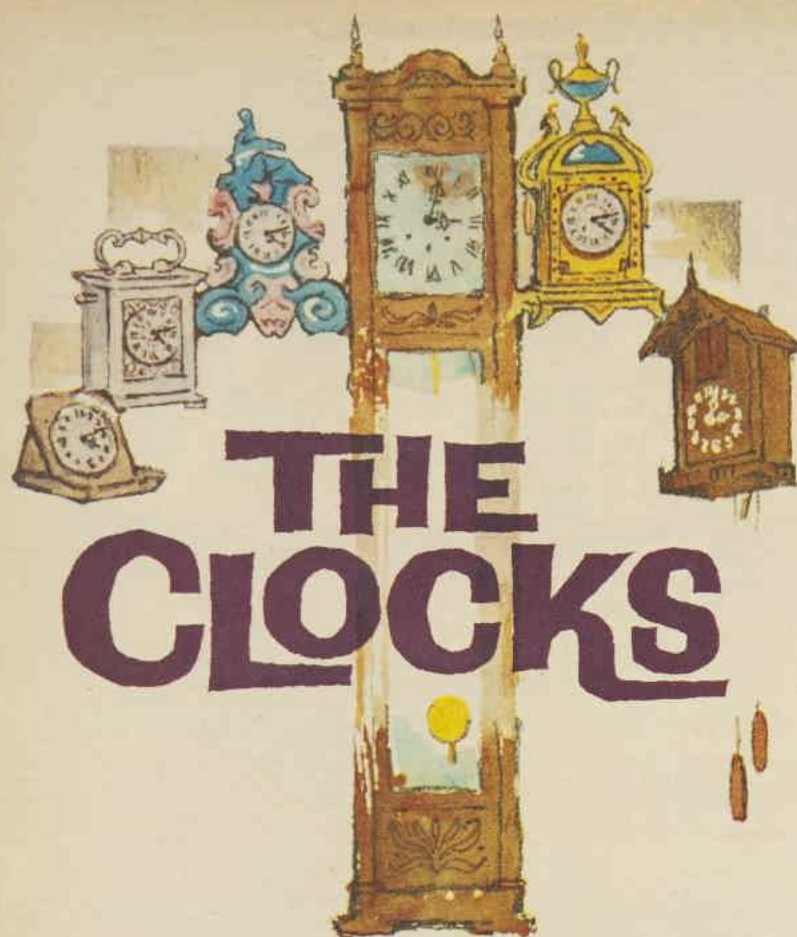
CATHY is a clotheshorse as well as helpmate. This fighting suit of green leather has tapered pants.



CATHY AND STEED. Cathy is wearing culotte skirt and sweater with a scarlet-lined tartan cape.



CATHY, gun at the ready, looks the part in a man-tailored reversible trenchcoat in bitter-chocolate gabardine, lined with ice-blue.



Some ticked and
some were silent,
the only witnesses
... beginning our
new mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Illustrated by John Mills

THE afternoon of the 9th of September was exactly like any other afternoon. None of those who were to be concerned in the events of that day could lay claim to having had a premonition of disaster. (With the exception, that is, of Mrs. Parker, of 47 Wilbraham Crescent, who specialised in premonitions and who always described at great length afterwards the peculiar foreboding and tremors that had beset her. But Mrs. Parker at No. 47 was so far away from No. 19 and so little concerned with the happenings there that it seemed unnecessary for her to have had a premonition at all.)

At the Cavendish Secretarial and Typewriting Bureau, Principal, Miss K. Martindale, September 9 had been a dull day, a day of routine. The telephone rang, typewriters clicked, the pressure of business was average, neither above nor below its usual volume. None of it was particularly interesting. Up till 2.35, September 9 might have been a day like any other day.

At 2.35 Miss Martindale's buzzer went and Edna Brent in the outer office answered it in her usual slightly nasal voice, as she manoeuvred a toffee along the line of her jaw.

"Yes, Miss Martindale?"

"Now, Edna—that is not the way I've told you to speak when answering the telephone. Enunciate clearly, and keep your breath behind your tone."

"Sorry, Miss Martindale."

"That's better. You can do it when you try. Send Sheila Webb in to me."

"She's not back from lunch yet, Miss Martindale."

"Ah." Miss Martindale's eye consulted the clock on her desk. 2.36. Exactly six minutes late. Sheila Webb had been getting slack lately. "Send her in when she comes."

"Yes, Miss Martindale."

Edna restored the toffee to the centre of her tongue and, sucking pleasantly, resumed her typing of "Naked Love," by Arnold Levine. Its painstaking eroticism left her uninterested—as indeed it did most of Mr. Levine's readers, in spite of his efforts. He was a notable example of the fact that nothing can be duller than dull pornography. In spite of lurid jackets and provocative titles, his sales went down every year, and his last typing bill had already been sent in three times.

The door opened and Sheila Webb came in, slightly out of breath.

"Sandy Cat's asking for you," said Edna.

"Just my luck—on the one day I'm late back!"

She smoothed down her hair, picked up pad and pencil, and knocked at the principal's door.

Miss Martindale looked up from her desk. She was a woman of forty-odd, bristling with efficiency. Her pompadour of pale reddish hair and her first name of Katherine had led to her nickname of Sandy Cat.

"You're late back, Miss Webb."

"Sorry, Miss Martindale. There was a terrific bus jam."

"There is always a terrific bus jam at this time of day. You should allow for it." She referred to a note on her pad. "A Miss Pebmarsh rang up. She wants a stenographer at three o'clock. She asked for you particularly. Have you worked for her before?"

"I can't remember doing so, Miss Martindale. Not lately, anyway."

"The address is 19 Wilbraham Crescent." She paused questioningly, but Sheila Webb shook her head.

"I can't remember going there."

Miss Martindale glanced at the clock.

"Three o'clock. You can manage that easily. Have you any other appointments this afternoon? Ah, yes," her eye ran down the appointment book at her elbow. "Professor Purdy at the Curlew Hotel. Five o'clock. You ought to be back before then. If not, I can send Janet."

She gave a nod of dismissal, and Sheila went back to the outer office.

"Anything interesting, Sheila?"

"Just another of those dull days. Some old dear up at Wilbraham Crescent. And at five Professor Purdy—all those awful archeological names! How I wish something exciting could sometimes happen."

Miss Martindale's door opened.

"I see I have a memo here, Sheila. If Miss Pebmarsh is not back when you arrive, you are to go in; the door will not be latched. Go in and go into the room on the right of the hall and wait. Can you remember that, or shall I write it down?"

"I can remember it, Miss Martindale."

Miss Martindale went back into her sanctum.

Edna Brent fished under her chair and brought up, secretly, a rather flashy shoe and a stiletto heel that had become detached from it.

"However am I going to get home?" she moaned.

"Oh, do stop fussing—we'll think of something," said one of the other girls, and resumed her typing.

Sheila picked up her handbag and went out.

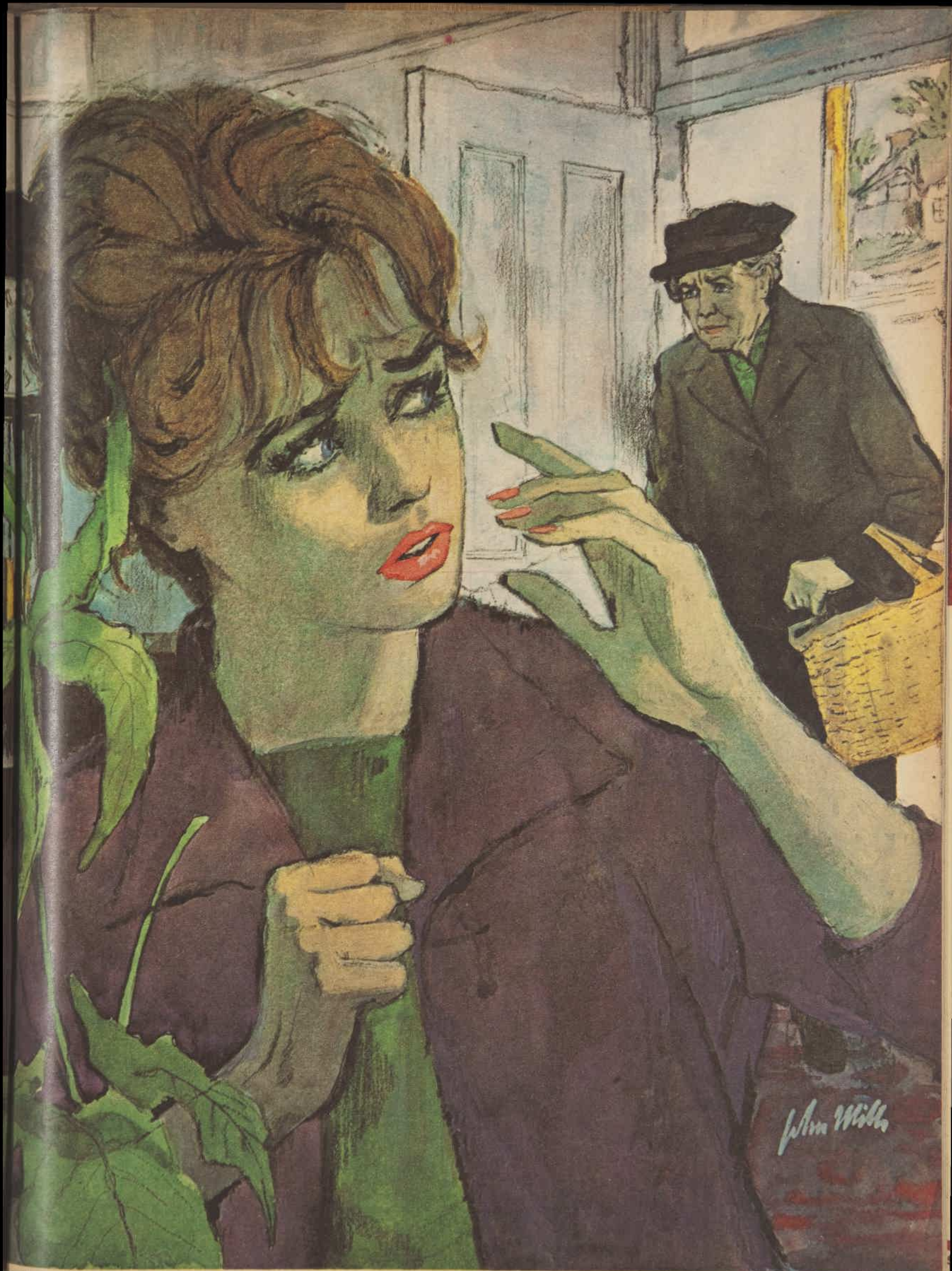
Wilbraham Crescent was a fantasy executed by a Victorian builder in the 1880s. It was a half moon of double houses and gardens set back to back. This conceit was a source of considerable difficulty to persons unacquainted with the locality. Those who arrived on the outer side were unable to find the lower numbers and those who hit the inner side first were baffled as to the whereabouts of the higher numbers. The houses were neat, prim, artistically balconied, and eminently respectable.

There was nothing unusual about No. 19. It had neat curtains and a well-polished brass front-door handle. There were standard rose trees each side of the path leading to the front door.

Sheila Webb opened the front gate, walked up to the front door, and rang the bell. There was no response, and, after waiting a minute or two, she did as she had been directed and turned the handle. The door opened and she walked in. The door on the right of the small hall was ajar. She tapped on it, waited, and then walked in. It was an ordinary, quite pleasant sitting-room, a little over-furnished for modern tastes. The only thing at all remarkable about it was the profusion of clocks—a grandfather clock ticking in the corner, a Dresden china clock on the mantelpiece, a silver carriage clock on the desk, a small fancy gilt clock on a whatnot near the fireplace, and, on a table by the window,

To page 70

Sheila stood frozen with horror as the tall elderly woman entered the room.





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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING...STICK TO IT!



Jay joined Callie and her sister Lenora as they sat on the porch.



THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

Beauty is sometimes deceptive
... a romantic short story

By MARNIE ELLINGSON

THE extravagant froth of the bridesmaid's dress slid down around Callie's ankles with a careless whisper. Her glance at it in the mirror had been cursory, uncritical.

"I'll have to take it in at least an inch at the waist," Miss Moffat announced as Callie stepped nimbly out of it. "The neckline is good on you, but blue has never been your color. It should have been yellow or a nice coral."

Callie smiled. "It doesn't matter. It's Lenora's wedding, and she likes blue." She didn't point out that she would have been glad to wear sackcloth, so happy would she be to walk in her sister's bridal procession.

"It's Lenora's wedding," Miss Moffat agreed, "but a wedding would be a good time for you to put your best foot forward. What have you been doing these last four years at college—wasting your time on books?"

"Waiting," Callie laughed, used to Miss Moffat's affectionate bullying. "Waiting for the right man."

"It seems to me you've had plenty of chances to find him. Exactly what kind of a Prince Charming are you waiting for?"

"A voyager," Callie said, surprising herself as much as Miss Moffat. "I'll know him when I see him." And quickly she pulled on her cream-colored shirtwaist and bent her head over the buttoning, away from Miss Moffat's sudden scrutiny.

A voyager. What an absurd thing to have said. And yet was that not what she awaited? A questing heart. A man with the vigorous, searching look of total involvement with life like that in the faces of fifteenth-century explorers whose pictures in her school books had fired her imagination long ago.

She looked at her watch. "It's late. I have to be at the station in time to meet the 4.18. The bridegroom cometh."

"Where's Lenora?" Miss Moffat inquired.

"She's at home. Mother's making her rest. There's no point in her getting exhausted in this heat."

Miss Moffat gave a disapproving cluck. "You remember what happened to King Arthur when he sent Lancelot to fetch Guinevere," she said darkly.

Callie laughed, running her fingers quickly through

her hair. "Don't worry, Moffie. I imagine Jay will be able to resist my fatal charm." She ran out, still smiling.

There was always, Callie thought, a certain holiday excitement in waiting for a train, but this time she waited with an almost piercing breathlessness which she recognised as the expectation of imminent relief. To have Lenora happily settled would mean relief for all of them, Callie, her mother, and father.

It seemed to her that during the long-ago time when Lenora had battled with death, and then with a wheelchair, that a core of unease had crystallised in the rest of them, giving them a sense of the world's forever being out of joint as long as things were not right for Lenora.

Three years ago, when her slight limp had almost disappeared and the end of worry seemed in sight, David, Lenora's gentle, dreamy first love, had enlisted in the Air Force and had been killed in the crash of a training plane.

To page 63



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TO FIND A FRIEND

Suddenly the world was a lonely place when Stevie's schoolmate went away . . . a short story

By ZILLA MARCH

THE biscuit factory round the corner blew a shrill column of sound into the morning air. It was half-past seven, but Stevie dawdled and fiddled over the washbasin. Turning and turning the soap in his already clean hands, he stared out of the window at the brave tree that grew in the dingy yard next door.

Joey Fenelli had gone to live in a wilderness of trees, full of energy, that whipped and whistled, defying the wind in a way that was frightening.

It was awful to think of Joey so far away and himself, Stevie, alone in the children's park waiting for the green watercart to pass, telling him it was time to begin the slow journey to school.

And awful not to have Joey, ever again, to share the horrid delight of the crumbling, fenced-in brickpit. To stare through the gap in the paling fence and shudder at the prodigal ruin and beauty and peril of it. And afterwards to run laughing in breathless fear and guilt away from the forbidden ground and into the safety of the school yard.

Impatient heels rapped on the linoleum-covered floor in the hall and the bathroom door jerked open.

"Stevie! Hurry!" his mother hissed. "Didn't you hear the half-past seven?" She went to the mirror and began pulling out hair-curlers with nervous jabs of the fingers.

"I'm ready," Stevie said, and lifted his hands out of the water. He watched the froth slide down his arms and hang in bearded cones from his elbows.

"I don't see why you have to go every day," he said, and eyed his mother hopefully.

"Now, Stevie, don't start that again, for pity's sake! I've told you and told you!" His mother flung the curlers into the washbasin and began, in nervous fury, to comb her hair. "You want to live in a nice house some day, don't you? With trees and things?"

"Yes," Stevie agreed. "Out where Joey lives would be all right—there's a lot of trees out there."

His mother threw the comb into the washbasin along with the curlers, and with two deft strokes of her hand she unrolled Stevie's shirtsleeves and buttoned them at the wrist.

"My poor little Stevie!" she said, and hugged him impulsively. "You do miss Joey, don't you?"

Stevie clutched at the moment gratefully; he tried to hold it a little longer and his eyes grew round and moist with the effort.

But his mother raked busily at his hair, her mind already on the bus schedule. She said, her voice charged with the need to hurry, "Never mind, love, you'll find another friend soon enough. You'll see." And, putting a hand on his shoulder, she propelled him briskly toward the kitchen.

"Hurry, or I'll miss my bus!" She looped the schoolbag over Stevie's shoulder, snatched up her handbag and cardigan, slammed the back door, and made a dash for the street. Stevie followed in her wake like a rocking dinghy.

When they were out of the house and on the street at last, he waited impatiently for The Game to start. The Game occupied their daily walk to the Children's Park, where his mother left him.

"Bye," she would say, kissing him hit-or-miss. "Keep clean and don't leave the park until the watercart goes by." Then she would be gone, swallowed up by the bus that took her away to her job.

When Joey had lived in the tall house at the end of the street, Stevie would continue The Game with him after his mother had gone. They would sit side by side on a swing in the park, discussing the marvellous freedom of life up-the-line. And sometimes they would eat their playlunch as they talked, Joey saving pieces of salami to give to the meagre yellow cat that lived in the brickpit.

And often they would be surprised when the green watercart hissed along the street, telling them it was time to start for school.

Sometimes his mother would start The Game by pointing to the bottom of the street, where the long suburban trains could be seen charging out of the underground



"There's no salami today. Joey's gone away," Stevie said to the yellow cat as it stood beside him.

tunnels, hammering the metal rails with a noise like thunder.

"That's the train we'll be catching when we go to live up-the-line, Stevie," she would say.

And he would answer, basking in the brief glow of her undivided attention, "I could have my own swing up-the-line if I could find two trees close together."

"Daddy could put two strong posts in, if there's not two trees close together," his mother would promise.

"And I'll build a cubby-house . . . if the yard is big enough."

"Big enough for two cubby-houses," his mother would boast easily.

But this morning she was slow in starting The Game. "I suppose," he said at last, jogging her memory gently, "I could have a dog?"

"A dog, Stevie? To take Joey's place?"

"When we go to live up-the-line, I mean," Stevie explained.

"Oh . . . oh, yes. A nice, gentle dog, a friendly dog. And you can think of a name for him while I'm at work."

"Joey," Stevie said. "I could call him Joey."

"No," his mother answered decisively. "A dog named after a boy . . . it wouldn't be right. Stevie," she continued lecturingly, "you mustn't brood over Joey . . . you must find another friend and be happy."

The Game had gone wrong today, somehow, and here they were already at the iron gates of the Children's Park.

His mother kissed him hastily and ran for the bus awkwardly on her long legs. Stevie went into the park and sat down on a swing.

The park was deserted except for a woman and a little girl. The little girl climbed on fat, creased legs to the top of a slippery-slide and the woman stood at the bottom, laughing, her arms held wide, ready to catch.

With a stab of envy Stevie watched them. Lucky pig, that little girl, warm and ignorant and happy. She knew nothing of days that began too early, playlunches eaten too soon, or of afternoons made drab and endless by hunger.

He opened his schoolbag, took out a pasting-in book, and turned the pages slowly. Somewhere in it there was a picture of a dog. A black aristocratic dog, such as Stevie was never likely to own, posing with a chewed stick in its mouth. Its eyes looked out of the page with a bright friendliness. Stevie found the picture and printed "JOEY" under it in red crayon.

The little girl on the slippery-slide unhooked her fat hands from the side and plummeted downward. As she gathered speed she opened her mouth wide and screamed in a transport of joy; Stevie could see the white baby-teeth shining in her grubby face.

Near the bottom of the slide her foot stuck out sideways and she tumbled over into the tanbark. She lay

To page 53

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Page 23

DON'T COUNT

When the stakes are high it is often foolish to leave the outcome to fickle chance — a romantic short story

IT was their third anniversary. They were just as happy as on their wedding day. In fact they were much happier, because nothing stands still. It grows or it diminishes, including love.

Ben thought it was now safe to tell Lyle how she was the one who was chosen. Even last year it might have been something of an issue. Now it was just an amusing story.

It was not just luck that they were happy. They lived in one of the barren company homes of a copper-mining community in a northern State. The landscape was scarred and bleak and the nearest town, a mining town at that, 11 miles away. Lyle made their happiness. Once inside the front door, Ben was in another country, a kingdom of the mind, thrilling with color, light, and music, a kingdom of the heart, warm and magical with love.

Ben thought about his mother's genius in choosing Lyle while he whistled in the shower. Lyle, unaware, so far, of his mother's influence on her happy destiny, hummed as she finished getting the anniversary dinner ready to serve. She was a girl who wore glasses, but that only seemed to make her prettier.

The wedding presents, crystal glasses, Limoges china, lighted candles in the Sheffield plate candlesticks glowed on the lace-covered table.

Ben whistled when he came in. "Did I ever tell you, Lyle, I'm the luckiest guy in the world?"

"You've told me at least twice every day for three years, sweetheart, but it still sounds wonderful."

They were having their coffee and cigarettes when Ben said thoughtfully, "You know, Lyle, it wasn't luck at that. Would you be mad if you knew it was my mother who told me you were the right girl for me?"

Before this had properly registered, Lyle said impetuously, "Of course not. I'd only think she was the wisest ever."

"She was all of that." Now encouraged to share with his wife the story of his dilemma in deciding on her, he added, "Do you recall the time Lillian won the wristwatch?"

"Do I recall it? I'll never forget it. That was one of the meanest things that ever happened to me. You see, Ben, it was this way—"

"Now you wait, Lyle. You can talk when you've heard my story. You must admit, Lyle, that all you girls are simply stunning!"

"Sure. Of course. I'm the ugly duckling because I wear glasses. I often wondered why you didn't go for Lillian or Lygena."

Ben was silent, frowning a little, trying to think how to put something so he wouldn't be misunderstood. "Before I say this, Lyle, be very sure it would have been you, anyway. But delayed, that's all. There was a time when I was so confused among the three of you I decided to toss for it. But mother said no. She said she knew a way to pick the girl who was just right for me. She said don't count on luck in anything so important as your marriage."

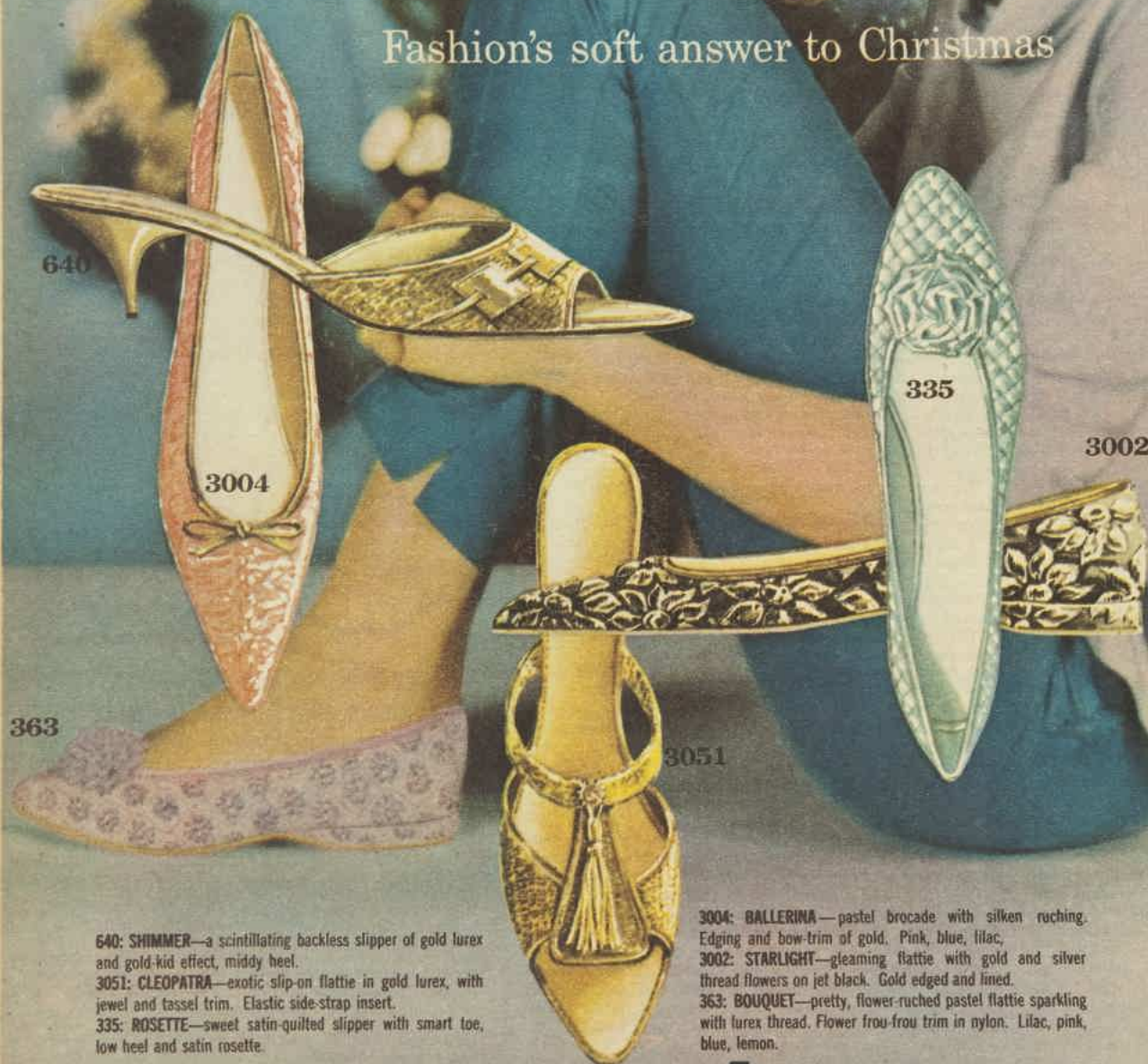
Now Lyle looked a little puzzled. "But why not count on love?"

"Because, Lyle, a guy can be in love and not know it. He can be at a point where he knows he's falling, but can deliberately hold back. He can also figure out a girl that suits him — and his life, that's important in this case — and then let himself go. Besides, let's face it, Lillian—" He stopped.

"Yes, I know. She was making a big play for you. I was nearly frightened out of my senses when she got the wristwatch."

"That was mother's trap to catch the wrong contestant." He laughed apologetically. "That came out be-

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ON LUCK

By **OLGA
ROSMANITH**

cause I won the thing on a radio show. A lady's watch of all things.

"Mum said here's your chance to find out which of those girls is going to wear well when you take her from the big city to the rugged life of a mining camp."

"Go on," said Lyle.

"Well, recall the day I took you all to lunch. You were all with me in the car. I told you something had come up which would take about half an hour, and to pass the time I played a game with you."

"I could never forget," said Lyle. "You said to look in the store windows without taking any notes and remember all we could. Then after we'd gone home write it down, and the one with the best memory would win the watch."

Ben interrupted again. "That was Mum's little trick. She had an idea it would reveal what you had on your minds. Lillian, of course, won the watch, but Mum disqualified her as wife material, that is, for a mining engineer whose life lay in this wilderness."

Now Lyle said very quietly: "I never did see what Lillian wrote, or Lygena for that matter. They wouldn't help me or show me."

"I'll tell you. Lillian noted all the furs, all the jewels, all the perfumes, all the shoes, all the prices. Lygena's observations were similar, but she left out the prices. Either she didn't notice them or she couldn't recall figures. Also she included the pet-shop window, which my mother rather liked. But you? Do you remember? You didn't write up one store window at all."

"I remember," said Lyle, in such a low, small voice that if Ben hadn't been so entranced with his story he would have noticed something strange about her.

"Mother ruled out Lillian at once. City girl, she said, and a gimme girl at that. Lygena was merely neutral. Might have been adaptable if the need arose. But you, Lyle, you were perfect."

"You wrote how scary the mountains looked that day. So high and icy and forbidding against the storm-dark sky. You wrote about the blind man and how his little dog stayed close to him and you stopped and asked him if he'd ever seen the mountains. He said no, but once he had had sight, so he'd understand if you told him what they looked like."

"So you stood and told him what they looked like that morning and what his little dog looked like and how it stood and watched him with so much love in its eyes. And the old man told you he was convinced of it and thanked you for giving him the mountains. Then you looked back and found that time had run out and there I was waving at you to come to the car again."

"I remember it all, Ben, but why your mother decided that made me right is beyond me."

"Simple. Your mind wasn't on the toys in the stores. You liked rugged landscape. You had time for humble people."

"Why, darling, what's the matter? What's in this to cry about? I told you that whatever came of it I'd surely have got around to you."

"I'm only half crying, Ben. Because I'm also half laughing. Your mother and her 'don't count on luck.' That sure was my lucky day. I dropped my glasses in the car and trod on them. The other two were so mean they were glad I was out of the contest. I couldn't see what was in the windows except

a blur, and those two wouldn't tell me. They thought it was a big break for them because I could have licked them. I was the girl that did all the homework."

"I wrote about the mountains because I could see them, then I stopped and talked to the blind man because I liked him and I'd given up hope of the watch. If I'd had my glasses your mother would have thought I was a human adding machine. But she'd have been wrong. I was the one who would have gone with you to

an igloo in Antarctica. If necessary—"

Ben kissed her and said: "Now I'll tell you something else. Mum's strategy scared me into making up my own mind. No reason to tell her when she picked you that you were the one I'd picked already. When there's no cause for argument, don't argue, I always say."

"Ben, darling, you're so right." She added, "Who'd have expected to be lucky by stepping on her glasses?"

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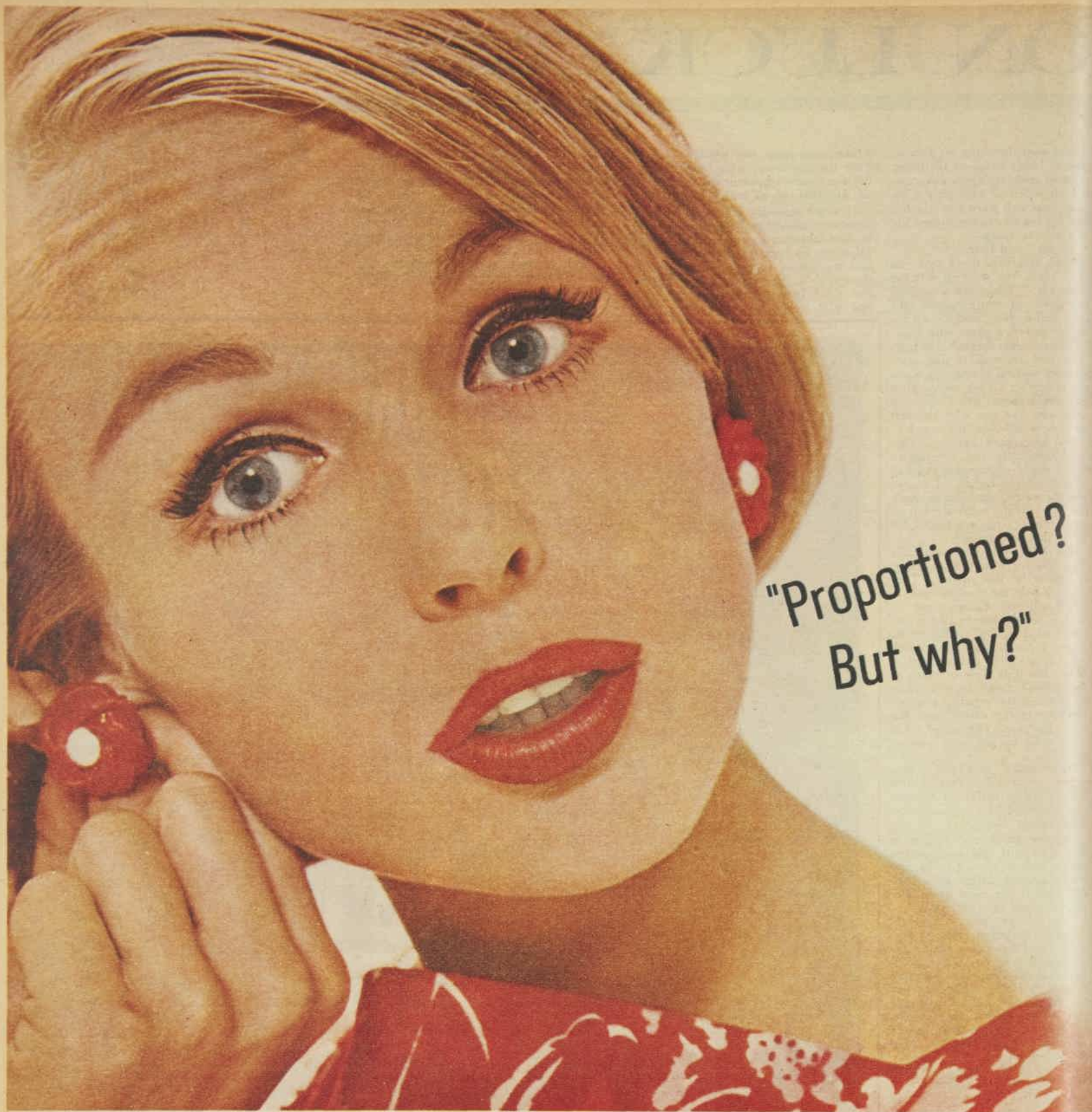
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Now more than ever Kotex is confidence

THE "EVERGLADES" GARDEN

ARCHWAY leading from the courtyard at "Everglades." Landscape architect Paul Sorenson (pictured) designed the gardens.

• "Everglades," the garden that Paul Sorenson created, is now a tourist drawcard and a National Trust property.

THIRTY years ago Paul Sorenson faced his greatest challenge as a landscape gardener—to create the garden that is "Everglades" from 13 acres of clay and bush at Leura, in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W.

Today, after 17 years' absence, Mr. Sorenson is back at "Everglades," restoring it for the New South Wales branch of the National Trust, which recently bought the property.

Reputed to be one of the finest examples of landscape gardening in Australia, the garden now draws up to 1500 visitors on a fine weekend.

"They sometimes get a shock to see the trees so big and me still alive," chuckles Mr. Sorenson.

He never discloses his age (or "youth" as he prefers to call it), but hints that he has reached his 80th year. "Life begins at 70, and at 80 you begin to do things," he said.

But his 80 is equivalent to

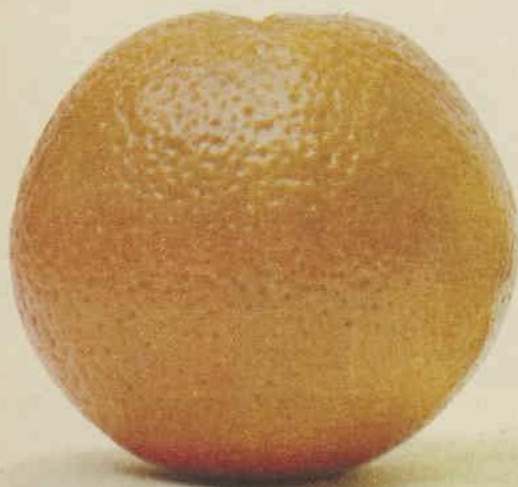
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"Yes!"

**"Let's get
together!"**

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The "Everglades" garden (continued)

the average man's 50. He boasts he can climb trees like a five-year-old.

The restoration of "Everglades" is only one of his current jobs. He also runs his own nursery at Leura, is responsible for the upkeep of the gardens of the Hoskins Memorial Church at Lithgow, which he originally planned, and has two private commissions to plan landscape gardens.

Between business trips round the countryside — he always drives himself — and organising the teams of gardeners he employs, Mr. Sorenson can always find time for a good strong cup of coffee on the verandah of his nursery home, and a chat.

"Wonderful profession, mine," he said. "I can honestly say I have not neglected it for one hour, one moment, in over 60 years. It is my hobby, my daily bread, my pastime."

He began his career as a lad in his native Denmark working in the gardens of Villa Hvidore, then the palace of Princess Alexandra before she married Edward VII of England.

As Denmark is climatically a difficult country for the gardener, the training was tough. And when he had completed his apprenticeship in general horticulture, Paul Sorenson decided to specialise in landscaping.

In winter, the pruning knife would stick to his hand and pull off raw flesh.

When qualified he launched into what he calls his "Bohemian years," travelling round Europe gaining experience.

In Paris he remembers pruning a hedge with scissors.

"The good lady who employed me would not allow any of the leaves to be cut in half," he said.

In Switzerland, working with different earth levels and terraces, he mastered techniques he later applied at "Everglades."

In fact, the principles of landscape gardening he was taught in Europe are the ones he still practises.

• "You must add to nature, not destroy it," he said. "You must look at what's already there and try to preserve it."

In this respect, early Australian gardens suffered from the imported English gardeners, who saw beauty only in familiar English trees. They completely ignored the native gum—one of the most beautiful trees for shaping the skyline."

• "Local conditions require local materials" — such as the Blue Mountains stones in the paths at "Everglades."

• "In planning a garden you must create vistas and place good focal points at the end of them. Ideally, your garden should show something unexpected at every turn. It should be natural and dignified, never vulgar."

Not that a beautiful, dignified garden need be big.

"One of the most beautiful gardens I have known," said Mr. Sorenson, "was no larger than tuppence ha'penny. It belonged to a good lady in Switzerland who took in the local washing. She loved her garden."

"It isn't the size that matters, it's the love and care that go into it."

Paul Sorenson came to Australia in 1915 seeking adventure and change. He took a job as gardener-cum-rouseabout on a sheep property in Victoria during the five-year drought.

"Coming from Europe with its well regulated seasons to

BY CAROL HENTY

a drought and hard soil where nothing would grow . . . it makes a man think," he said. "I learned more in six months about a philosophy of life than I'd have learned in a lifetime."

To Mr. Sorenson, philosophy and gardens and the nature of the universe are inseparable.

Arriving in New South Wales to try his luck as a professional landscape architect, he became established in the Blue Mountains.

His first job was for the late Sir Joynton Smith, planning the gardens for the Carrington Hotel, Katoomba. Then came commissions for the late W. C. Metcalfe at Leura for Deane Park, and the garden of E. S. Trigg, which is just across the road from "Everglades."

There were commissions all over the State — for the J. K. Thompsons at Cassilis, the Loneragans at Mudgee, the Hoskins at Invergowrie, for G. D. Proctor at Wahroonga, and many others.

But the garden his conversation always veers to is "Everglades."

"I remember in the early 1930s when Henri van de Velde bought the place," he said. "Someone told him, 'If you have any troubles with your garden, get Paul Sorenson, he will fix them.' And so he called on me."

Continued overleaf

CHERRY BLOSSOM walk (right) near the entrance to "Everglades" is carpeted with bluebells. Below: Pictured in 1933, when the paths were staked out.



ITALIAN STATUE of a small boy beside the ornamental pond is the focal point of the courtyard. Inset: The courtyard in 1935, when the stonework and roughcast brick wall had just been completed. In profusion, shrubs and flowers now obscure the old wall.



SCRIBBLE BARK GUM is one of the native trees which have been preserved. Mr. Sorenson talks to gardener William Wadey beside the swimming-pool on the first terrace. Inset: Picture taken in 1935 shows foundation work, with the same gum in background.





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The "Everglades" garden (continued)



WHITE CLEMATIS trained over a red rhododendron in Mr. Sorenson's Leura nursery. He is planting more rhododendrons at "Everglades."

Mr. van de Velde (whom Mr. Sorenson calls Mr. Van) was a Belgian who founded the firm of Felt and Textiles. He is reputed to have spent £100,000 during the depression years building the house and garden.

"They say that he made 'Everglades,'" said Mr. Sorenson. "But I know that 'Everglades' made him. Only when he had the garden did he begin to make a success of his business. The garden was his source of strength."

Mr. Van agreed to allow Mr. Sorenson £100 a year for expenses in making a garden out of stony, uninviting, hilly bushland.

After a month he said, "Well, Sorenson, it looks as though £100 won't get us very far. Carry on. Carry on."

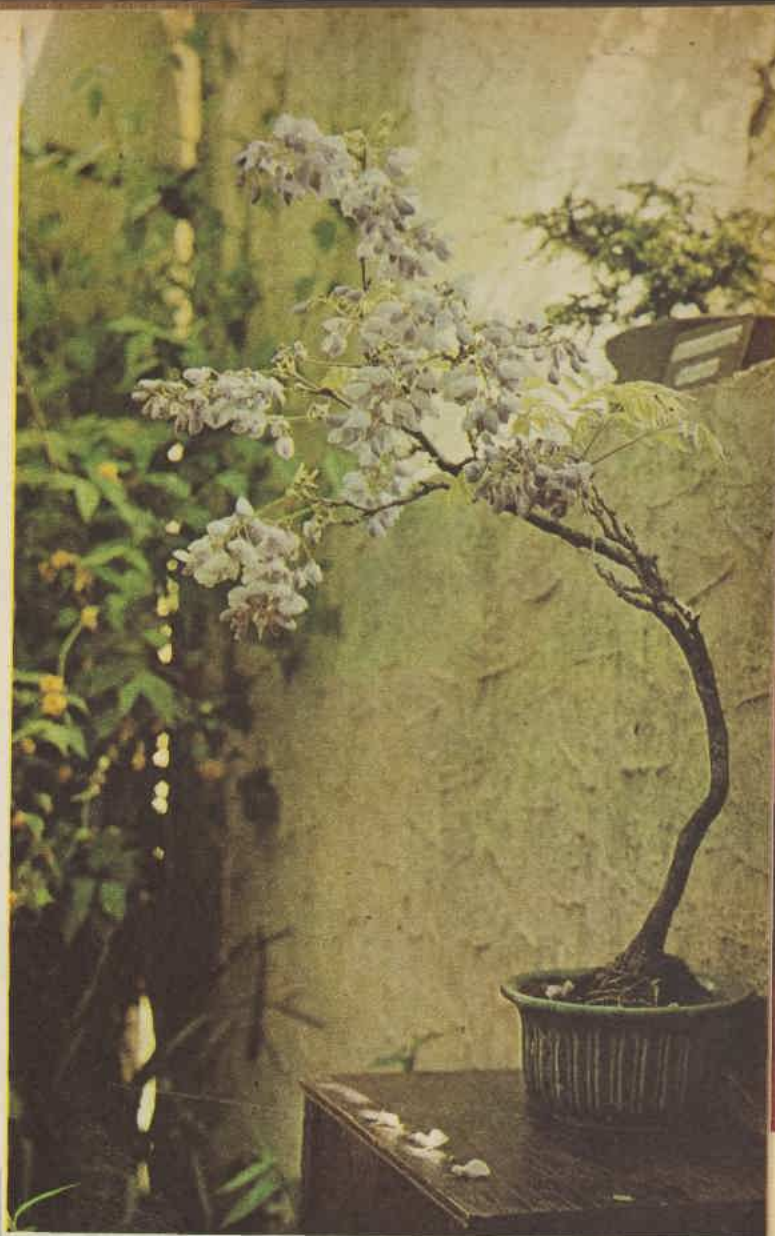
They carried on. "Mr. Van didn't once ask to see the plans I'd drawn. He never questioned the money spent on the garden or what was done. He was the best patron a man could ever have."

No trouble, money, or time was spared to make the garden of Mr. Van's dreams. Statues and urns for picked focal points were specially imported. Iron was wrought to Mr. Van's own designs. At one time 14 masons were employed making the dry pack walls holding up the terraces. Stones for the paths were brought from the bush 40 miles away. Mr. Sorenson himself handpicked the roughcast bricks for the walls from thousands turned out by factories.

When Henri van de Velde died in 1947 his widow sold the property, and Paul Sorenson's services as a garden architect were no longer required.

"It was a blow," said Mr. Sorenson. "But I boxed on with other work. One of the main things in life is to keep your feet on the ground. Thank goodness I have large feet."

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



BONSAI wisteria in the courtyard is 16 years old. It is grown in a pot, and the roots are expertly trimmed to keep plant dwarfed.

LARGE URN set beneath a horizontal elm, planted by Mr. Sorenson 30 years ago. Part of the house is seen across the neat lawn.



ORANGE Mollis Azalea at Mr. Sorenson's nursery, one of the new varieties to be planted at "Everglades."

LILAC TREES in all tones of mauve and purple grow in a lilac grove near the house.



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AUSTRALIAN IS A NEW YORK HOSTESS

By SCARTH FLETT



LONG silk floral shirt-dress is Kim Bonnefoy's favorite hostess gown. Right: Philippe Bonnefoy with his mother. Kim's stretch silk slacks are French, the sweater Austrian.



DRESS AND JACKET of aqua, green, and mauve silk satin was hand tailored in New York from material chosen by Kim's husband, Maurice. Below: Gold cocktail dress from New York.

● Australian Kim Bonnefoy has been hostess to Greta Garbo, Henry Fonda, and artists Salvador Dali and Max Ernst at her husband's New York art galleries.

NOW a poised, glamorous, and sophisticated New Yorker, Kim, 22, recently brought her two-year-old son, Philippe, home to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Barrington Scott, of Toorak, Vic.

Kim's French husband, Maurice, a former foreign correspondent, runs the D'Arcy Galleries in Madison Avenue, New York, art galleries specialising in abstract, primitive, and surrealist paintings.

Born in Melbourne, Kim spent part of her childhood in America, where her father was attached to the Australian Trade Commission.

She returned to New York four years ago to work at the Australian Consulate and study acting. Later she took a job with a Wall Street firm of investment bankers.

Kim met Maurice at a Sunday cocktail party in New York and after a whirlwind courtship they married in October, 1960.

At the galleries each exhibition is opened with a large cocktail party at which Kim is hostess to such people as artists Marcel Duchamp, Salvador Dali, and Max Ernst,

and film people Henry Fonda, Greta Garbo, John Huston, and the Zachary Scotts.

"Greta Garbo always slips in quietly, usually with a friend," said Kim. "She is very dignified and likes to be by herself, coming and going with no fuss."

Kim loves these openings. Dressed in what she calls her "gallery" dress (black silk jersey, high in front, slashed to the waist in a low V back), she is hostess to about 200 people.

The Bonnefoys' sixth-floor apartment on 82nd Street is furnished with antiques and a mixture of primitive and Japanese art.

Kim and Maurice give dinner parties for six to eight guests at least twice a week.

"We always have open house on Sundays, serving a brunch of champagne and crepe suzettes, which Maurice cooks magnificently," said Kim.

Every summer Maurice travels to Europe on business, and this year Kim and Philippe went along too, to meet Maurice's family.

They own an enormous 12th century castle in Auvergne.

"We spent a weekend there," said Kim. "It is a wonderful old stone fortress teeming with history. But with no proper heat-

Pictures by JONATHAN EVETTS

ing it is bitterly cold and is used only for large Christmas parties, or weddings in the private chapel."

Leaving Philippe with Maurice's family, Kim and Maurice had a holiday on the French Riviera.

There Kim became firm friends with Simone Signoret's 18-year-old student daughter, Catherine, who taught them the "Hully Gully."

(The "Hully Gully," the latest dance craze on the Riviera, resembles a mixture of the Twist and the Thredbo Slop.)

"The French film stars are the most natural, friendly people," Kim said. We met Annette Stroyberg, Vittorio Gassman, and even Brigitte Bardot, who is just as beautiful as in her pictures."

Brigitte was casually dressed in tight beige slacks, an aqua T shirt, and the eternal St. Tropez head scarf.

Coming almost direct from Paris, fashion centre of the world, Kim was amazed at the chic of young Australian women.

"I think they dress superbly," she said, "And are equal to the French."

Maurice takes a big interest in Kim's wardrobe and she relies a great deal on his judgment.

He often buys her something new and simply arrives home with a parcel under his arm, or tells her where he saw a frock he thinks would suit her.

"I like it fine," said Kim impishly. "I find I get a lot more this way."

Predominant colors in her wardrobe are green, black, and combinations of aqua, mauve, and green, Maurice's favorite colors.





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 sparkling fresh. Unique tube marvellous for your handbag.
 Smooth on this delightful freshener wherever you go!

In addition to "Captivate," Dorothy Gray also introduces to Australia
 "Special Appointment" and "Tantalise" fragrances. Ask to try all three!

JUNGLE COLORS FOR NOW AND LATER



● Stencilled stripes suggesting zebra markings are patterned on a semi-fit sleeveless tunic. The tunic is worn with a slim black skirt and chic wide-brimmed shiny straw hat.



● Two-piece suit in elephant-grey worn with a matching turban. The fabric has a raised surface to simulate elephant hide and further the jungle look. Note pussycat cravat.



● Gold and black tiger colors emerge when the sun goes down. This exotic color team is seen (above) in a sleeveless dress. Glitter earrings and wide headband complete ensemble.

By **BETTY KEEP**

● Suddenly it's jungle colors. Vital and exciting, they flood the season with an exotic glow of animal shades. Catching on like wildfire is the golden look of tiger, the grey of elephant, reptile-brown, zebra stripes, and leopard spots. The colors are current now and will all move fashionably forward into autumn and winter.

Continued overleaf



● Single-breasted redingote (right) is made in shiny curry-colored snakeskin. The waisted coat was worn with a bowler-type hat. Design by Hubert de Givenchy.

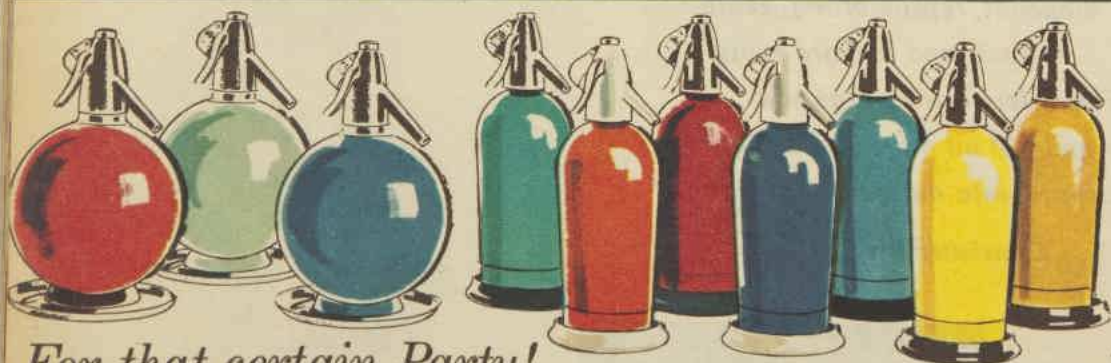
TAKE A

long cool look at Christmas!



Now's the time for Christmas-gifting. And time for summer's long and frosty drinks. Put the two thoughts together for the gift idea that's part of the party; a Syphon by Sparklets (makers of the original soda-syphon). It's the sensible way to make soda-water. Just a fingertouch and you liven any summer drink with the sparkling boost that only fresh soda gives. And Sparklets have styled these syphons in the shapes, sizes and decorator-colours for today's kind of living. They're the sparklingest gift idea ever.

give a *Sparklets* syphon



For that certain Party!

Give the gift that shares its fun for years and years. **GLOBEMASTER** Syphon (double capacity); colours: Ruby, Silver Leaf, Wedgwood, Old Gold. 169/-. **HOSTMASTER** in Ruby, Pale Green, Wedgwood, Poppy, Cornflower, Primrose, Old Gold. 122/-. **DE-LUXE STREAMLINE MODEL** in gleaming chrome. 157/9. Every Syphon complete with Bulbs—available almost everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

*Gift for the man
who has everything!*

If ever he's struggled to open a bottle of wine he'll appreciate this. Simply insert "Corkmaster's" needle—and the cork dramatically removes itself! Quite surprising. Quite effortless. Quite the perfect, different gift . . . Sparklets "CORKMASTER" 54/-. Complete with gift box.



Sole Australian Agents: Wilcox Moffitt Ltd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1963

JUNGLE COLORS *Continued*

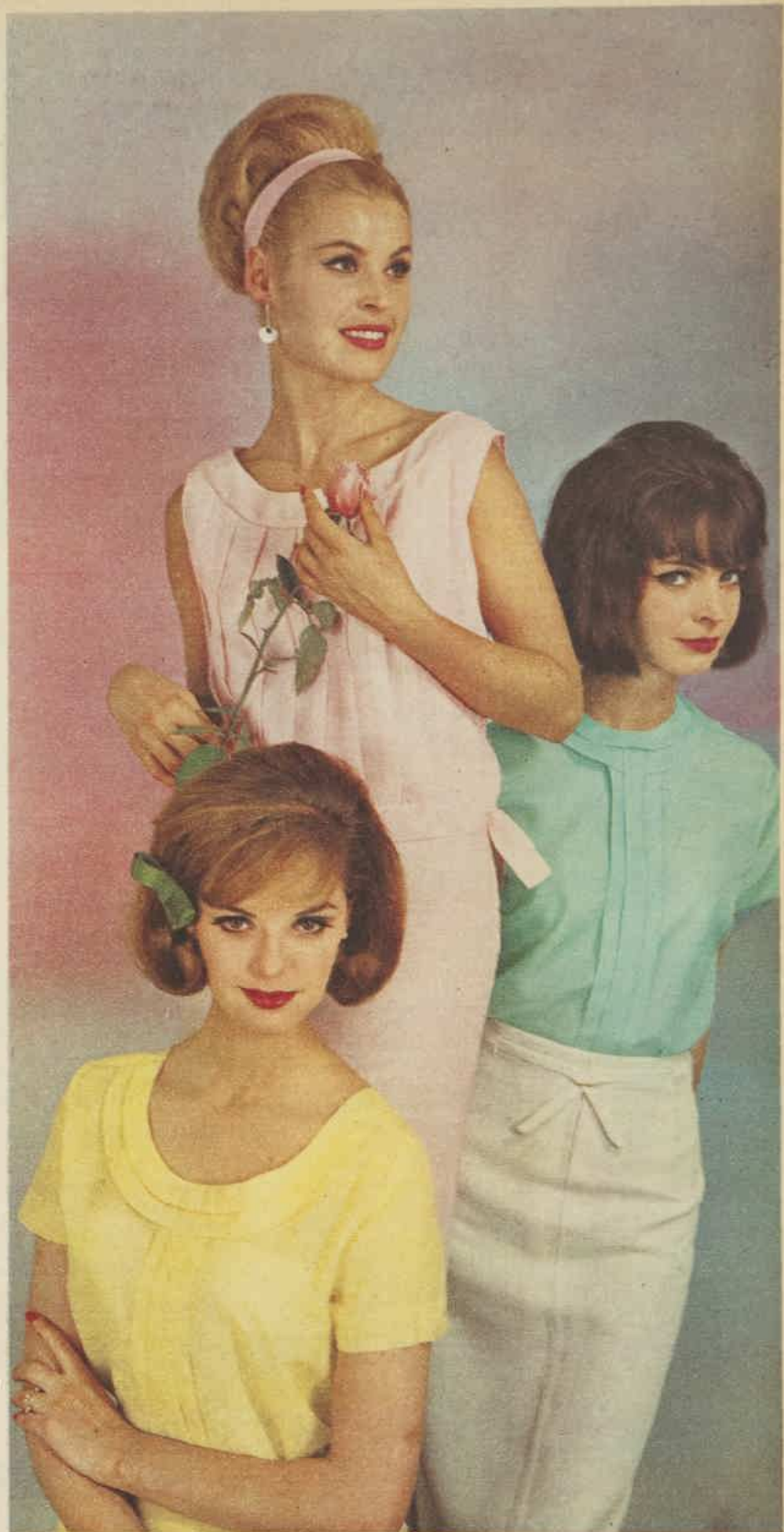


● Among the newest boots to hit the autumn fashion scene are these — knee-high, pliable, and stencilled in zebra stripes. Note matching kerchief.



● Fake and real leopard-skin have new status in autumn - winter fashions. Above, this fur is used for an overblouse. Leopard with white wool is new mix.

● Tawny-yellow stolen from the wildcat tribe is the color choice for this coat-dress (left). A streak of blue through the fabric adds fresh color fantasy.



Lo-neck Pleat, 39/11; Overblouse, 49/11; Hi-neck Pleat, 39/11.

It's Terylene Batiste for the pleated look!

It's a picture-book look, a party look, an o-so-feminine look! It's Lady Pelaco's pleated look, styled for sheer flattery in new fine Terylene Batiste. Long pleats and little pleats, high pleats and low pleats, every pleat stays put for keeps and they don't even need ironing! Priced from only 39/11.

Lady Pelaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN



I DO



I DO, TOO



WE ALL DO

In our set, we all use Tampax

That's how the Tampax trend spreads. One girl uses it, enthuses about it, convinces a friend, and by and by everyone's using it.

For Tampax internal sanitary protection is so clearly superior. Instead of belts, pins, pads, odour, chafing, you have a small compressed piece of pure surgical cotton that can't be seen or felt, once it's in place. Disposal is easy. Insertion is easy thanks to the satin-smooth applicator. Tampax is convenient to carry, convenient to store, nicer to use.

Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) wherever such products are sold.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725 G.P.O., Sydney.



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS

in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Buying baby's gift

IN reply to Mrs. Wendy Lisle (N.S.W.) it is far better to wait until the baby is born before buying a gift. Also, it is a good idea to choose something the baby will wear at six, nine, or even 12 months old. I work in baby wear, and many mothers have said they were given so many small clothes that their babies outgrew some without their ever having been worn.—£1/1/- to "Shop Assistant" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

ON learning that my best friend was to be a mother I promptly bought a dress to be included in the layette. A few months later her baby was born prematurely, and died. When my friend came home from hospital she returned the dress because it brought her unhappy memories. I vowed I would never again give a baby present until the baby had safely arrived.

£1/1/- to "Regretful" (name supplied), Iron Knob, S.A.

APART from sending a congratulatory card, I either give larger-sized clothing "on arrival" or wait until the infant is a few months old. Most mothers-to-be are inundated with first-size clothes for baby, which are soon outgrown. Something for a six-month-old child is appreciated, as, by then, the wardrobe has diminished and the gifts have ceased to flow in.

£1/1/- to "Mum" (name supplied), North Caulfield, Vic.

BEING a new mother myself, I know that a gift given at the hospital is really appreciated. I think that a "new-baby gift" should be given before the birth only if the mother cannot be visited, or the gift is one suitable for either a girl or boy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lorraine Bennett, Narilla, N.S.W.

AFTER having had three babies and receiving many gifts, I feel that gifts presented after the baby's birth, when the sex is known, are always more wisely chosen. Although, if close friends and relatives can discuss gifts with the mother, they can help considerably toward the layette, especially if it is a first baby.

£1/1/- to J.D. (name supplied), The Entrance, N.S.W.

I TELL the mother-to-be what my gift will be. If someone else duplicates my intended gift she can tell me and I can suggest an alternative.

£1/1/- to "Practical" (name supplied), New Norfolk, Tas.

Cake of memories

READERS might be interested to hear of my daughter's 21st birthday cake. I had saved one candle from each of her birthday cakes until she was 21 and they were all placed on the cake for her coming-of-age. This was really a cake of memories for me, as each candle recalled memories of my daughter in each year of her life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Una M. Dresser, Eleebana, N.S.W.

Why boaters for summer wear?

WHY this innovation of minute "boaters" as summer millinery for schoolgirls? The two-inch brim gives practically no protection from the sun, and perched upon the heads of fast-growing girls these hats look ridiculous. A broader-brimmed hat would not only shade the face of the wearer but would flatter her a little.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Dare, Box Hill North, Vic.

Job dilemma

FOR many years I have worked for the same firm, and am due for a good pension if I stay on for another five years. I have been very happy, in a position of trust, and quite close to the head. However, the firm has changed hands, and I have been given a lesser position, with a much younger person, a newcomer, over me. I feel humiliated, and am seriously considering resigning, though it will mean a smaller pension. All the pleasure of working here has gone. What have readers to give in the way of advice?

£1/1/- to S.L. (name supplied), Roleystone, W.A.

Untidy shoppers

THE number of women who do their shopping dressed in curlers, aprons, and slippers constantly appals me. Surely they could either wait until their hair was dry or wear a head scarf, remove their apron, and change into some shoes. I think these women who don't take any pride in their appearance are insulting our sex.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. G. Gale, Modbury, S.A.

Eating alone and elegantly

I WAS lunching alone as usual, when a visitor called to see me. To my astonishment she burst out laughing and remarked scornfully, "Fancy using a tablecloth when you are on your own. You do pamper yourself!" Am I supposed to eat off the floor because I am alone?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

A word on the "shift"

WHAT is the shift, if not the sack that women turned down some years ago?

£1/1/- to "Curious" (name supplied), Calliope, Qld.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE



IN THE GARDEN

• Producer of a film about the Bible, Dino de Laurentiis has had second thoughts after choosing a black-haired girl to play Eve. He has been asking whether Eve was blond or brunette.

One might place a modest bet,
Noting where the Garden's set—
Eve was probably brunette.

Though it's possible instead
That her locks were flaming-red.
(Look what trouble lay ahead.)

Or that first and famous spouse
Could have been a homely mouse
Unobtrusive round the house.

Whether Eve was dark or fair,
Adam, doubtless, didn't care,
Having nothing to compare.

Which is not to cast a slur,
But with no one to prefer
He was bound to notice her.

—Dorothy Drain



Ballet is for men, too

WHY is it that in Australia so few youths are encouraged or indeed show any inclination to train for ballet? Parents of a lad nearby were horrified when their son expressed a wish to do so, and you'd have felt he was wanting to go to the moon to hear them. In any case he was ridiculed to such an extent that he lost all desire to have lessons. You have only to see a girl who has had ballet lessons and one who has not to realise that it imparts grace and liteness, and in these days, when one can hardly open a newspaper without reading of new bashings and hold-ups, it would certainly keep many would-be delinquents off the street.

£1/1/- to "Ballet Lover" (name supplied), Holland Park, Qld.

Replying to invitations

IN my opinion the words, "Please reply by . . ." should be shown in plain English on all invitations. Recently I heard that the reason many people, especially teenagers, do not reply is because they do not understand what R.S.V.P. means.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Gilmour, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"FREE" is a wonderful word.

People will go to anything, even a lecture on the history of tripe, if the sign says "Admission Free."

I have long known this, but I never saw it so clearly as on a recent Saturday.

It was Australian Book Week. As part of the celebrations I had been asked to go to a big store and sign copies of a book of which I was the author.

A gentleman sat beside me with a microphone. At intervals he called out: "Roll up! Here's your chance to meet a real author! He will gladly sign your copies of his book!"

I sat there feeling foolish. In the first ten minutes one lady bought my book, and I signed it. Others glanced at the copies suspiciously and hurried on.

A serious-looking youth of about 17 came up.

"What is this book about?" he asked.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

"Oh — it's just about things in general," I replied, rather weakly.

"I've just finished my exams and I'd like something to read," he said.

Picking up the book, he frowned as he read the title, *Daddy, Are You Married?* He gazed earnestly at a photograph on the back, which showed me wearing a top hat.

"Is it as good as *The Weird Mob*?" he said.

"I couldn't quite guarantee that," I replied.

He turned the pages slowly. Then he put the book down, shaking his head.

"It's only got 128 pages," he said. He walked away toward the hardware department.

Business was still quiet when the gentleman beside me said: "Watch this."

He spoke into the microphone: "And now, to celebrate Australian Book Week, I am going to give away a copy of this book absolutely free! Anyone who guesses what page I have my finger at gets the book."

The first people arrived about two seconds after he said the magic word "free." Within 15 seconds they were standing three deep.

In the front row was the young fellow who had finished his exams. He had no doubts about the quality of my book now. He was guessing frantically.

A nice little girl of 12 won the book. Then, as quickly as it had come, the crowd melted away.

That morning taught me one thing. There is a great future in this country for the free-book industry. In fact, there is a great future for free anything.

Someone only has to produce the free goods, and a vast public is ready waiting for them.

The only problem is how to make a living at it.

Carnation Evaporated Milk makes delicious ice cream... ice cream that's thick and smooth and creamy... the kind children love to eat every day. All you do is mix, whip once and freeze! And Carnation gives you 2 big refrigerator trays of ice cream for about the same cost as one tray of bought ice cream... a saving of 1/6 to 2 - every time. Spend minutes, instead of money, making the family's favourite sweet... creamy smooth Carnation 'One-Whip' Ice Cream.

CARNATION 'ONE-WHIP' ICE CREAM

INGREDIENTS: 3 rounded tablespoons castor sugar; 1 level teaspoon Davis Gelatine; 1 level tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons water; 1 large can (14½ oz.) Carnation Milk, chilled; 1 teaspoon vanilla. METHOD: Set refrigerator control for freeze-ice cream. Place water and gelatine in a cup and let



NEW! COLOUR PICTURE-RECIPES ON EVERY CARNATION LABEL

stand 5 minutes. Stand cup in hot water until gelatine is dissolved. Add butter and allow to melt. Beat Carnation Milk in a chilled bowl until very stiff, gradually add sugar. Beat in gelatine mixture and vanilla. Pour into trays and freeze. Makes 2 trays.

CARNATION CHOCOLATE SAUCE

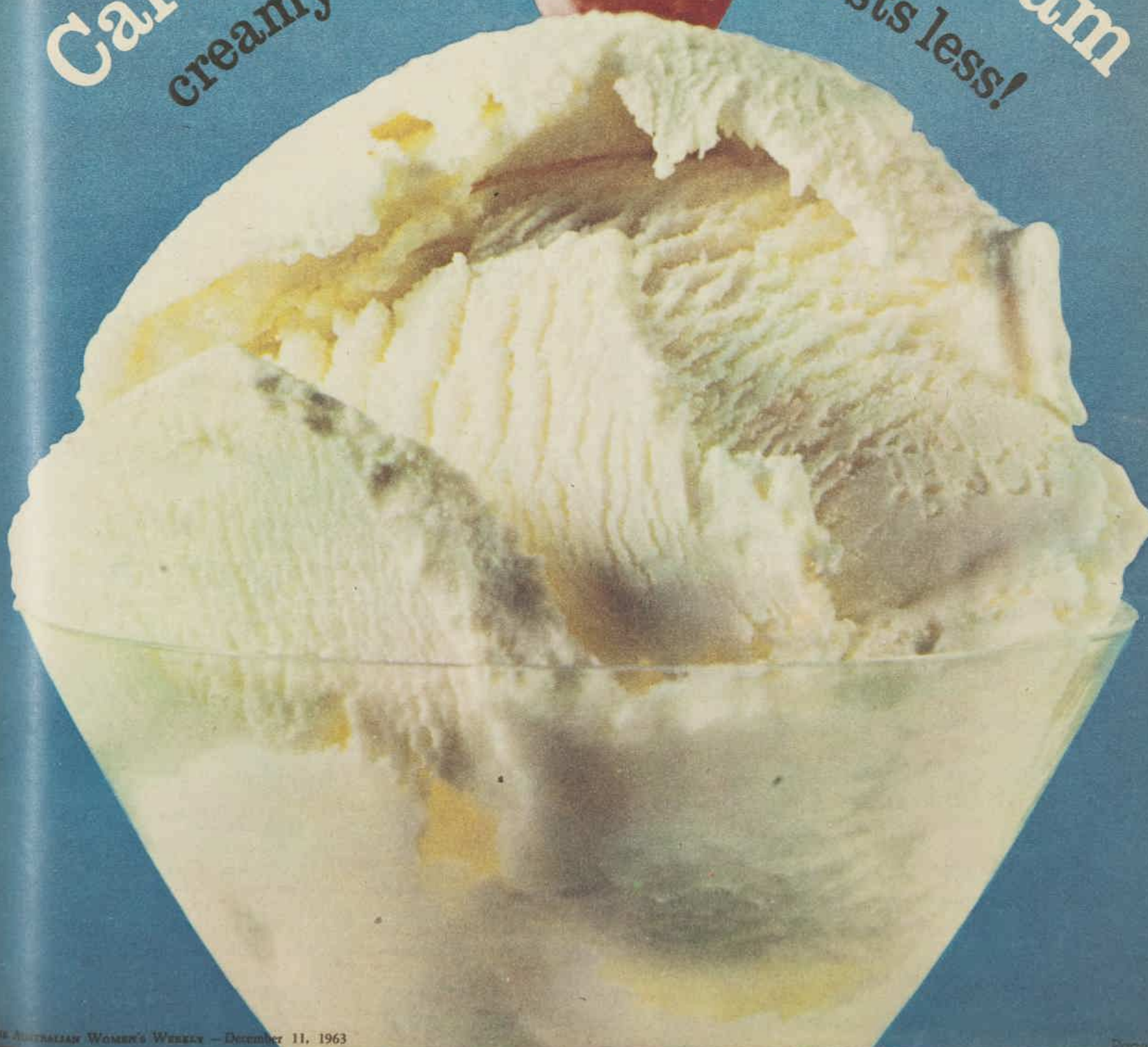
INGREDIENTS: 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 4 oz. semi-sweet chocolate; ½ cup sugar. METHOD: Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and stir constantly over low heat until chocolate is dissolved. Bring to the boil and cook for 2 minutes. Cool and refrigerate until ready for use. Serve hot or cold.

Chocolate peppermints may be substituted for the chocolate and sugar. The same method is used.

Serve with Carnation 'One-Whip' Ice Cream.



Carnation 'one-whip' ice cream
creamy smooth... costs less!



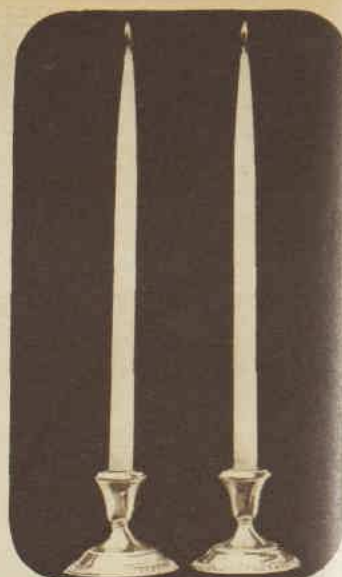
Prouds

EXCITING CHRISTMAS GIFT VALUES



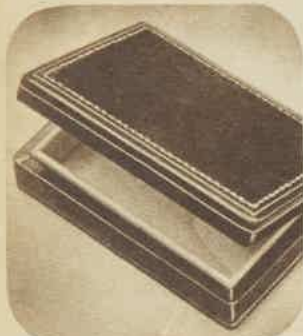
American Silverplated Tea Service
From F. B. Rogers, 4-piece tea or coffee, **£19/10/-**

Come to Prouds for your share of the exciting Christmas gift values. Chosen from famous local and overseas makers for their fine quality and exceptional value, many are exclusive to Prouds, many more seen for the first time in Australia. Hurry to Prouds as numbers are limited. Your gift will be beautifully wrapped, tied in ribbon and delivered anywhere in Australia.



14-inch Butane Gas Candles
No dripping wax. Stays alight on butane gas, adjustable flame. Pair, holders extra **95/-**

PHONE AND MAIL ORDERS A PLEASURE AT ALL PROUDS 16 STORES



Florentine Leather Cigarette Box
Leather covered to hold cigarettes or trinkets, **32/6**



Imported 4-piece Bar Set
Stainless steel with wooden handles. In wooden block. At just **19/6**



Swiss Looping Travel Alarm
7-jewel movement, many colours, leather cased, **95/-**



Automatic ENVOY Calendar Watch
Swiss 21-jewel chrome steel case, luminous dial, outstanding value **£14/10/-**



Imported Spectator Binoculars
Australia's finest value. Leather cased, 8 x 30, **£9/10/-**



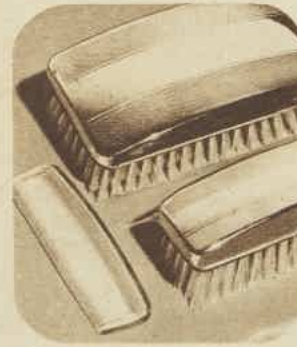
Coloured Glass "Clown" Decanter
10-in. high, hand blown glass, many colours, **45/-**



Exclusive English Beauty Case
Fully fitted, washable finish, many colours, **£5/5/-**



Special! Crystal Tumbler Sets
Diamond cut, set of six 10 oz. 40/-; six 8 oz., **30/-**



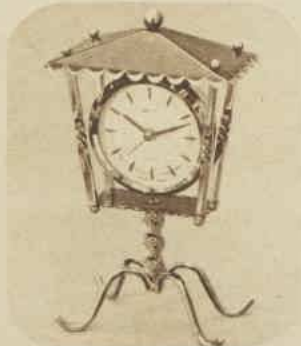
Quality English Brush Set
Engine turned chrome, nylon bristles, boxed, **30/-**



Prouds Cubemaster Ice Bucket
Vacuum sealed; silver, gilt, florentine finish, **£5/9/6**



Envoy "Medici" Pendant Watch
Swiss, fully jewelled movement, with chain **£12/10/-**



German "Lantern" Alarm Clock
Five colours, 12 months' unconditional guarantee, **65/-**



Exclusive Blue Jasper Silent Butler
Made of fine porcelain, gilt trim, 6" diameter, **39/6**



Imported Parfait Glasses and Spoons
Six silver plated spoons, 35/-; glasses each only **13/6**



Value! Florentine Coin Purses
In twelve fashion colours, Prouds exclusive special, **11/6**

KING-PITT STS. AND HOTEL AUSTRALIA (25 4021); CHATSWOOD (41 5635); CARINGBAH (52 0641); DEE WHY (88 0245); EASTWOOD (85 4274); 87-89 HUNTER ST., NEWCASTLE (2 2709); ALINGA ST., CANBERRA (4 3916); ADELAIDE & EDWARD STS., BRISBANE (2 2646); 319 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE (63 6961); CHADSTONE (56 4343); LYDIARD & STURT STS., BALLARAT (2 5461); 66 RUNDLE ST., ADELAIDE (8 3262); 112 LIVERPOOL ST., HOBART (3 2347); 123 BRISBANE ST., LAUNCESTON (2 3865).

Ever thought
what a
failing
deodorant
could cost you

?



AMPLEX
NEW FORMULA

Roll-on & Spray-on
DEODORANT
ANTI-PERSPIRANTS



last a full active day
5/9 each

Ashe Laboratories Limited.
London, Melbourne

**KIDNEY
TROUBLES?**
like this.



Pressure
and pain
in kidneys,
weak
bladder?

Then start a course of
MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.

If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 7/- or 5/- everywhere.

**MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS**

WORTH REPORTING



BANK STAFF in Sydney (from left) Fay Cohen, of Bondi, Elke Hass, of Bankstown, Pam Morrell, of Randwick, Dixie Kennedy, of Bondi, with some of the dressed dolls.

ON behalf of the girls of this home, I would like to say thank you for the gift of dolls your staff gave to us. Being girls, we love dolls."

This letter from a girls' orphanage in Sydney is typical of many received by the E.S. and A. Bank.

The girls who work at the bank dress the dolls, which are sent to orphanages, children's hospitals, and charitable organisations in Sydney and some country towns.

"The bank supplies 250 dolls," said Mr. Harold Thompson, who organises the Christmas effort, "and the girls use scraps of material left over from their own dressmaking.

"They take great care with each doll, and the clothes are often most intricately worked.

"Each doll is only eight inches high, and yet many of them have even frilly petticoats, elegant hats, and tiny bloomers."

This is the third year for "Operation Dolls," and it looks as if it will become part of the bank's tradition.

"Giving the dolls to the children makes you feel you've done something really worth while," said one of the girls.

WOULD your husband say this? (Would he dare?): "My wife learned to drive in only three and a half cars."

Thrillers while you milk

ALTHOUGH Queensland author Estelle Thompson has been writing for only five years, she has already had two books published.

The first was "The Twig Is Bent," the second "The Lawyer And The Carpenter."

"They're both thrillers," said Estelle. "I think there's always a market for whodunits."

Estelle lives with her brother Ron on "Glen Gowan," a property five miles from Nambour.

"We milk 120 cows a day," she said, "and there's always so much else to do I don't have as much time as I'd like for writing.

"I do all my thinking and plotting in the cow-shed.

"When I can grab an hour by myself I rush inside and scribble notes down in long-hand.

"I'm not one of those inspired types. I just plod along systematically.

"I work to a pattern, but nobody in the world could call me methodical.

"Lawyer" took me two years to write—most of that late at night when everyone else was asleep."



● **Estelle Thompson,** of Nambour, Qld.

YOU needn't have blue blood to be entitled to sport a family coat-of-arms, says Mr. T. F. McNamara, of Auckland, New Zealand.

"Nowadays anyone bearing an ancient name is entitled to bear arms," he said. "It's only necessary to prove your right to the name."

Mr. McNamara, who hails from Galway, Ireland, made a business of his hobby, heraldry, a year ago, when he founded a firm in Auckland which emblazons arms.

We were interested to learn that in heraldry left and right (sinister and dexter) are back to front, from the spectator's viewpoint.

"This is because the coat-of-arms was emblazoned on a knight's shield," Mr. McNamara said, "and 'left' was always on the wearer's left."

Father Christmas a la Pablo Picasso

THE search by a big oil company for "something different" this year for their Christmas cards led to a treasure trove of four — all of them from children at Dover Heights Girls' High School in Sydney.

With the co-operation of the Inspector of Art, N.S.W. Education Department, the company set a project in several schools to get "a child's view of Christmas."

Of those submitted, all four chosen by the firm for their cards came from the Dover Heights school.

At left, "Father Christmas as Picasso might see him," is one of the chosen entries. It was done by Dubravka Popovic, aged 16.

A company spokesman said:

"The color is marvellous, and the approach is certainly novel.

"Most important—we feel that the girls' paintings really capture the spirit of Christmas."



...gone
that ugly
hair

quickly, safely and so pleasantly

Veet 'O' is as nice to use as a beauty cream. And so quick and easy, too. You simply smooth it on and—in minutes—every trace of unsightly hair just melts away. Arms, underarms and legs feel wonderfully soft and smooth-as-satin. And with fragrant Veet 'O' there's no tell-tale hint of unpleasant 'depilatory-smell'. Tubes 4/- Large size 6/-.

Veet Odourless
pleasantly fragrant—easy to use



"ENVOL" by
Rene Henri

Vitapointe Hair Care TODAY
for Many Happy Tomorrows

New natural beauty is yours when your hair looks its best. Let VITAPointe bring new life, new loveliness to your hair. You'll find new enjoyment in living!

In just one minute, VITAPointe's nourishing care goes into action. Your hair shines, is easier to manage, gains a new supple beauty that other people quickly notice.

VITAPointe your hair cares away. Use VITAPointe cream beautifier and conditioner. A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

VP.1

Announcing

Gaylon



the new luxury enamel from overseas

Gaylon is a brand new, one-coat, luxury enamel. A brilliant gloss enamel that dries with the flawless finish of an expensive automobile. Enamel which, in Britain, has set new standards of perfection. **Gaylon has colours never made before.** Exotic, provocative, exciting colours, of exceptional depth and durability. New colours, every one, for interior or exterior painting; made from the most expensive pigments in all the world.

Gaylon is easier to brush than any other enamel. Easier to make a perfect job, too, because it levels itself out like a sheet of plate glass. The secret of Gaylon is in its ingredients — each pains-

takingly selected without regard to cost. Every process is rigidly controlled. Every can is guaranteed by Taubmans.

Use Gaylon anywhere — for a look of sheer luxury on furniture and doors; for a kitchen that's sparkling and modern and fresh; or for outside protection on an entire home. During painting breaks, precious contents are protected from evaporation and dust by a unique snap-on resealing lid — a feature exclusive to Gaylon alone.

Ask for a giant-sized Gaylon colour card, now available in Australian paint stores.



From today say *Gaylon* —the most precious enamel money can buy

Made in Australia by Taubmans Industries Limited, a member of the Courtauld's Group



TH6254

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 11, 1963

BACKYARD HOSPITAL

Kids these days are venturing into fields of medicine I would never have dared approach when I was a youngster, says this reader.

ALL of us adults, I take it, played doctors and nurses when we were kids. Or were the boys and girls I mixed with more clinically minded than most?

I wouldn't think so. They were a pretty ordinary bunch, as I remember them, but there were one or two who achieved outstanding success in their chosen fields in the childhood medical profession.

Take bandaging, for instance. In my day we did a lot of bandaging, some of it of a high order. And at no stage were we actually using bandages. We had to make do with practically everything BUT bandages.

Outs was an age of improvisation. I saw temperatures taken with everything from a fountain pen to a six-inch piece of fencing wire.

I saw plain, ordinary water work fantastic cures merely by being dropped on to somebody's chest and rubbed in with the juice of those red berries that grew wild all over our neighborhood.

In most cases this was not the work of the doctors. The nurses always seemed to take over. For six-year-olds

they were the bossiest, sharpest-tongued nurses you'd find in a month's walk through the wards of any hospital this side of the equator.

Like the famous men and women of medicine who had gone before us, we were "dedicated."

But we were concerned almost entirely with symptoms—like temperatures, looking at people's tongues and getting them to say "Ah-h-h," bandaging, and that sort of thing. We never did an operation, for instance.

Kids these days do practically nothing else. But then we were working in the Dark Ages of medicine. We did not have the benefit of the teaching and example of men like Dr. Casey and Dr. Kildare on television.

We had never heard of intravenous pentothal anes-

thesia, for instance, or pathological psychology, or interns, or medics; in fact, judged by today's standards, we were downright ignorant.

The effect that Dr. Casey and Dr. Kildare have had on the profession is immeasurable.

From what I can hear in the operating theatres in backyards down our way, they are doing nothing but major operations these days—and if noise counts for anything the anesthetist is more important, hospital-wise, than the neurosurgeon.

Weird, pulsating, hissing noises, the anesthetist makes, produced full-blast through the spout of a watering-can or whatever other apparatus happens to be at hand.

And they give him a tremendous advantage.



In fact, the kid two doors down from us is going through a period of considerable emotional stress trying to make up his mind whether he'll be an anesthetist or a gun-slinger when he grows up.

In my days we never had these problems. We had never heard of an anesthetist or a gun-slinger (though we knew about cowboys, of course).

I don't think we had even heard of a surgeon. But, for all that, like Casey and Kildare, we had our drama.

One afternoon, I remember, we were curing little Freddie Parker of the common cold.

The matron—a red-haired five-year-old dragon called Daphne, who could slap down all the other nurses and most of the doctors—was taking his temperature with a glass pea-shooter. She was demanding silence, and getting it.

The rest of us were just standing around bandaging Freddie and looking at his tongue when Danny Cooper (who owned the thermome-

ter Matron was using and had a bag of dried peas to go with it) decided to experiment in an entirely new field of preventive medicine.

He shoved a couple of dried peas up Freddie's nostrils. He shoved them up far enough to make it impossible for us to get them down again.

The effect was almost instantaneous. In next to no time Freddie's mother had him by the hand and was dragging our patient, eyes popping, and bawling his lungs out, through the side gate and down the road toward CASUALTY at our little local hospital.

It is many years now since the team of physicians with which I was associated played its part in the heroic world of medicine. But that scene as Freddie Parker disappeared through the side gate is still very vivid in my memory.

No, sir, Ben Casey never had it more dramatic than that.

— By Charles Gilbert, A.C.T.



• A reader tells how "the friendly step on the side path" helped to rehabilitate her after a nervous breakdown.

"My kitchen tea-parties"

• I was middle-aged, single, and had been in a psychiatric hospital suffering from a breakdown. Now I was home but still had plenty of fears.

I DIDN'T want to be alone, so I invited the neighbors and their children to visit me any time they wanted to. I couldn't count the cups of tea I've made or the cakes I've baked.

But the result has been well worth it. I don't think I've had a day in weeks without someone popping in.

I've even made some very good friends of itinerant preachers. I haven't always shared their religious views, but I have found them stimulating and always appreciative of a cuppa and a piece of home-made cake.

I've had a very checkered career. I've been clerk, cook, baby-sitter, domestic, artist, and children's author. So it never seems difficult to find a congenial topic of conversation.

Having paintings glued up on the kitchen walls with

sticky-tape always helps to open a conversation.

I often wish my kitchen was as neat as most of my neighbors' kitchens. But I know it never will be—it's too big and accommodating. There's a dining alcove in one corner with cushioned seats just made for children to climb on. And for things to pile up on.

It's full of typing paper, drawing paper and colored pencils.

Of course, the children love it. They're never worried about tidiness. And their mothers don't seem to mind pushing things out of the way to make a seat for themselves.

I find children easy to entertain. All you need is a plentiful supply of cheap drawing paper and colored pencils.

And, of course, you must

give them a cup of tea and something attractive in the way of food. It doesn't matter how watery the tea, as long as you sweeten it well—but keep a watch on the sugar-bowl or they'll overdo things!

After tea there can always be entertaining conversation. Education is so broad these days, and it's amazing how well children can speak on a great many subjects.

I badly wanted to be a second Dobell. But I know I never shall be. Cats and flowers are the only subjects I can paint well enough to have the courage to display them on my kitchen walls.

And the children have been most appreciative of my efforts. Even my youngest visitor, a three-year-old, is valiantly trying to draw "Pussy."

I thought it was a huge bonfire he'd drawn, but he told me emphatically it was "Pussy." I'll take his word for it. Who am I to interpret his painting? I've never

gone in for this modern stuff myself.

Children love the cats. And so do some of the adults. Two elderly widows in the street love to come and see the latest kittens I've hung on the west kitchen wall. The younger women go in more for the flowers.

I came home from the hospital in the winter feeling quite hopeless. I'm not fully cured now, but I'm on the way. And it's the friendly step on my side path that has helped marvellously.

Yesterday I decided to reform—I tidied the kitchen beautifully and put a bowl of pink, red, and gold roses in it.

School will be out soon, and mothers and children will be in to tell me about the Christmas concert.

I'll put on the kettle, bring out the chocolate fudge cake I tried out, and soon the kitchen will be the way I like it to be.

— By "Suburban Spinster," Vic.

DAVIS BEAUTY CLINIC

No will-power—say friends



Dear Miss Harper,

My friends keep telling me I'm fat. I can smile when they say this. But what hurts is they say I've got no will-power just because I can't stop eating. I've tried everything. What can I do?

C.D., Col. Light Gardens. Answer: Many fat people are compulsive eaters. Take away the urge to eat and they lose weight rapidly.

I suggest you take two teaspoons of gelatine in half a glass of cold fruit juice or soft drink about 30 minutes before you eat or whenever you feel hungry.

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Sincerely, Helen Harper.

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Different Covers have been developed to give best results with the different paints. Select from the recommendations on the cover carton.

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Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

My two vases are a pinkish-brown and black color. They stand about 3½ in. high and on the bottom of each is marked Rgd 1393/6308. Could you tell me their age, please?—Mrs. T. A. Cartwright, Temora, N.S.W.

Your vases (left) are English Staffordshire and were made about 1880-85.

● Pair of urn-shaped vases.



● Jug and goblets are English.



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I have a jug and two goblets which are a brownish color. There are no marks on them, but I think they came from England about 50 years ago. — Jean Thomas, North Bondi, N.S.W.

The pair of goblets and jug (above) are English copper lustre ware. Copper lustre was prepared from copper oxide and the method of decorating pottery similar to your specimens dates from 1840. In the absence of factory marks one cannot attribute them to a particular potter, but undoubtedly they are of Staffordshire vintage.

The earthenware glaze is frequently disfigured with specks, pinholes, pimples, and bubbles. Modelling is somewhat on the rustic side, but all these peculiarities appeal to the collector of genuine old lustre ware. Your specimens were made in the mid-19th century.

HOME HINTS

● These helpful tips sent in by readers win a £1/1/- prize each.

★ WHEN making fruit pies or custard tarts, roll the pastry in vanilla custard powder. This gives the pastry a crisp, nutty flavor. — Mrs. I. Hodges, 4 Garlick Ave., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

★ Rub the bathroom mirror over with a cake of dry soap and polish with a clean, dry duster. Any mirror treated this way will remain brilliant even with steam in the bathroom. — Mrs. R. Parrish, Renfrew Park, Gerringong, N.S.W.

★ For children's parties or a special luncheon treat: Pound shelled walnuts or peanuts together with sufficient honey to make a smooth paste and use as filling for sandwiches. This mixture also makes a delicious filling for small cakes. — Miss V. M. Grosset, 35 West Parkway, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

★ Use 4in. gauze bandage as a strainer for baby's orange juice. Cut it into squares and store in dry jar. Each square is sterile and there's no messy strainer to wash. — Mrs. O. Tesch, 37 Evelyn Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

★ To wash clothes when travelling by car or caravan during your holidays: half-fill a large plastic dustbin with warm water, detergent, and soiled clothing. Cover with tight-fitting lid and place in caravan, trailer, or boot of car. When you arrive at your next stopping place, the vibration will have washed the clothing as cleanly as a machine. — Mrs. A. Cockram, 35 Kemp Street, Thornbury, Vic.

★ To add extra flavor to boiled vegetables such as carrots, onions, and cauliflower, serve with a little salad dressing instead of white sauce. — Mrs. L. Moffat, Wommara Ave., Belmont North, N.S.W.

2

CHRISTMAS ICING DESIGNS

● Here are two new icing designs to make this year's Christmas cake the prettiest you've ever decorated.

SNOWFLAKE CAKE

DAINTY Snowflake Cake (right) is covered with a layer of almond paste beneath plastic icing. Individual royal-icing snowflakes form the Christmas tree in the centre.

Make up your favorite Christmas cake recipe, using 4lb. mixture, and bake it in 7 1/2 in.-diameter tin.

Prepare quantities of almond paste, sugar syrup, royal icing, and plastic icing. (Directions begin below.)

Cover a cake board with silver paper. Cut 2 circles 10 in. in diameter from doubled thin cardboard. Draw circle 6 1/2 in. diameter inside 10 in. circles, then cut out, leaving 2 cardboard

rings 1 1/2 in. wide. Fasten rings together around inside edge in 4 places, using stapling machine or needle and thread.

Buy 2 yds. lace ribbon (from gift-wrapping departments). Pull draw-thread at each end to form circle to fit loosely round cake. Fit lace ribbon between outside edges of cardboard rings, covering draw-thread line. Staple or tack into place. Paste underside of bottom ring and stick to silver paper on cake board. Cover with waxed paper.

Stand cake on cardboard ring. Brush with sugar syrup, cover with almond paste, then with plastic icing.

DECORATIONS

Cut paper circle 8 1/2 in. diameter, fold in half, then in thirds. Cut curved edge to point so circle, when

Continued page 47



HOLLY AND SNOWFLAKES: This theme for an eye-catching Christmas cake is piped with royal icing. Both cakes on this page were decorated by Mrs. N. G. Reed, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

SANTA CLAUS CAKE

THIS festive cake, decorated with Christmas roses, candles, and a jolly Santa Claus, could be the centrepiece for your Christmas table.

Prepare your favorite Christmas cake recipe, using 10oz. mixture (10oz. butter, etc.). Line 7 1/2 in.-diameter cake-tin with aluminium foil. Put 6 in. deep strip of light-

weight cardboard round inside of tin to give cake extra height.

Cook cake and allow to cool overnight in tin. When cool, cut top off level with top of tin; use cut-off cake for side pieces.

Cover oval cake board with silver paper. Lay sheet of waxed paper over covered board to keep silver paper clean while icing. (This can

be cut away when icing is completed.)

Put cake on board; level sides. Glaze with sugar syrup, then fill any small holes with almond paste.

Cover side edges of cake (including side pieces) with almond paste; then cut circle for top. Lay top circle on cake; smooth out and rub lightly with hands dusted with icing-sugar. Leave until next day to dry out.

When dry, cover cake with single piece of plastic icing.

Smooth icing out, polish a little with hands dusted lightly with cornflour. Leave until following day.

Mark circle 1 1/2 in. from edge of cake. Lay previously prepared tracing of Father Christmas head (from Christmas card or magazine) inside circle and trace (or prick with pin) on to fondant.

Cut out individual pieces of colored fondant for cap, face, beard, etc. Moisten base of each piece with sugar

syrup, then set in position; tint features.

Add 1/4 teaspoon glycerine to half quantity royal icing. Put icing in piping-bag and, with No. 8 pipe, fill in one area at a time. Draw up icing with fork to represent hair, fur on cap, pompon, beard, etc.

Pipe lace and fasten in circle to frame Santa Claus (see picture below). Mark pattern for Christmas bells outside circle and pipe, using white royal icing and No.

00 tube. Pipe "Noel" or other greetings.

Mark Christmas bell and holly leaf design on top of side pieces; pipe outline. When dry, paint on food colorings with fine artist's brush. Tint bells; yellow first, then brush scarlet on two-thirds of bells, leaving yellow tips. Color holly leaves with green coloring. Mark wide V on side wings; pipe lace edging.

A No. 12 shell edge can replace extension work round cake if desired.

Christmas Roses: Mould 5 petals for each flower from white fondant. Set to dry in rounded patty-tins dusted with cornflour. When dry, brush off loose cornflour. Assemble flower on cake board, set petals in position with royal icing. Put colored candle in centre of each flower; put stamens round candle base.

ALMOND PASTE

Half pound marzipan meal, 1 lb. fine white coconut, 2 lb. pure icing-sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 5oz. sherry, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, add coconut and marzipan meal, mix well. Combine liquids and add to dry ingredients; mix well; knead. Store in airtight container until needed.

SUGAR SYRUP

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon glucose.

Combine ingredients, bring slowly to boil, stir constantly until sugar has dissolved. Allow to simmer 15 minutes. Cool; pour into open-necked jar, ready to use.

Continued page 47



POLISHED PERFECTION of smooth fondant on this beautiful cake is highlighted by Christmas messages and motifs. Side pieces are decorated with Christmas bells and holly.

for
your
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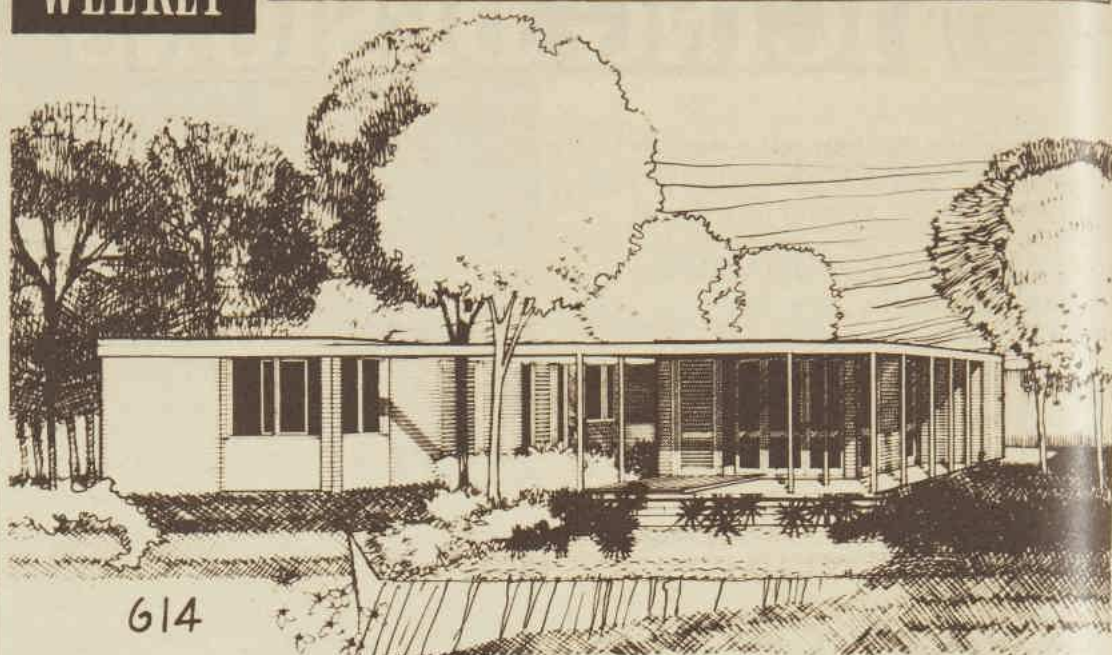
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614

SKETCH shows house with the bedroom wing at left, living-room plus terraces at right.

Plan for sloping or level ground

● This modern family home is shown on a flat site, but it could be adapted for a sloping block with steps in the entrance gallery.

PLAN 614 is an H-shaped house with the sleeping and living wings joined by a narrow gallery.

The main entrance leads into this gallery, which has a glass section overlooking the courtyard, plus a coat cupboard and linen press.

Although outdoor terraces and courtyards are not new (the Romans had small ponds or gardens called an "atrium," open to the sky, in the centre of their houses), they are extremely practical for the Australian climate.

The courtyard shown here between the bedrooms and living-room would provide a protected play area for children as well as extending the general outdoor living area.

The 12ft. x 12ft. living-room opens on to terraces on two sides, through full-length glass doors which open out 180 degrees. The third side overlooks the courtyard. At the end is a 12ft. x 8ft. dining area.

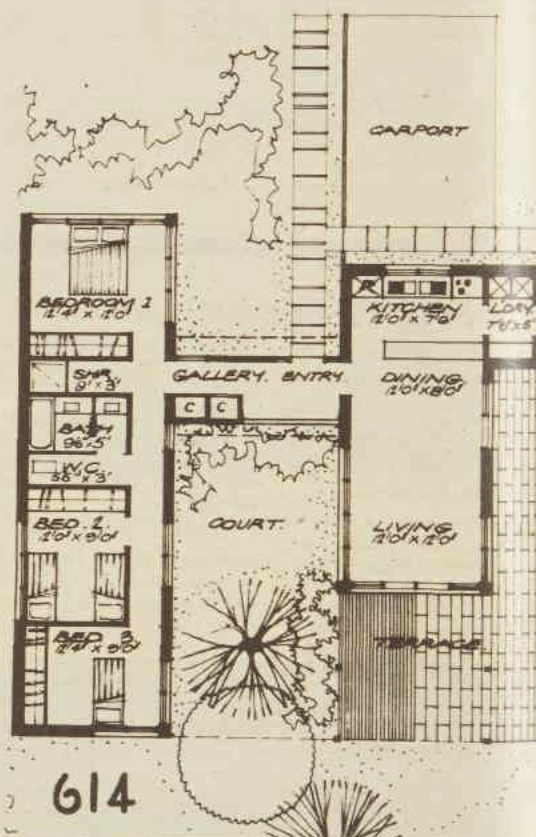
A narrow kitchen has a refrigerator, sink, and stove on the exterior wall, with windows above the sink. The adjoining laundry is compactly planned and an exterior door leads to the carport.

The three bedrooms accommodate up to five people. Provision for built-in wardrobes has been made in each room.

This flat-roofed plan is 11.95 squares if built in brick; 10.67 squares in timber. Neither measurement includes carport and roofed terraces.

The best orientation for this plan is to position the narrow living terrace to the north.

AN H-SHAPED PLAN, this house, with its large glass areas, would have a spacious feeling and would look attractive when surrounded by lawns and garden.



614

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2 CHRISTMAS ICING DESIGNS . . . continued

Snowflake Cake from page 45

opened, forms 6-pointed star. Draw a 5in. circle inside this. Trace in circle a snowflake design (from Christmas card or magazine), leaving 1in. diameter plain circle at centre of star.

Trace snowflake and star design on to top of cake, then pipe with royal icing, using No. 1 pipe. Outline star shape with "snail's trail" pattern, using No. 0 pipe.

While these decorations are drying, pipe holly spray on edge of cake between each star-point. Paint holly berries with red food coloring.

Divide circumference of cake into 6 equal parts; mark design on fondant for extension work. Roll out pieces of fondant and cut in strips wide enough to cover cardboard surrounding cake. Glaze cardboard with sugar-syrup and cover evenly with fondant; smooth out.

Santa Claus Cake from page 45

PLASTIC ICING (FONDANT)

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. liquid glucose, 1½ teaspoons gelatine, 2½oz. water, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar (for white fondant only), flavoring, coloring.

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Put water, gelatine, and cream of tartar into saucepan. Cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly until gelatine is completely dissolved. Remove from heat, add heated glucose, stir well. Allow mixture to cool few minutes, then add to icing sugar. Mix and knead well. Add flavoring and any desired coloring; knead again. Place in clean plastic bag, keep airtight until required. Keep in cool place; do not store in refrigerator. For best results make plastic icing the day before use. Then, just before using, knead and roll out on board sprinkled with cornflour and icing sugar.

ROYAL ICING

Six to eight ounces pure icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 3 drops acetic acid (or lemon juice).

Put egg-white in bowl, break up a little with clean wooden spoon. Gradually add sifted icing sugar and stir until mixture is thick and will draw up to firm peak. Add acid, stir well. Store in airtight container until required.

Hints for royal icing:

• Stir royal icing, never beat. Beating fills the mixture with air bubbles which cause piped threads to break.

• Measure acid carefully. Too much makes icing brittle and causes breaking.

LACE WORK

Designs can be copied from actual lace or piped free-hand. Free-hand designs usually give a smoother, more even effect. To copy a piece of lace, put a sheet of waxed paper over the design and pipe royal icing to follow the outline.

Piped lace need not be geometrically exact—as long as sections are reasonably even and work is finely executed you will achieve attractive results. To ensure even loops in the design, tilt board covered with waxed paper slightly at top end, about 2in. or 3in. is sufficient.

A good idea to avoid eyestrain is to put a sheet of dark paper under the waxed paper on the board.

Pipe required number of designs on to waxed-paper-covered board and set aside to dry. This is delicate work and a few designs may break, so some extra pieces will be needed. When dry remove each piece from waxed paper by carefully bending paper from behind and placing fingernail under dry icing. Attach lace to cake by means of a line (or dots) of royal icing, either standing straight up or at an angle, depending on your chosen design.

Make neat shell edge at base of cake with No. 5 pipe. Neaten cut edge of fondant on cardboard with "snail's trail" and row of small holly leaves, piped with No. 00 pipe. When extension work is completed, edge with lace ribbon.

TREE CENTREPIECE

Form branches from 12 snowflake designs graduating in diameter from 5in. to 1in. Make 2 of each size. In centre of each leave an open circle a good ½in. in diameter so branch can be slipped easily on to trunk of tree.

Put waxed paper over each snowflake shape and pipe tracing lines

with royal icing. Use No. 0 pipe for 2 biggest snowflakes and No. 00 for remainder. Pipe small star for top of tree.

Make 2 dozen cylindrical spacers. These are ½in. high spirals with ½in. diameter hole in centre, piped on to waxed paper with No. 0 pipe. They separate snowflake branches when tree is assembled.

To Assemble Tree: Cover swab stick (from chemist) with strip of white crepe paper. Fill white plastic cap from detergent bottle with royal icing; stand swab stick in centre to resemble tree trunk in tub.

Tint small quantity royal icing with caramel coloring. Using a basket pipe, cover outside of cap to resemble flowerpot.

When basket is dry, slip first spacer down over tree trunk. Secure with a little royal icing. Slide biggest snowflake carefully on top of spacer. Repeat with spacers and snowflakes until only smallest snowflake remains.

Put small quantity of royal icing in centre of cake and gently lift tree into position; settle firmly and allow to dry. When dry, add remaining snowflake and put star in place on top.

EXTENSION OR BRIDGEWORK

In this built-out work each line or scallop must be almost dry before the next one is put on top of it; the weight of the combined built-out section, if wet, would pull it out of shape.

The actual bridgework is made by connecting the icing to the top section, then squeezing the bag so an icing line will drop gracefully to be connected to the lower built-out loops.

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● A few weeks ago, talking about Virginia Woolf's book "Night and Day," which I had been re-reading, I quoted her bit about "families on £1000 a year who kept two or three servants" and said that I hated to think what servants' wages were in those days.

A READER, in a long and interesting letter, has sent me an account of just what wages and conditions and "rights" were for an Australian girl in those days.

"I was 17 years old in 1919," she writes, "a simple country girl, strong and healthy. I got a position as companion-help to a widow with four children, aged three, five, seven, and 12.

"Although the widow was considered a wealthy woman, my wage was only ten shillings a week. For this I did the cooking, the housework, and the laundry. When there were visitors at night, I was on duty until they'd gone, and often I was so tired by the late hours on top of the long day's work that I'd just fall on to my bed fully clothed.

"I often smile when I see the words 'companion-help.' The only time I was considered a 'companion' was when I went with the family for a picnic—to look after the children.

"Strange to say I liked the position. Loneliness was my chief worry, though.

"After several years at this place, I disgraced myself by a paltry theft. I found a bangle in the backyard, and I polished it up and was going to give it to a little relative of mine much less fortunate than the children where I worked.

"My employer's mother was staying with her. She demanded that she should be shown all my belongings. Among them she found a tin of 2/- pieces I had saved from my wages. These, she said, I must have stolen as well.

"This was quite untrue. Somehow I'd saved the money from my 10/- wage, and kept it in 2/- pieces because it looked more that way!

"Despite the fact that she had accused me of being a thief, my employer's mother took me back with her to the country, where she needed a strong and healthy girl to do inside and outside work on her property.

"My new employer was several years older than her husband, and jealous. Time and again I saw her steam open his mail to read it, and she knew that I had seen her.

"If you ever say a word to anyone, I shall simply tell them that you're a thief, and I've brought you here to try and reform you," she would say to me.

"How I longed to leave that place! After 18 months, a death in my family made it necessary for me to go home. So ended my two ten-shillings-a-week jobs.

"I envy today's young people. Good luck to them. They have the courage and backbone which was certainly lacking in me way back in my girlhood."

The attitude — "Go jump in the lake"

SHE is right to envy today's youth—but for having better circumstances rather than for having more backbone.

It's easy enough to say, "That's unfair, and you can go jump in the lake, I'll get another job" when work's plentiful, when most families can help one of their members over a week or two of unemployment, and when everyone has the right

to demand reasonable pay for reasonable hours and treatment.

But in 1919 it must have been a very different kettle of fish, being a lonely 17-year-old from the country thrust in among strangers.

No matter how sophisticated a 17-year-old may be, "the boss" is always someone who seems pretty powerful.

Today's 17-year-olds have the advantage that, terrifying as the boss may seem, they know exactly what their rights are.

Nurses were not much better off in those days — except that I suppose patients treated them with the traditional respect that strong and healthy uniformed people wielding thermometers and bedpans always get from timid invalids.

But the boss—the matron—was all powerful, and there was the disadvantage of there being so many tyrannical under-bosses, from sisters right down to the nurses six months senior to you.

Pity the poor probationer then!

I HAVE an elderly neighbor who did her training before World War I, and, though she remained a nurse all her working life and really loved it, she doesn't remember her training years with any particular joy.

"Some of them were bullies and some of them were just plain stupid," she says, talking of her seniors. "And some of them were thoroughly nice women. But bullies, stupid or nice, they were all bound to some extent by the traditions of the system, which said that the best way to lick a probationer into shape was to kick her into shape.

"I started on one half-day off each week. I was paid nothing in my first year, and I think it was 5/- a week in my second. In other words, my parents had to supply me with clothes and what little spending money you need when you have almost no leisure.

"Our day shift lasted 14 hours, and my memory of the meal breaks is that they were pretty short.

"If anyone senior to you spoke to you you had to stand up. And woe betide the careless junior who accidentally went through a door ahead of anyone who had a few months' seniority over her.

"Matron's appearance quite honestly struck terror into every junior trainee's heart. I honestly don't remember her ever saying a word of praise. If she couldn't find fault she said nothing at all, but that didn't happen very often, because matron could have found fault with the Angel Gabriel.

"If you'd finished a set task in the set time, then obviously you'd scamped the work; if you hadn't finished it, then you were lazy, and therefore untrustworthy.

"Later, as a senior nurse, I got three days and two nights off every month, and a wage of 32/- a week, which I thought was pretty good!"

Today a trainee works 80 hours a fortnight for a wage between £9/10/- and £10 a week. It's still not altogether princely, I suppose, but it's a far cry from a hundred hours a week or no wages at all in your first year.



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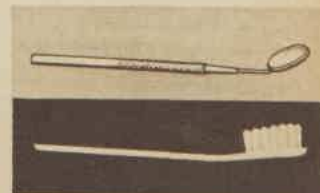
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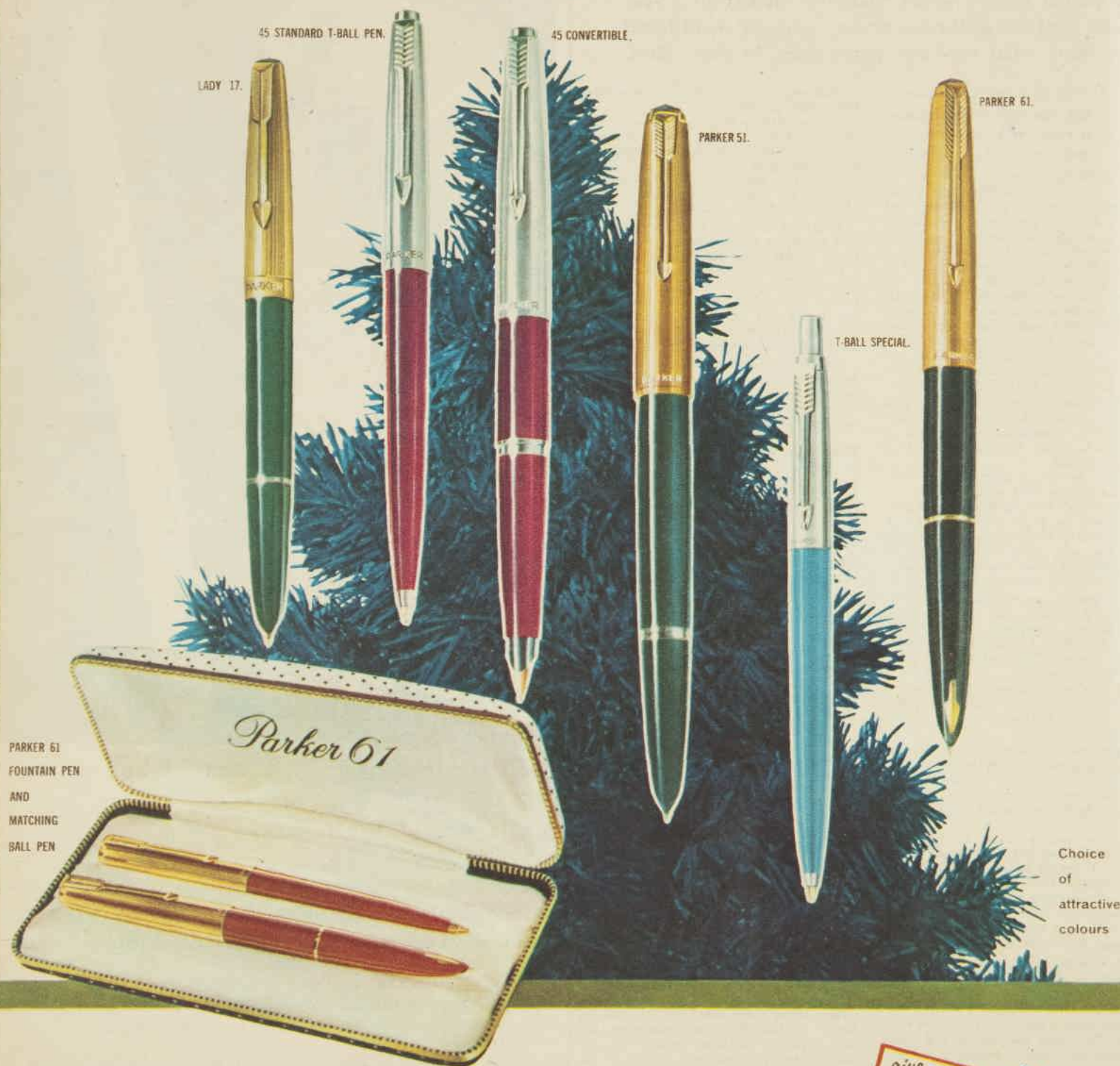
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PARKER

At 75 years... maker of the world's most wanted pens

Easy-care cardigans for bowlers

● Team-mates will love these regulation bowls cardigans hand-knitted in a new synthetic yarn which is easy to wash and won't change color.

Materials: 19 (B 20, C 22) balls Patons Cour-telle Double Knitting; pair each Nos. 11 and 9 knitting needles; 2 stitch-holders; 5 buttons for woman; 4 buttons for man.

Measurements: To fit 36 (B 38, C 40) in. bust or chest; length, 22½ (B 23, C 26) in.; sleeve seam, woman 17½ in., man 19 in. (or length required).

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2 in.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 106 (B 114, C 120) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 12 rows, knitting first and last st. of every row.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st.

Work even until back measures 13½ (B 14, C 16½) in. from cast-on edge, ending with purl row.

To Shape Raglan Arm-holes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Continue as follows:

1st Row: K 2, k 1, put this st. back on to left-hand needle, slip next st. on left-hand needle over knitted st. (slightly stretching st.), return knitted st. to right-hand needle, k to last 4 sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 26 (B 28, C 30) sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 62 (B 65, C 68) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib as for back border, making buttonhole in the 9th and 10th rows (for woman's only) thus: Rib 3, cast off 3, work to end of row.



V-NECKED CLASSICS (above) are knitted in stocking-stitch and have raglan sleeves. The woman's is in white, man's in cream to match individual bowling outfits.

On next row, cast on 3 sts. over those cast off in previous row. Leave 10 sts. on stitch-holder for front border. Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. Work even to underarm, ending with k row.

To Shape Raglan Arm-hole: Cast off 6 sts, p to end of row.

Next Row: K to last 4 sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 34 (B 37, C 39) times, while at same time dec. once at front edge on next row and every foll. 4th row 10 (B 10, C 11) times altogether.

Cont. shaping armhole until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front with shapings re-

versed (as for right side of back) and making button-hole as before in 9th and 10th rows for man's size.

SLEEVES

(Both alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 54 (B 56, C 58) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ (3 for man) in., knitting first and last st. of every row.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., inc. once each end of 3rd and every foll. 6th row until there are 86 (B 92, C 98) sts. Work even for required length.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then shape as directed for back of cardigan until 6 (B 6, C 8) sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Join sleeves to back and fronts. Return to sts. on stitch-holder, join in yarn, and with No. 11 needles cont. in rib, making 4 more buttonholes (for woman only) approx. 3 in. apart. Cont. in rib until border fits to back of neck, slightly stretched. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Work to correspond with right front border, making 3 more buttonholes 4 in. apart for man only.

TO MAKE UP

Press with cool dry iron on wrong side. With back-stitch seam, join side and sleeve seams. With fine back-stitch seam, stitch borders to fronts, joining at centre back. Sew on buttons.

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What a wonderful blessing! Now you can quickly, easily create your favourite hairstyles at home! The Twirl-a-Curl electric hair curler rolls and sets soft, natural waves in minutes—by the gentle application of heat! Attractively gift-packed and complete with three roller sizes to give a really professional look. Featured at cosmetic and electrical departments of all leading stores and your local chemist.



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The ideal gift for mother (and baby too!)

THE Bouncinette TAKE-ANYWHERE CRADLE

This unique take-anywhere cradle is entirely new in design and idea. A featherlight, safe and highly versatile cradle for babies from 2 to 18 months, the Bouncinette is constructed to give comfort and ease of movement in almost any position. Sitting, feeding, sleeping, playing—the Bouncinette keeps baby happily secure and gently rocks as baby moves. The soft, washable, crocheted mesh cover may be easily removed and replaced on the strong, rust-proof spring steel frame. Ideal for picnics, beaches, visiting, sunning in the garden, around the house—or absolutely anywhere; baby is completely comfortable and free to move, and when tired may lie back and sleep.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: ★★ ★★
Week starting Dec. 4

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, green.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, black, pink.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 24—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ Postpone important business until after Dec. 8. Disruptive conditions dominate until then, chiefly affecting personal affairs and projects. Faulty judgment could lead to accidents.

★ If you have any important contracts or documents to sign, shelve them until Dec. 9. Watch out for mishaps. Dec. 7, is adverse for love, romance, and friendship.

★ Just when you have a spurt of ambition, your career and plans for advancement could suddenly strike tough going. Next week is much better for forward-looking Geminians.

★ There's a trouble spot until Dec. 8, when career, status, love, luck, and new ventures could be subject to unhappy influences. However, better times are just round the corner.

★ There could be upsets in romance and trouble for married folk. Love, luck, and speculation are ill-starred until Dec. 9, after which there are happy stars for a while.

★ You must control your tendency to cross bridges before you come to them until after Dec. 8. Conditions are edgy and troublesome, and care will be needed in matters of romance.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, green, purple.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, purple, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ The marriage tie is subjected to severe strain, especially on Dec. 7. Watch your emotions and beware of travel risks. Bad also for career, but good stars later.

★ Rugged going until Dec. 9, but most Scorpios are built to take it. From then on there is a parade of lucky stars—but don't push your luck too far just now.

★ Adverse pressure is mainly on finance and business interests. Tread warily until after Dec. 8. Personal prestige and domestic life could also come under fire. Love and romance languish.

★ There are lucky stars ahead for you, but be cautious until Dec. 8. Resist the urge to get-up-and-go. Personal affairs, love, and marriage are ill-starred this week.

★ Definitely not a time to marry or to form new associations. Until Dec. 9 be careful of all you write or say. There could be trouble at home and with friends. Keep your own counsel.

★ Miscalculation could involve you in misfortune until Dec. 9—not a good time to gamble. Guard against lovers' quarrels, domestic disputes, or rifts in the matrimonial home.



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THE MOST
gifted
beauty maker

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French Fern
Lily of the Valley
Blue Carnation
Gardenia
Pink Lilac
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matched fragrances from the house of Morny
made to make a woman feel like a million!

IT'S THE MOST flattering present you can give her. Give a whole boxful of world-famed Morny and you pay her all kinds of compliments at once: that she's fashionable, very feminine in her tastes, that she loves luxury, that she's a woman of great personality, elegance and charm. For her - be a gifted giver, give Morny in matching fragrance and make her feel like a million on Christmas morning.

This time of year Morny comes in gala gift packs - so beautiful they need only your personal card! 8 gift selections in all!



SKIN PERFUME -
2 TOILET SOAP -
3 BATH SALTS
TABLETS



PERFUME
BURNER



TALC - TOILET SOAP -
SKIN PERFUME - 2
BATH SALTS TABLETS



TALC - 2 TOILET
SOAP - 3 BATH
SALTS TABLETS



TALC - FLASKETTE
PERFUME - TOILET
SOAP - 2 BATH
SALTS TABLETS



SKIN PERFUME -
2 TOILET SOAP



TALC - 2 TOILET SOAP



BATH SALTS CRYSTALS
BATH DUSTING POWDER

FIND MORNY GIFTS AT CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Morny
OF REGENT ST. LONDON

Continued from page 23

TO FIND A FRIEND

there, shrieking and sending up showers of tanbark with furious thrusts of her short legs. The woman dropped to her knees and tried vainly to gather the struggling, screaming little girl into her arms.

The Park superintendent came out of his little hut and ran, limping, over the ground. He lifted the little girl up and sat her on a blue park seat, where he began picking fragments of bark out of her hair. Stevie could hear him saying to the woman, "She's more frightened than hurt . . . she's not hurt, really, only frightened."

The woman wrapped her arms tightly round the little girl and lifted her up off the seat. "Si, Si!" she said, over and over, nodding and smiling.

Stevie watched them go out through the iron gates and soon they were lost in the hurrying morning crowd. Their going left a melancholy hush in the park and he felt a keen, unbearable sense of loss.

He stood up on the swing and looked away up the street, but the watercart was nowhere in sight. Would there be any watercarts up the line? He didn't think it very likely. At any rate, Joey would be going straight to school from his own house now.

The watercart was taking its time this morning, so why wait in the park? Better to walk slowly and wait at the brick-pit. The yellow cat that slept coiled in the weeds on the ruinous brink of the pit would be surprised to see him at such an early hour . . . he would have to be told about Joey.

He left the park and jay-walked rapidly across the rumbling flow of traffic, bearing upstream toward the brick-pit.

WHEN he came to the gap in the paling fence, Stevie peered in and waited for the familiar sense of awe and guilt. But this morning no such mixture ran shuddering through his senses. The brittle weeds were there, the blood-red pigiae pouring down one side . . . the same as ever.

But there was something missing; or something had been added, perhaps, for today the brick-pit smiled, like a house when the owners are home.

Stevie wriggled through the gap and sat down in the crackling weeds. The morning stretched away behind him forever, and breakfast had long ago been drowned in a flow of gastric juices. He rummaged in his school-bag and took out his play lunch. With expert fingers, he tore the crust from a sandwich and laid it on the ground at his feet. "Put! Tiger!" he called to the invisible cat.

The weeds bulged upwards and the cat came gliding and bowing toward Stevie, stretching its paws. Stevie put the rest of the sandwich into his mouth, stowing it well to one side so as not to impede conversation.

"There's no salami today," he said apologetically. "Joey's gone away." And he felt a little scared as he thought of Joey walking to school, very small under the foresty trees.

He spread his fingers lightly over the yellow cat's ribs. The cat rolled over in the weeds and thrust its paws into the air; Stevie buried his fingers in the matted fur, delighting in the warm contact and the gentle vibration of its purring.

But suddenly the cat stopped purring. Its body felt tense under Stevie's hand and then it was gone, a flash of yellow, leaving the weeds folded and silent in its wake.

Stevie felt the hair on the nape of his neck bristle. He stood up, and what he saw filled him with a sense of outrage, for there on the whiskery edge of the brick-pit a boy walked toward him. Around the crumpling curve he came with a dreadful unconcern. And his intruder gleamed with a quite un-called-for, fresh cleanliness. Stevie stared in disbelief.

"Hey!" he called when the boy was close enough to hear him. "Look what you've done! You frightened old Tiger away."

The boy stared. This enraged Stevie and he shouted at the top of his lungs. "You're not allowed to come in here. Only Joey and me can come, to feed old Tiger."

The boy grinned and his pale eyelashes shone like little haloes around his blue eyes.

"Didn't you hear me?" Stevie continued rudely. "Are you deaf?"

The boy closed his eyes and thought calmly for a moment, then he said slowly, "I . . . no English."

Stevie's sense of outrage deepened. A New Australian walking around his and Joey's brick-pit as if he owned it! He slung his school-bag from his shoulder and laid it on the ground.

"Can you fight?" he asked, raising his fists and walking toward the boy.

For a moment the boy looked puzzled. Then he nodded. He doubled his fists, lowered his head

professionally, and calmly waited.

Stevie advanced, shut his eyes, and jabbed blindly. When he opened his eyes again, Stevie saw that the other boy had backed on to the crumbling lip of the pit, and was struggling to keep a foothold. His arm shot out and he grabbed the blond boy's shirt. He hung on, his feet burrowed deep among the tangled mass of weeds.

The boy scrambled over the edge and lay on the ground, panting. He rolled over on his side and was very quiet, except for the panting, and it seemed that he was sleeping.

But presently he opened his haloed eyes and looked hard at Stevie. "Silly cow . . . Australian boy," he said with slow emphasis.

A small warm shock hit Stevie and bubbled up at last in delighted approval.

"You can talk English," he cried.

The boy looked pleased. He brushed some dirt from his dazzling knees and said modestly, "I . . . am Jan."

"I'm Stevie," Stevie replied and laughed. "Yarn! You speak good English, Yarn," he added courteously.

He had almost forgotten school and the watercart. But now through the gap in the fence he saw the cart turn out of the shopping area and go toward the Children's Park. Stevie sighed and picked up his school-bag.

"The watercart's gone, I have to go now. To school," he said.

Jan hunched a shoulder. "To school? In one week, I also."

In one week Yarn would be coming to his, Stevie's, school! His spirits shot upward, for the possibilities were, oh, enormous. But there were conventions to observe.

"School's terrible," he said, shaking his head, and, "See you tomorrow, Yarn," casually, as he went through the broken fence.

Once out in the street, though, Stevie skipped along the edge of the footpath, his eye, as usual, searching for possible treasure among the sodden rubbish washed into the gutter by the watercart. But today there was a marvellous lightness in his limbs . . . his mother had been right, he had found a friend. A friend! A friend!

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Enjoy the
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With Rosella, it's so easy for you to enjoy all the freshness and sunny goodness of tender, juicy sweet corn. Rosella Sweet Corn is grown from special seed—picked when the corn has grown to perfection—cooked and packed within hours. You'll welcome the true sweet corn taste of Rosella for delicious leisure-time meals. Choose from Whole Kernel or Creamed Style.

Rosella SWEET CORN Omelette

2 eggs
1/2 10-oz. can Rosella Sweet Corn (Whole Kernel)
2 tablespoons water
1/2 level teaspoon salt
Pinch pepper

Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Mix the yolks with the water, salt and pepper and fold into the egg whites. Add the drained corn. Heat 1 teaspoon of butter in a pan. Pour in the mixture. Cook over a low heat until the omelette is set and lightly browned underneath. Now place under a griller and cook the top. Have ready a hot plate; cut half-way through the omelette and fold in two. Place on the plate and serve at once.



Rosella — the finest in foods

make it a "Golden Circle" XMAS!

... for
really
festive
flavours.

CHICKEN A LA TROPICAL

Stuff a roasting chicken with your favourite stuffing, adding one of these slices of GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple, finely chopped. Place bird on rack in roaster, pour half cup water in bottom of pan. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally with mixture of 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 cup pineapple syrup. During last 15 minutes of cooking, heat remaining pineapple slices in pan under chicken. Serve chicken with pineapple slices.

PINEAPPLE GLAZED HAM

Drain syrup from cans of Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple. Remove ham from can and place on rack in roasting pan. Heat in slow oven (325° F.), allowing about 15 minutes cooking time per pound. Baste frequently with the pineapple syrup. Remove ham to serving plate and stud with cloves. Heat pineapple slices in pan drippings in roasting pan, then arrange round ham, garnish with ripe olives and cocktail onions.

Golden Circle TROPICAL PINEAPPLE



BEACHCOMBER'S NOGGIN

By combining equal quantities of Pineapple Juice with Ginger Ale you have a sparkling fruit punch for your guests. Buy personal sizes for kiddies' parties — party size for an adult get-together.

FRUIT JUICE FAVOURITES for Xmas

Golden Circle Pineapple Juice and Golden Circle Pineapple and Orange are smooth, wholesome health drinks. Kiddies can have all they want and be fit and healthy next day.



Golden days Salad.

for quick
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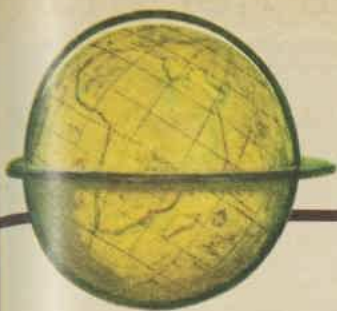
15oz. can Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple, 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese cut into cubes, 1 lettuce, 4 tomatoes cut into wedges, 6 radish roses, and Kraft French or Italian dressing.

Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces and place in salad bowl with tomato, pineapple and cheese. Garnish with radish roses and chill. Just before serving, pour over French or Italian dressing and toss lightly.

Simple Sustaining



THE C.O.D. CANNERY,
NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, QLD.



CHRISTMAS BAKING—

ROUND THE WORLD

● Cooks the world over have their traditional recipes for Christmas cake - b a k i n g.

I N this four-page feature you will find special Christmas recipes from Norway, Hungary, Italy, America, Scotland, Germany, Holland, and France as well as Australian recipes.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used. Use plain flour unless otherwise specified.

NORWAY

The tall, blond Christmas cake of Norway shown at right is jewelled with fruit and faintly spiced with cardamon. Serve it as the Norwegians do—thinly sliced and buttered.

JULEKAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1oz. compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered cardamon, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crystallised pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red and green glace cherries, $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup sifted flour, rum glace icing, cherries, toasted almond slivers.

Heat butter and milk until butter is melted; cool to lukewarm. Crumble yeast into warm water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, egg, cardamon, raisins, peel, pineapple, cherries. Gradually stir in flour, milk, and butter, beating well after each addition, until stiff dough is formed. Cover; leave to rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (1 to 2 hours). Knead on floured board until elastic. Grease 3 date-roll tins. Divide dough into 3, fill into tins; set aside to rise to lin. from top. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; reduce oven to slow, cook further 15 minutes. Remove from tins at once, cool. Top with rum icing, almonds, and cherries.

Rum Glace Icing: Sift 8oz. icing-sugar, add enough milk to give smooth spreading consistency. Add few drops of rum to flavor.

HUNGARY

A rich yeast dough is rolled round a spicy fruit-and-nut filling to make Hungarian Christmas Raisin Bread. Quantities below make four loaves.

CHRISTMAS RAISIN BREAD

Two ounces compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, water, approximately 8 cups flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup finely sieved, freshly cooked potatoes, 2 cups scalded milk (cooled to lukewarm), 2 eggs (slightly beaten), 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 4oz. very soft butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon, 2 cups raisins, 1 cup glace cherries, 1 cup finely chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed peel, whole blanched almonds, beaten egg.

Sprinkle crumbled yeast into measuring cup with 1 teaspoon sugar. Add lukewarm water to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup; stir until dissolved. Sift flour, measure 4 cups, then sift again with salt into large bowl. Add 2oz. butter and the potatoes, stir in milk; add yeast mixture, combine thoroughly. Cover, allow to rise in warm place approximately 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until doubled in bulk. Beat risen dough slightly, add eggs, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Sift remaining flour, gradually add enough to make soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board, knead until smooth. Put in greased bowl, cover, and leave to rise in warm place until doubled (about 1 hour). Punch down dough, divide into 4. On lightly



NORWAY

God Jul

HUNGARY

Kellemes Karacsonyi Unnepek

ITALY

Buon Natale

ITALY

No Italian home is without its Panettone in December. This colorful, slightly sweet bread is topped with toffee, fruit, and nuts.

PANETTONE

One and a half cups scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter or substitute, 2oz. compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 2 eggs (beaten), $\frac{4}{5}$ to 5 cups sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced mixed fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed chopped nuts, few drops aniseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 extra beaten egg,

TALL JULEKAKE from Norway, wonderful Hungarian Raisin Bread, and fruit-topped Italian Panettone are all traditional Christmas fare.

extra mixed fruit and nuts, a little toffee. Cool scalded milk until lukewarm in large bowl, stir in sugar, salt, butter. In small container combine crumbled yeast and warm water, stir until dissolved. Add to milk mixture eggs, 1 cup flour, softened yeast, then no more than half remaining flour. Beat until smooth.

Continued on page 60

● More recipes page 57

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

The gift she's hoping for...the gift that gives her more

Sunbeam

GOURMET FRYPAN

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE FRYPANS BEST!



Here's a gift that will give her years and years of delicious cooking. This handsome Sunbeam Gourmet Frypan really does everything. It fries, roasts, casseroles, grills — even bakes a cake. And like every Sunbeam it has the Special Automatic Heat Control, the most accurate of them all. Or would she prefer a Frypan that also doubles as a handsome serving dish? Then ask for the Sunbeam Buffet-Gourmet Frypan with the removable heat control. Prices from £12.9.6.



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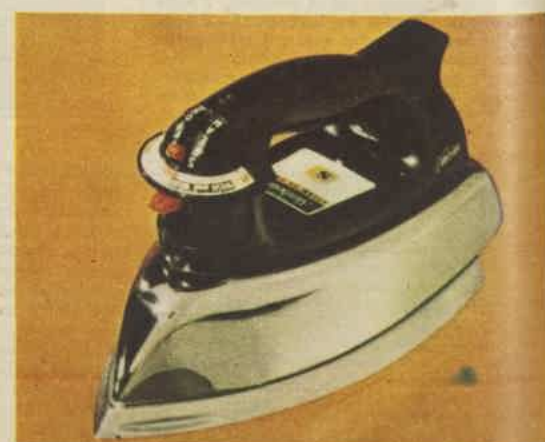
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Page 56



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1963



CHRISTMAS BAKING ROUND THE WORLD . . . continued

AMERICA

THIS light-colored cake, faintly flavored with pineapple and studded with colorful fruits, is a nationwide favorite in America at Christmas.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE

Half pound sultanas, 6oz. raisins, 2oz. preserved figs, 2oz. crystallised pineapple, 4oz. glacé cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh or tinned pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon sherry or rum, 5oz. butter, 5oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 4oz. walnut pieces, extra cherries, 4oz. hard sauce.

Clean and chop fruit, put in basin, pour pineapple juice and sherry over, and leave to stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind, add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit and chopped nuts. Fill into ring-tin lined with 3 layers of paper (2 brown and 1 greaseproof). Bake in slow oven 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Leave to cool in tin. Decorate with hard sauce (see recipe this feature) and cherries just before serving.

SCOTLAND

Scots all over the world celebrate New Year instead of Christmas. An essential part of the celebration is this flavoured bun.

BLACK BUN

One pound raisins, 1lb. currants, 3oz. whole almonds, 2oz. mixed peel, 8oz. flour, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. ground ginger,

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk.

Pastry: Three-quarters pound flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter, water, 1 beaten egg.

Prepare fruit: Blanch and chop almonds; chop mixed peel. Sift all dry ingredients into bowl, mix in prepared fruit and nuts. Stir brandy and milk through, mix to soft consistency. Set aside while making pastry.

Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder into bowl. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to stiff dough with cold water. Roll out 2-3rds of dough, line loaf-tin. Fill with fruit mixture to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below top of pastry. Smooth top of fruit mixture. Roll out remainder of pastry for top of bun. Glaze edges of pastry with egg, cover with top, pinch edges. Make steam vents in top of bun. Brush with beaten egg. Bake in slow oven 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. When cooked, cool on cake-rack; turn out of tin.

GERMANY

This is a true Continental-style cake: Golden pastry holds an almond-flavored hazelnut filling. If you like well-flavored cake it will be one of your favorites.

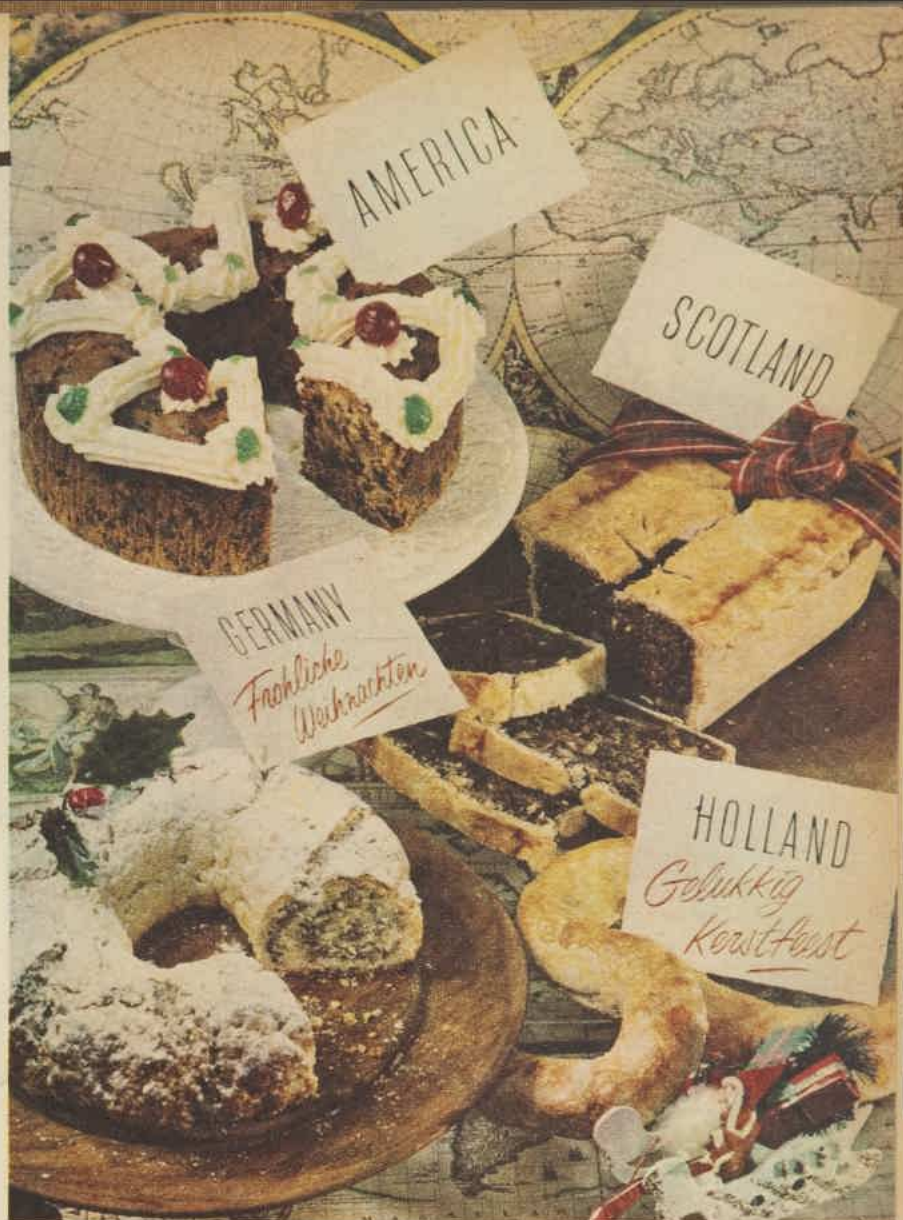
HAZELNUT CAKE

Three-quarters pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg-yolk and 1 tablespoon milk beaten together for glazing.

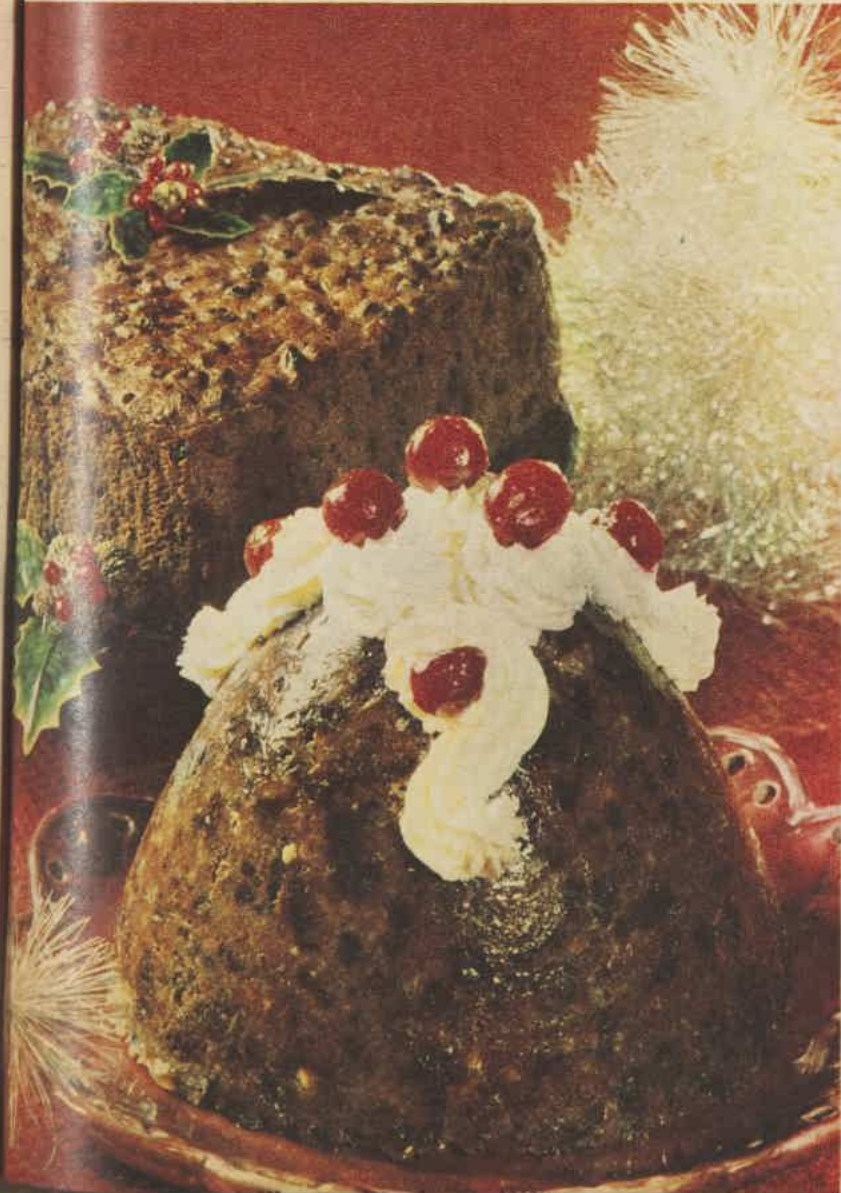
Filling: Half pound ground hazelnuts, 4oz. sugar, almond essence, 1 egg-white.

Sift together flour and baking-powder, make well in centre, add sugar, egg, milk, and butter cut into small pieces; work to stiff dough. (Should dough be soft, refrigerate $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to firm.) Roll out on floured board to rectangle 14in. by 17in. Mix all ingredients for filling to smooth paste, put on top of pastry, spread evenly over surface. Roll up from long side, twist into circle. Put on oven-slide, brush with beaten egg-yolk and milk, slash top with sharp knife. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Dust with icing-sugar before serving.

● More recipes page 60



FOUR ROUND-THE-WORLD CAKES shown above are America's White Fruit Cake, Scotland's Black Bun, Hazelnut Cake from Germany, and the almond-filled Banketletters of Holland. Recipes for all four are given in this feature.



TRADITIONAL Australian cake and pudding (left) are dark and moist. Serve pudding with one of the hard sauces in this feature.

TO FRENCH HOUSEWIVES, Christmas cake means the famous Bûche de Noël above. It is decorated with leaves made of chocolate.



Lovely **ETA** Gift Packs
... to Happy



Here's a brilliant gift guide. Give gifts with a true Christmas flavour
... Eta Nuts in gay gift packs. You'll find something for everyone.
They're novel, pretty, gay and useful. Eta Gift Packs keep on saying
Happy Christmas.

1. Eta Gaya Tray. Five tall tumblers filled with Eta Nuts. Use the tray afterwards for serving drinks at parties and barbecues.
2. Eta Ice Bucket. Here's one for Dad! A hard-wearing ice bucket and ice tongs filled with rich, roasted Eta Salted Cashews.
3. Eta Christmas Candles. Top a tree or those Christmas stockings with gay candles filled to the brim with colourful Eta Nut Beams.
4. Eta Christmas Tree. Base of this glittering table decoration is filled with crunchy Eta Nut Beams. Pop one in the Christmas stocking.



17

18

19

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21

5. **Eta Parisian Bowl.** Delightfully shaped bowl brimming with Eta Chocolate Raisins. Use it as an airtight storage jar or flower bowl.
6. **Eta Biscuit Barrel.** Filled with 1½ lbs. of chocolate-coated Eta Scorched Peanuts, Scorched Almonds or Sugared Almonds; use the empty barrel later for biscuits.
7. **Eta Christmas Stocking.** Traditionally a firm favourite with youngsters, the Eta Christmas Stocking is fairly bursting with peanuts, sugar-coated and in the shell.
8. **Eta Marzipan Fruits.** Beautifully coloured and moulded to look exactly like real fruit in miniature, these gay Eta confections come in a beautiful presentation box.

9. **Eta Glacé Fruits.** In a glamorous, hard plastic box, complete with fork! Pears, pineapple, apricots, cherries, figs.
10. **Eta Plastic Pack.** A wonderful assortment of nuts in an attractive plastic pack sealed with festive greeting tape. Afterwards a useful addition to your refrigerator storage.
11. **Eta Composite Carton.** Three vacuum-sealed tins of crunchy Eta Nuts. Three gifts in one carton.
12. **Camay Christmas Pack.** Most beautiful gift you can give. Two bath-size tablets of luxurious Pink Camay soap, and sweet-scented Bath Salts in a glamorous pink plastic flask. Gift-wrapped with a gorgeous rose.

13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 21. **Eta 1½-lb. Jars.** Monster jars of Eta Nuts—you really make Eta Eata's happy with one of these! And you give a colourful kitchen canister as well!
16. **Eta Christmas Stars.** Top off the children's stockings with these fairy stars. Their long wands are filled with sparkling Eta Nut Beams.
17, 18. **Eta Tallboy Tumblers.** Build a set of these luxurious tumblers filled with either Eta Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews, Sugar-coated Peanuts or Scorched Almonds.



PANETTONE . . . from page 55

and elastic. Cover; leave to rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (approximately 1½ to 2 hours). Mixture will be light and bubbly. Add to batter the fruits, nuts,

aniseed, vanilla alternately with remaining flour. Mix until batter leaves sides of bowl. Turn out on lightly floured board, knead 1 minute. Put in greased bowl. Cover; leave to rise until doubled in bulk (45 to 60 minutes). Punch down dough, put on floured board. Divide in halves, rest 10 minutes. Mould into 2 balls. Put balls diagonally opposite one another on greased oven-slide. Flatten each slightly with knuckles. Leave to rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Brush tops of loaves with beaten egg. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Loosen from slide, cool

on cake-rack. When cool pour prepared toffee over and sprinkle with fruit and nuts.

HOLLAND

BANKETLETTER (or St. Nicholas' Letters) are made from crisp, golden, flaky pastry with an almond filling. They are twisted into letter-shapes, usually the initial of the family surname. This favorite and traditional Dutch treat is baked for the festivities of St. Nicholas' Day, December 5.

BANKETLETTER

One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons iced water, 2 cups almond paste, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon lemon essence, beaten egg for glazing.

Sift flour and salt into bowl, cut in butter until mixture is size of small peas. Gradually work in iced water to make a dough; chill 1 hour. Combine almond paste, sugar, well-beaten egg, and lemon essence. On lightly floured surface, roll out pastry into 12in. square, cut 3 strips each 4in. wide. Roll almond paste into 3 equal rolls 12in. by ¼in. Put a roll on each

pastry strip; fold pastry round it, press seams and ends firmly. On greased oven-slide, use the 3 rolls to form initials. Make sure rolls are placed seam side down; brush ends with beaten egg before joining. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until light brown. Remove from oven, leave to cool on slide.

FRANCE

FROM France comes a seasonal "Christmas Log." It's a luscious chocolate-cake roll filled simply with brandied apricot jam (or, more extravagantly, with cream added to the filling), covered with chocolate frosting, and decorated with chocolate leaves.

BUCHÉ DE NOËL

Cake: Three large eggs, ¼ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 1 cup sieved apricot jam mixed with 1 tablespoon brandy.

Frosting: Three egg-yolks, ¼ cups sugar, ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons rum, 2 teaspoons instant coffee, 1 tablespoon hot water, 6oz. chocolate.

Chocolate Leaves: Two ounces chocolate, ivy leaves.

Cake: Beat eggs and sugar until thick and foamy. Sift together flour, baking-powder, cocoa, and salt; fold carefully into egg mixture. Spread into greased and lined swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 minutes or until firm. Remove from oven, loosen from sides of tin, cover with damp cloth (this will help with rolling). Turn on to cake-rack. Sprinkle surface with little sugar, then spread with apricot jam. (If desired, stiffly whipped and slightly sweetened cream can be spread on top of jam before rolling. Spread cream to about 1in. from edges of cake.) Roll from long side into narrow roll. Set aside on serviette-platter, make frosting.

Frosting: Beat egg-yolks in electric beater until light and foamy. Continue beating while you make a syrup with sugar and water; cook syrup until mixture forms light thread. Increase beater speed, slowly pour syrup on to egg-yolks; beat until thick and cold. Add soft butter and rum, beat until thoroughly blended. Dissolve coffee in hot water. Remove 2 tablespoons frosting, place in smaller bowl. Add dissolved coffee, beat to combine. Add melted chocolate to remaining frosting, beat until combined.

Cut diagonal slice from each end of roll; put on top of roll to represent stumps of branches. Cover roll with chocolate frosting, frost cut branches with coffee frosting to represent inner wood. Roughen chocolate frosting with fork to resemble bark.

Chocolate Leaves: Melt chocolate, leave to cool slightly. Coat base of each ivy leaf with melted chocolate. (Don't let chocolate run over edges or leaf will be difficult to remove). Set leaves aside to harden. When hard, peel off ivy leaf, leaving shape and impression on chocolate. Arrange leaves decoratively on log, then dust with sifted icing-sugar. Chill log before serving.

AUSTRALIA

CAKES and puddings such as the two below will be enjoyed by most Australian families this Christmas. With the pudding, serve one of the delectable hard or creamy sauces given opposite.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half pounds sultanas, ½lb. raisins, 4oz. currants, 4oz. crystallised cherries, 4oz. shredded peel (or 2½lb. mixed fruit), ½ cup rum, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and almond essence, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, 2 tablespoons plum jam, 1 teaspoon parisian essence, 4 eggs, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.



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(in cans from ½ to 14 lbs.)



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NAME
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Prepare fruits, put in bowl and pour rum over; mix well. Cover and stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with fruit rinds and vanilla and almond essence. Add jam and parisan essence. Add one egg at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruits alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into prepared tin, round or square tin (lined with 3 layers brown paper and 1 grease-proof paper). Bake in slow oven 4 to 4½ hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1½ hours.

TRADITIONAL PUDDING

Half pound flour, ½lb. white breadcrumbs, 1½lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. currants, ½lb. dates, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. beef suet, 3oz. almonds, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 6 eggs, ½ pint milk, 6 tablespoons brandy or rum.

Blanch, skin, and chop almonds, then chop fruit and mix well with almonds and peel. Skin, flake, and chop suet, rub into sifted flour and spices. Add sugar, fruit, and breadcrumbs. Beat eggs, add milk and brandy. Stir this liquid into dry ingredients and mix well. Fill well-greased basin with mixture; cover with buttered paper, then cover with scalded pudding cloth and tie securely. Plunge into boiling water, boil 6 hours. To store, hang in airy place or, if weather is hot, refrigerate. Boil a further 2 hours before serving.

If served cold, pudding can be decorated with hard sauce; if hot, serve sauce separately or pour a creamy sauce over pudding slices.

To serve with the pudding

TO make your Christmas pudding dramatic as well as delicious, warm ½ cup rum or brandy, pour over pudding and set alight. Turn out the lights and carry the flaming pudding to table.

Serve it with any of the special sauces below.

HARD SAUCES

Hard Sauce: Cream 4oz. butter well with 2 cups sifted icing sugar and 1 tablespoon brandy.

Special Hard Sauce: To the above recipe add ½ cup finely chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon each chopped red and green glace cherries. Chill. Shape into roll approx. 2in diameter; chill again. Just before serving, cut roll into ½in. slices and arrange round pudding.

Hard Sauce Rosettes: Cream together ½lb. butter or substitute and 2 cups sifted icing sugar. Beat well, adding 1 tablespoon rum gradually. When smooth and fluffy, put into icing-bag and pipe rosettes on to baking-sheet. Top some rosettes with red glace cherries, some with green. Rosettes can be

SALAD WINS £5

MRS. B. MORRISON, 51 Bourke St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W., wins the £5 prize this week for a tangy combination-salad recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGES-AND-LEMONS SALAD

Two teaspoons grapefruit juice, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons orange juice, ½ cup salad or peanut oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ head white cabbage, ½ cup crumbled blue cheese, 2 quartered tomatoes, 1 small white onion, 1 orange, ½ grapefruit.

Combine in small jar the citrus juices, oil, and sugar. Screw on top, shake well to mix. On bed of shredded cabbage put cheese, tomatoes, and chopped onion. Peel orange and grapefruit, carefully separate into sections and arrange on top of salad. Pour a little dressing over and serve remainder separately.

made ahead of time and refrigerated until needed. They are easy to remove from baking-sheet when chilled and firm.

French Hard Sauce: Beat 4oz. softened butter until fluffy; gradually blend in 1½ cups sifted icing sugar, then beat in 1 egg-yolk and 1 tablespoon brandy. Continue beating until mixture is smooth and light.

Almond Cream Sauce: Blend together 3oz. softened cream cheese, 1-3rd cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 cup sour cream, few drops almond essence. Beat until light and fluffy, refrigerate until needed.

SOFT SAUCES

Below are some palate-pleasing soft-sauce recipes which can also be served with Christmas pudding.

Creamy Custard Sauce: Three egg-yolks, 2 cups hot milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-yolks well; add little of the hot milk, then pour mixture, with remaining hot milk, into top of double saucepan. Add sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring, until custard coats spoon. Add vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

Egg-nog Sauce: Two cups milk or cream, ½ cup sugar, 4 egg-yolks,

pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon rum.

Scald milk or cream, stir in sugar. Gradually add egg-yolks, beaten with salt and vanilla. Cook in top of double saucepan over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens, stir in rum. Serve warm.

Brandied Orange-Snow: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 2-3rds. cup castor-sugar, 1½ tablespoons brandy, 1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in sugar until mixture holds stiff peaks. Fold in brandy and orange rind.

Whipped Cream Toppings: Pudding slices can be topped with

whipped cream or as follows:

Creme Amandine: To each half-pint whipped cream add ½ teaspoon lemon essence and few drops of almond essence. Fold in 1 tablespoon blanched, shredded almonds.



All you have to add is the cherry on the top!



Nothing to add-Chill, whip (once!) and freeze
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whip
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THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

It had seemed almost more than her delicate body had been built to withstand. But then, last winter, visiting a cousin in Vancouver, she had met Jay. When she called to tell them she was going to be married, they felt as if the sun had come out after an eternity of January bleakness.

When Leonora came home, flushed with new happiness, they had plunged into an orgy of excited planning. An aunt had offered her house in the Thousand Islands for a honeymoon the first three weeks in August, so the date was set for the end of July. And now with the wedding barely five weeks away and Jay's graduation from engineering school behind him, she was coming to get acquainted with the family and meet Lenora's friends before going to Regina to find a place for them to live.

Everything was falling into place. The bridesmaids' dresses had arrived yesterday. Callie had picked up the last white boxes of invitations at the stationer's an hour ago. And as soon as Jay arrived, she felt she could let go the tight rein of anxiety she had held for so long, because nothing could surely go wrong for Lenora ever again.

Even before the train ground to a stop, Callie saw him, swinging down from the steps, hurrying to meet his future with an eagerness that would not wait—a tall man with the vigorous questing face of a voyager. Irrevocably, like a gasp of air rushing in to fill a vacuum, he stepped into her heart. "No," she whispered, "not this one. Not this one."

He stopped before her, took both her hands in his. "You're Callie," he said, and a wave of recognition and grief washed through her. "I'd know you anywhere." He cupped her chin and tilted her cheek for a kiss.

And I know you, my love, she cried silently, numbed by discovery. And all the while her lips smiled and said, "Lenora's at home waiting. I'll take you to her."

"There's nothing wrong?" "Oh, no. But I had to bring the car over here for errands at noon and there wasn't time to go all the way back to get her—it's twenty-five miles, you know. There was a party last night, and she was up late. So mother wanted her to rest."

Strange how hard a simple task like speaking could be when you had to push your breath past the tightness in your throat—tightness, like a knot of fear that he might see beyond the forced calmness of your face to the pulse that raced so wildly, so uselessly.

"Lenora hasn't been ill?" "No, she's fine, but ever since she had polio mother tends to hover a little. I guess we all do—Mother and Dad and Dr. Chris and I. You'll be good for her. You don't look the hovering type."

While he was claiming his luggage she got herself in hand. "Never again, Callie," she told herself. "He belongs to Lenora. You'll never think of him again, except as a brother."

Objectively, setting aside that first impossible reaction toward him, still there was something unexpected about

him when she thought of him in relation to Lenora. There was an almost overwhelming vitality in the free-swinging way he walked.

He looked like the snapshots Lenora had taken of him, only somehow different, not so fined down, not so grave. Then she remembered. He had lost his parents in an automobile accident six weeks before he had met Lenora. Of course, the mark of his loss would have showed in his face then.

She started to slide behind the wheel of the car, but at the last moment it occurred to her that in his impatience to reach Lenora, Jay would be more comfortable driving.

Lenora was waiting on the porch in a cool white dress with a blue sash. Watching her sister, Callie saw the flicker of surprise in Lenora's eyes when they came up the walk, as if Jay were a little larger than she, too, had expected, larger than life size.

JAY charmed their parents. They accepted him at once as one of them. After dinner Mrs. Fremont brought out the family picture album for him to see, and Callie thought gratefully that it was somehow intended for her, too, as if in the ritual of looking over these reminders of the lifetime of love that bound her to Lenora, each picture were a prayer that would strengthen her in casting the last wisps of forbidden feeling for Jay out of her mind.

"Lenora didn't tell me you were such a fisherman, Mr. Fremont," Jay said.

"Oh, that. That was taken years ago. We used to go camping up north every summer, but I've probably lost my touch. Haven't been near a trout stream in years."

"Not since I got sick," Lenora said. "That's me behind all the mosquito netting. I was the insects' delight."

Jay turned more pages, more beads in the unbreakable chain. "That's Dr. Chris," Lenora said, pointing. "He lives next door with his sister, Miss Addie. You'll meet them at dinner tomorrow night."

"But don't think he won't find an excuse to drop in and look you over before then," Callie warned Jay lightly. "Lenora was one of his first patients and I think he secretly takes entire credit for having saved her life. He has a very proprietary air about her."

"Who's the cute pooch?" Jay asked.

Callie looked at the snapshot of Lenora in her wheelchair, holding a ball of white fur. "Why, that's Snowball. I'd almost forgotten him."

"That's the only picture he's in. What happened to him?"

Lenora shrugged. "I don't remember. What does happen to pets? Look, there's Callie dressed up for a school play."

At ten o'clock Callie slipped out of the room and her parents soon followed. Jay and Lenora would want some time alone.

It was nearly the only time they had. The next week was filled with parties and gaiety, and for Callie the painful necessary task of adjusting to the secret raw place in her heart, a spot over which she patiently built up protective layers by forcing herself to picture Jay as her brother through all the years to come, by dwelling on the long-overdue fund of happiness which Lenora, as a bride, would claim.

As a bride-to-be she was certainly having the time of

her life. "But when are we going to have some time to ourselves?" Callie heard Jay asking one afternoon on the back porch. "Do we really have to go to this party? I just want to sit and look at you. We've hardly had a chance to talk since I got here."

"Of course we have to, darling. Besides, you don't want me to insult the Heatherstones. He's one of Daddy's business associates. I'm not supposed to know it, but their daughter let it slip that they're giving us a silver punch bowl for a wedding present."

"Don't let's discuss the wedding presents. I want to talk to you about us," Jay said teasingly. Callie moved quickly to close the kitchen window so they couldn't be overheard any longer, but she was not in time to cut off Lenora's reply, a little high and irritable. "Please, Jay, don't do that. My nail polish isn't quite dry."

She's tired, Callie thought. She hasn't been getting enough rest. Almost immediately Lenora came into the house and went upstairs to change. Jay wandered into the kitchen and helped Callie finish the dishes. She talked very brightly, very quickly to take his mind off the long minutes away from Lenora.

Lunch the next day was a lazy family picnic at the beach which Dr. Chris prescribed for Lenora. His sister packed the lunch, Dr. Chris brought a bottle of wine, and even Mr. Fremont took time off to join them. After they had eaten and rested Jay stood up and fished the towels out of the beach bag. "Is everybody going for a swim?"

"Just you three young people, I think," Miss Addie said. "The rest of us will soak up a little more sun."

Callie, who was facing Dr. Chris, saw a sudden look of pain cross his features and then a careful blankness. His eyes had been resting on Lenora and Callie turned to see what her sister had done to bring about that unmistakable wound. But Lenora was calmly rubbing lotion on her arms and not even looking his way.

And suddenly Callie realised it was his sister's words that had hurt him, bracketing him with the older people. She and Lenora had always considered him of their parents' generation because during Lenora's illness he had already stood as a symbol of authority, but he was probably not more than thirty-seven or eight. They treated him like a benevolent uncle and it was disturbing to find that this should cause him pain.

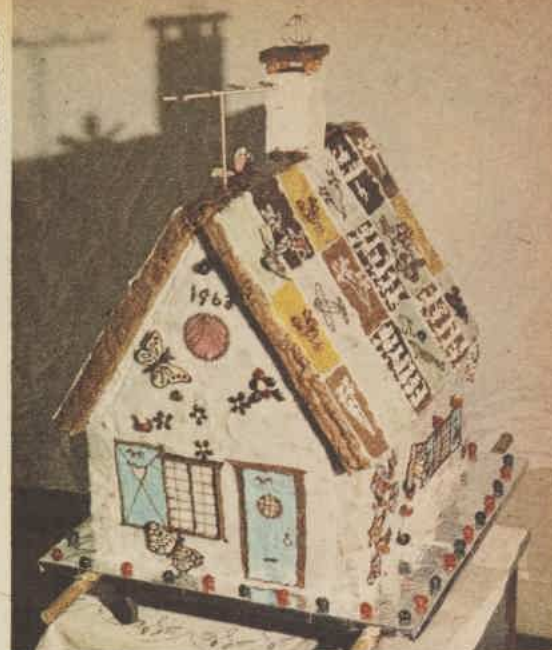
While they were swimming the others went home, so that when Callie came out of the water she found herself alone with Jay and Lenora.

"I know why they call you, Callie," Jay said suddenly. "It's short for calico—calico cat. Doesn't she look like one, Lenora, with her white-kitten face?"

Both girls laughed and Callie sat up and watched Lenora fluffing her hair dry with a towel. "She's a domestic short-hair, wouldn't you say?" he went on. "Proud, but not arrogant, fastidious, and the essence of grace. I'll bet you studied ballet."

Callie's hand curved in the empty air and she could almost feel the polished smoothness of the "barre" under her palm. "It was a long time ago," she said.

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HANSEL AND GRETEL'S cute cake cottage is 3ft. high, 25 inches long, and 22 inches wide.

CAKE COTTAGE

● Mr. Frank Obbens, of Springwood, N.S.W., made this fairytale cottage from 350 slices of fruit cake.

MR. OBSENS, an award-winning pastrycook in his native Holland, has been in Australia for 10 years.

He is a naturalised Australian and the youngest of his seven children—three boys, four girls—was born here.

The idea for the cake came at a meeting held to discuss raising funds for the St. Thomas' Sisters School, Springwood, attended by Mr. Obbens' daughter Gloria.

Mr. Obbens suggested each mother bake a fruit cake and he would assemble them into one giant cake for a "guess the weight" competition to aid the sports equipment fund.

In no time he had 20 fruit cakes—all different shapes and sizes. Then Mr. Obbens' work began.

First of all, the shape of the house—walls and roof—was carefully cut from plywood, then covered with aluminium foil.

The fruit cakes were cut into slices 2½ in. thick and left-over pieces were joined with melted chocolate to make additional slabs.

Fondant icing

The plywood sections of the house were laid flat on the table ready to be covered with cake slices (joined with melted chocolate), fondant, and decorated.

Because melted chocolate would not adhere easily to the foil, small circles were cut in the covering and melted chocolate was dabbed on the plywood through the holes. The cake slices were then pressed on and held in place by the chocolate.

When the individual sections of the house had been cake-covered they were iced with white fondant (about 12 lb. was used).

Doors and windows were marked on the icing with a knife-tip and filled in with soft, colored fondant. Melted chocolate, pressed through a paper cone, was used to mark the outlines.

The butterflies and flowers decorating the cottage were drawn on to paper first, then covered with a thin sheet of cellulose paper.

The design was outlined on the cellulose paper with melted white milk chocolate, pressed through a paper cone. Then the wings and body of the butterfly were filled in by adding a little melted white shortening to the chocolate and tinting it various colors with a few drops of food coloring. The leaves and flowers were done the same way.

The designs were left an hour or so to harden. When firm, the cellulose paper was gently peeled away, leaving the delicate shapes behind.

Each section of the cottage was then carefully assembled, using melted chocolate to join walls and roof pieces.

The chimney was made from a block of cake covered with fondant, topped by a small block of cake covered with melted chocolate.

The names of the women who donated fruit cakes were piped on to the roof of the cottage with royal icing.

"How long did it take to assemble and decorate the cake?" we asked.

Mr. Obbens wasn't quite sure—the time had passed so quickly. But "about 30 hours," he said.

"And what will happen to the cake when the competition is over?"

"Why, the children will eat it!" he said.

All 350 slices!

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"Ellen"



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THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

They had both studied dancing, she and Lenora, but when Lenora knew she would never dance again she had burned her ballet slippers and by accident had thrown Callie into the fire as well. Callie could still remember Lenora's pale intense face burning from the blaze and the ribbon of flame that unrolled along the satin ties. "I won't be needing dancing shoes any more," Lenora had said, looking past Callie at their mother standing in the doorway. "I'm sorry I burned Callie's by mistake. But, of course, she can get another pair."

Callie never had, though. "It's cold," Lenora said now abruptly. "Hand me my beach coat, Jay. I think it's time we went home."

He wanted to help gather up the picnic things, but Callie said automatically, "No, please take Lenora home before she gets a chill. I'll clean up here."

But when they had gone Callie stood uncertainly, holding the basket in both hands. A blackbird swooped monotonously overhead, waiting for her to leave. Watching Jay and Lenora disappear down the beach she was torn between tumult and despair, as if her body were trying to attain a perfect oblique while her mind denied the possibility of perfection.

Her foot arched as she thrust her bare toes against the still-warm sand in a nearly forgotten ballet gesture, feeling at once a wild need for physical release and a curious numbness that held her immobile like a dragonfly on a pin.

That night before she went to bed Callie thought of the gift she had bought Lenora as a surprise. Feeling a need to give her something now, she turned the satin case to her sister's room. "I'm giving you a private bridal shower right now," she said, laying it on the bed. "With love."

Lenora opened it and held up the gown, a creamy ivory cloud of lace and chiffon, delicate as a dream. She didn't speak for so long that Callie finally said, "I thought you needed something in your boudoir besides those tailored robes and mandarin pyjamas."

"But it's so sheer," Lenora said in a strange voice. "You can almost see through it."

"Well, he won't see you in

Continued from page 63

it till after you're married, so that's all right," Callie said cheerfully.

"Don't be vulgar," Callie's head lifted with a jerk. Two splashes of color flamed high in Lenora's cheeks. Why, she's shy, Callie thought in surprise. Shy with me. Because surely it was embarrassment she read in her sister's face and not, as she had imagined for one brief instant, distaste.

In the morning Lenora slept late as usual. Her mother had explained to Jay that she herself insisted on it. "I don't want her so exhausted she won't be able to enjoy the next few weeks. I suppose you think I baby her too much, but I won't have a chance much longer."

SO Jay breakfasted with the rest of the family, Callie trying to amuse him so that he wouldn't be bored and restless waiting for the sound of Lenora's step in the hall.

This morning her father had left early for the lumberyard, her mother was busying herself on the phone with a grocery order, and Callie was left to serve Jay's ham and omelet.

"Well, Calico," he said, pouring himself a second cup of coffee, "what are you planning to do with yourself when the festivities are over? I take it this hectic pace of party-going is only a sometime thing."

"Thank goodness, yes," she laughed. "The middle of August, I'm starting work in the public library."

He put his cup down. "Of all the jobs I could picture you doing, that's the least likely."

"Don't laugh," she said, "but once upon a time I thought I wanted to be an anthropologist."

"Why didn't you?" he demanded.

"They didn't teach it at our college."

"That's too bad," he said. "Still, a lot of kids who can't go away to school don't even have a college like yours within commuting distance."

"Oh, it wasn't that," Callie began. "Daddy wanted to send us away but . . ." She

broke off, not knowing quite how to put it. "I guess we're just homebodies," she finished lamely.

There wasn't any one special reason they had gone to the local college, but Lenora, not really strong and still sensitive about her slight limp, hadn't wanted to go away from home and live among strangers. She had planned her classes so that her mother would have to drive her over only three days a week, but, even so, Mrs. Fremont had had to give up her hospital guild and her work for the school board. The next fall when it was Callie's turn to start college it had seemed only sensible to enrol at the same college, so she could be the one to drive her sister.

Mrs. Fremont finally came back from the phone and outlined the plans for the day. "I'm driving Lenora to town for some errands, Callie, I'd like you to be home when some packages are delivered this afternoon, and your father wants Jay to come down and tour the lumberyard. We'll all meet back here for dinner — a quiet family meal, thank goodness."

"Yes," Jay said, smiling.

The house was very quiet. Callie hemmed a dress, and two lazy flies droned against the screen. When the doorbell pealed it seemed unnaturally loud.

Callie signed for the telegram and went to the phone. "Daddy, would you tell Jay a telegram just came for him? I thought he ought to know."

In five minutes Jay was home. He ripped the envelope open, gave a whoop of joy and whirled Callie high in the air. "This is a red-letter day, Calico. My appointment came through. A job — a job in Venezuela, helping to build a bridge nearly everyone says can't be built. Wait till Lenora hears!"

"Did she know there was a chance?" Callie asked breathlessly.

He shook his head. "Somehow it seemed . . . too important to tell her on the run. I meant to, but the right moment never seemed to come. Besides, there was only an outside chance I'd get the job. Why doesn't she come?" He paced impatiently.

"She'll probably be at least another hour," Callie said. "Tell me about it."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFFREY LEE

lovely
legs
love
Silkymit

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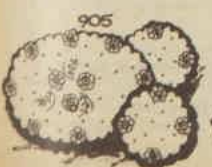
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THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

By the time Lenora and her mother came home Jay had maps and atlases and hasty but vigorously drawn sketches spread all over the living-room floor. He rose and went to Lenora, taking both hands. "Honey, I have some wonderful news. I've got a job—a dream job, better than anything I had a right to expect for years—in Venezuela."

"Venezuela?" Lenora gave a puzzled little laugh. "But, Jay, it's all settled—you're going to work for your uncle in Regina. What are you talking about?"

Jay began again. "My uncle knew I had applied for this job and he was pulling for me to get it. In a few years when the job's

done and I've had the experience, if I want to go to work for him then, I'll be a lot more use to him." "A few years? In a jungle?" Lenora's voice was pitched high. "Are you out of your mind?"

He tried to explain it, but when he was through, Lenora, with the same pinched look of bewilderment, only shook her head as if trying to brush away a gnat and said, "Why, I couldn't even wear my new fur coat in the tropics. It's all settled that we're going to live in Regina. Your aunt and uncle can introduce us to people and help us get established. Who would we know, what is there to do in Venezuela?"

"My lifework," Jay said, look-

ing as bewildered now as Lenora.

Callie, feeling as if she were carved from stone, finally with an effort came to life. "Give her time, Jay. It came so suddenly."

Dinner was a civilised nightmare. Lenora had disappeared before the meal. When she returned, the angry lines had been erased from her face and her hair had been brushed back and held with a ribbon. Callie noticed that Lenora had changed her lipstick to a paler, more delicate pink.

They discussed the decision to be made, but there was nothing unyielding in Lenora's manner now. With a terrible clarity, Callie saw her sister being charming, appealing, and only gently purposeful,

never insistent—in short, being Lenora trying to get her own way.

It seemed amazing that Jay could be unaffected by such a practiced performance. But when he was finished eating he laid down his napkin and said, "I have to call and accept by noon tomorrow."

Callie saw a stubborn whiteness around Lenora's mouth.

After dinner Callie and her parents sat on the terrace, leaving Lenora and Jay alone in the study. Long after Callie had slipped into her own bedroom she heard Lenora's door slam.

She lay there an hour, two hours, and still sleep would not come. Finally she got up, groped for a robe, and found instead Lenora's red-and-white striped beach coat. She put it on and went quietly down to the porch. Standing by the rail she had just flipped her cigarette into the moonless night when she heard Jay's voice behind her.

"I couldn't sleep, either." She felt his hands on her shoulders and heard his whispered, "Lenora . . ." but there was no time to protest, because in the next instant he had turned her against him, his mouth finding hers.

For a brief horrified span of time she tried to push him away and then she was no longer conscious of an individual will. They seemed to be a single being fused by the intensity of a never-to-be-satisfied longing.

When he finally released her she stood shaken, to the depths by a kiss that had not even been meant for her. But when she looked up at him, at the new lines of pain around his eyes, she realised suddenly that he had known.

She knew with a fierce shamed exultation that he had known as soon as his mouth touched hers. It was for Lenora he had reached with gentle hands, but it was Callie's mouth he had bruised.

BUT she had to explain it away for all their sakes. "It's all right, Jay," she said. "It was just a mistake. You saw her striped beach coat and you thought it was Lenora."

"Yes," he said. "I thought it was Lenora. But it wasn't. It never has been. She has a way of tilting her head toward you to listen, and her eyes go wide and deep with interest, and her voice gets a funny husky excitement. That's what I fell in love with. It seemed to be a promise of warmth and compassion. But she was only . . . imitating you."

"It wasn't till I saw the two of you together that I realised she's like a mirror image. In you the warmth is real, but when you try to draw close to Lenora you find it's only a cool, silvery reflection. All the way out there," he said wonderingly. "I fell in love with the reflection of you."

"No," she cried, pressing her fingers to his lips to stem the undoing tide of words. He covered them with his own strong hand.

"You musn't," she said. "Lenora's been hurt so much. She's just . . . afraid of life, afraid of loving. You can teach her, Jay. She musn't be hurt any more. I can't let you hurt my sister."

Her sister. Her ever-to-be-protected sister. Lenora was wrong for Jay; she didn't love him, and yet she wanted him. He was her chance at happiness, and, as always, Lenora must have her chance.

"She wants you, Jay," she said. "There can never be anything between us."

He dropped her hand and she turned and ran.

The dawn came slowly to Callie's window as she watched, sleepless, the spreading of the yellow flood of light that brought no warmth. She listened to the far-off whirring of a lawnmower as the town came awake. The rest of the house began to stir. She rose from the chair beside the window and took a long shower.

She went downstairs, but her mother waved her out of the kitchen. Her head dull and heavy from lack of sleep, she walked as carefully as an invalid into the study.

To page 67



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She picked up the family photograph album and slowly turned the pages, one by one, looking at the pictures of Lenora and herself, the record of their interwoven lives.

Finally, she stood quite still, staring down at the one of Lenora holding a little white dog. Jay had asked what happened to Snowball, but Callie had forgotten until she looked at his picture now, his eager little snout thrust yearningly toward Lenora's cheek. Snowball, Lenora's devoted puppy, who lay on the foot of her bed through her convalescence making comforting puppy sounds; Snowball, who finally had grown too big for her to handle, had clumsily jumped against her one day in an excess of love and knocked her down.

He only wanted to lick her face, but he frightened her, and afterwards she went into such a panic whenever he came near her that her father had had to have him destroyed.

Callie remembered that now father, childishly believing that her howl had used a gun on the dog, her nights had been troubled in the weeks following by the sound of a shot echoing through her dreams.

SHE didn't know how long she stood there before the door opened and Lenora came in, her eyes bright. "It's going to be all right. I know it is," she said, almost whispering, as she had whispered childhood secrets to Callie long ago when the lights were out and they lay in their twin beds.

"I've been talking to Dr. Chris and he's going to tell Jay I'm too delicate to go off to any horrible jungle, to be so far away from civilisation and doctors. And then I thought I might mention how dangerous it would be for me to have a child down there . . . if he wants children."

Callie sagged against the library table, her hand to her temple. A sudden thrust of pain in her aching head had set up reverberations like an imagined faraway gunshot. "You wouldn't," she said. And then, "Lenora, why are you telling me this . . . such an unfair, cruel thing!"

Lenora gave her a careless smile. "Because you'll never tell. You're too honorable." Then she grew indignant. "Besides, I am delicate. I've never been strong. Why would Dr. Chris tell him so if it weren't true?"

"Because he loves you enough to want to protect you . . . enough to help you get anything you want."

"Because he . . ." Lenora began and, as she broke off abruptly, Callie saw a look of startled speculation in her eyes. Then she turned, her voice rising. "Oh, Callie, I can't help this. Jay's forcing me to fight him. I only want to be safe. You can't blame me for that. I want a nice life. Why does he have to want to chase off to the ends of the earth? Why is he so changed?"

"Don't you remember?" Callie said. "He had just lost his parents when you met him. He was still stunned with grief. I imagine he was quieter then, more pliable, more restrained. Now he's himself again."

"But he's so rough and hard," Lenora cried. "He's so big."

Callie's eyes flashed. "He's big, but he isn't rough or hard. He's . . . he's a voyager!"

Continued from page 66

"Why, you love him," Lenora said, her face flushed with amazement. "I should have guessed. You always were a misfit—liking those dreadful fishing trips, always wanting things that were strange and wild."

"Things that were free," Callie said. "And you always wanted familiar comforts, and cosseting by gentle people like Mother and Daddy and Dr. Chris. Well, maybe you can tame Jay. Maybe you can channel all his strength into safe little hobbies, like gardening."

She lay the photograph album face up, open, on the table in front of Lenora and blindly turned to the door.

She left the house and began to

walk. She walked all the way to the lake and sat down on the still-cool sand, her back to the town, her eyes desperately fixed on the farthest expanse of the water, as if she could never see enough of cleanliness to wash away the thought of the betrayal that was taking place at home.

The sun was hot and high, and her eyes felt burned and too dry for tears when she finally started back.

The hallway was so dark as she stepped in out of the harsh sunlight that the figure on the stairway was at first only a formless shadow. She blinked several times before she could recognise Lenora, her face not triumphant, but strangely serene.

THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

"Jay's in the study," Lenora said. "I haven't talked to him yet. I wanted you to know first that you win."

Callie stared up at her blankly.

"And Jay wins, too," Lenora went on. "Or maybe," she paused, "maybe in the end we'll all win." Her eyes slid to the terrace door, the door that led to Dr. Chris's house, with a flicker of interest and speculation.

"Anyway, I'm going to tell him now, Callie. I'm going to break the engagement and tell him I made a mistake thinking I loved him. And then I'm going next door and tell . . . Chris . . . that I don't want him to lie for me after all."

She said the name slowly, as if she were testing the sound of it.

Callie could not speak as Lenora came down the last two steps and laid her hand briefly on her sister's shoulder. "I hope you love him enough," Lenora said, a glint of amusement in her eyes. "Frankly, I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. You know the sympathy always goes to the unselfish sister!"

Gladness bubbled up in Callie as she recognised that for the first time in her life Lenora was laughing at herself.

"Lenora"—her voice choked—"are you doing this for me?"

Lenora turned back for a moment and met her eyes evenly. "I'm doing it because I remembered what happened to Snowball."

She opened the study door, then, and went in to Jay.

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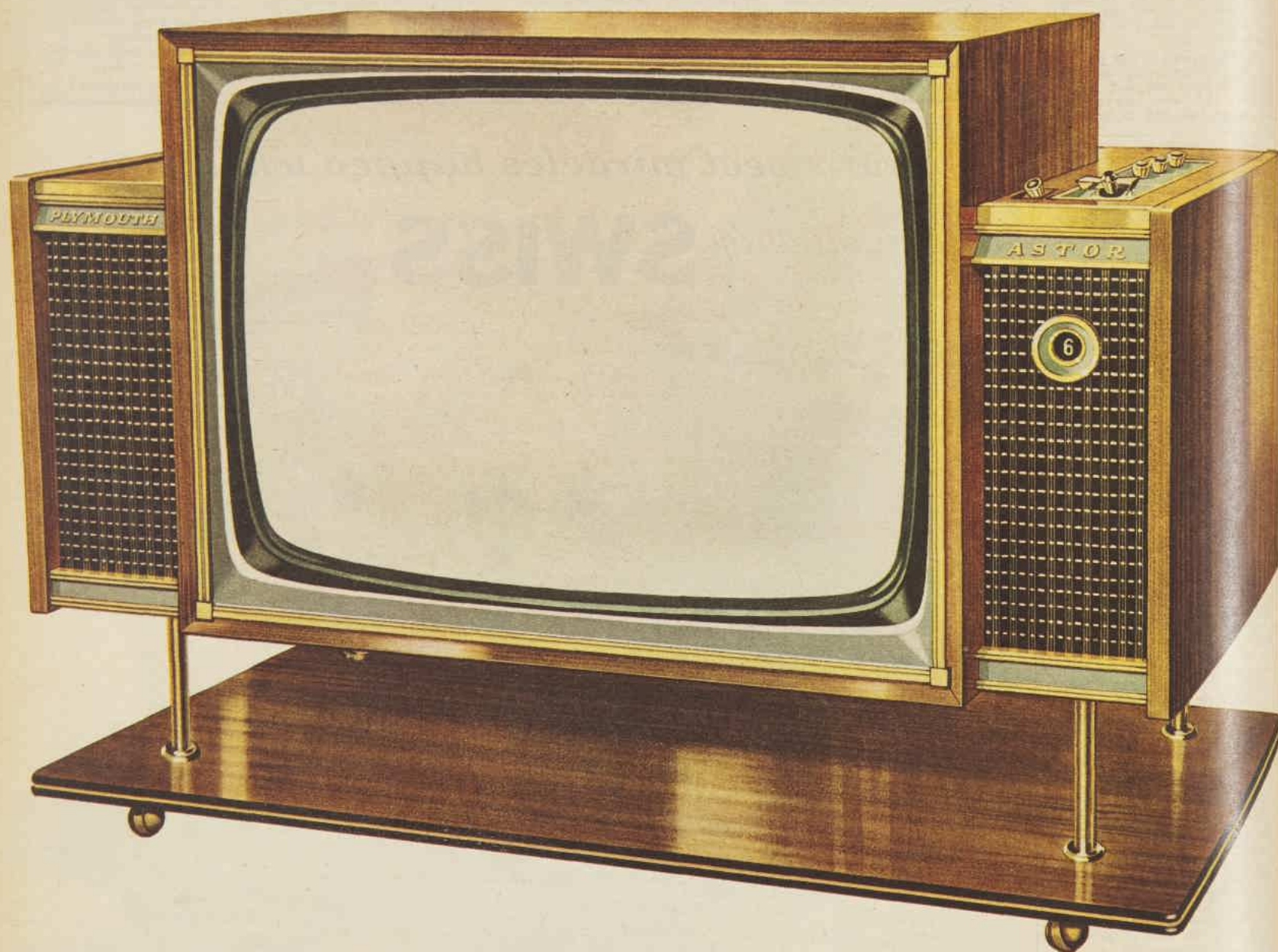
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THE CURIOUS CACTUS

NEWCOMERS to cactus growing are apt to regard them as desert plants which should thrive in poor, dry soil.

In fact they belong naturally to various climates and soils. Nearly all come from America, but there they are widely distributed.

A few are found on the prairies of North-West Canada, deep under snow in winter. Some like hot deserts; others high, cold altitudes; others again grow as epiphytes (epiphytic means living attached to trees without being a parasite) in tropical forests.

So one can't generalise about soil, but it has been found that many of the types popularly grown will thrive in a mixture of one part rich garden loam, one part well-rotted cow or poultry manure, and one part very coarse river sand — not beach sand.

At the same time it pays to conduct soil-mixing experiments, for some species are extremely fastidious, and too much manure, compost, or heavy soil may mean disaster.

If the soil is well-drained, most cacti need plenty of water during hot, dry months. But over-watering in humid weather may result in rotting.

Fast-growing plants need more water than slow-growers; young plants need more than mature plants. The epiphytic types, such as *Schlumbergera* (illustrated), need warmth and moisture. Tough types like the *Mammillaria* group get by with little water.

Gardening Book — page 228



● *Soehrensia bruchii*, from northern Argentina, grows large. Plant is globular at first, later forming colonies up to 20in. in diameter. Plenty of sun is needed for successful flowering. Pictured specimen was grown in the open by Mrs. Iris Lucas, of Bringelly, N.S.W. The plant is better known under its old names, *Lobivia bruchii* or *Eriosyce bruchii*.

Pictures by Mrs. J. Stark, Woolahra, N.S.W.



● *Leuchtenbergia principis* is from central and northern Mexico. The plant shown in the picture belongs to Mr. Charles Watts, of Woolahra, and is probably one of the largest in Australia. Old specimens may grow as high as 20in. Its fragrant flower lasts several days. The spines are papery, often twisted, and up to 5in.



● *Schlumbergera gaerdtneri*, from the eastern Brazilian coastal range round Rio de Janeiro, is an epiphytic cactus belonging to the *Epiphyllum* group. Epiphytic cacti have a strong appeal to many collectors because of the beautiful flowers produced in many colors. *Schlumbergera* resembles the well-known "Christmas cactus." It likes a reasonably warm and humid atmosphere.

Gardening Book — page 230



● *Astrophytum asterias*, from Mexico, is a popular cactus in most collections. The plant almost looks like a sea-urchin without spines. The body grows up to 3in. in diameter. The flower is 1in. long and 1-1½in. across. A sunny position will give the best flowering result. The plant grows slowly, therefore apply water carefully.



● *Echinocereus dasyacanthus* is a native of Mexico and Texas. Mostly a single-stemmed plant, rarely more than 12in. high and 4in. in diameter. This extraordinary genus attracts the collector especially for the color variety of its large flowers (red, violet-red, pink, and greenish-yellow). Needs little watering in winter.

● *Dolichothele baumii* is also from Mexico, where it is found in large clumps. Each stem is up to 3in. high. A fast-growing species, freely flowering, sometimes from its second year on. The green body is covered with fine hairlike spines. Formerly known as *Mammillaria baumii*.



Gardening Book — page 229

● *Mammillaria brandegei*, var. *Magdalenensis*, is from lower California and Mexico. The green body becomes reddish under the influence of bright sunlight, giving a beautiful effect. Flowers of *Mammillarias* are generally small, but in this variety they grow up to ¾in. in diameter. The picture shows the beauty grown by Mr. David Scouller, of Merrylands, N.S.W.



Gardening Book — page 231

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

a faded leather travelling clock with "Rosemary" in worn gilt letters across the corner.

Sheila Webb looked at the clock on the desk with some surprise. It showed the time to be a little after ten minutes past four. Her gaze shifted to the chimney piece. The clock there said the same.

Sheila started violently as there was a whir and a click above her head, and from a wooden carved clock on the wall a cuckoo sprang out through his little door and announced loudly and definitely: Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo! The harsh note seemed almost menacing. The cuckoo disappeared again with a snap of his door.

Sheila Webb gave a half smile and walked round the end of the sofa. Then she stopped short, pulling up with a jerk.

Sprawled on the floor was the body of a man. His eyes were

Continued from page 19

half open and sightless. There was a dark moist patch on the front of his dark grey suit. Almost mechanically Sheila bent down. She touched his cheek — cold — his hand, the same — touched the wet patch and drew her hand away sharply, staring at it in horror.

At that moment she heard the click of a gate outside, her head turned mechanically to the window. Through it she saw a woman's figure hurrying up the path. Sheila swallowed mechanically — her throat was dry. She stood rooted to the spot, unable to move, to cry out — staring in front of her.

The door opened and a tall elderly woman entered, carrying a shopping bag. She had wavy grey hair pulled

back from her forehead and her eyes were a wide and beautiful blue. Their gaze passed unseeing over Sheila.

Sheila uttered a faint sound, no more than a croak. The wide blue eyes came to her and the woman spoke sharply: "Is somebody there?"

"I — it's —" The girl broke off as the woman came swiftly toward her round the back of the sofa.

And then she screamed. "Don't — don't — you'll tread on it — him — And he's dead —"

Colin Lamb's Narrative

To use police terms: at 2.59 p.m. on September 9, I was proceeding along Wilbraham Crescent in a west-

erly direction. It was my first introduction to Wilbraham Crescent, and frankly Wilbraham Crescent had me baffled.

I had been following a hunch with a persistence becoming more dogged day by day as the hunch seemed less and less likely to pay off.

The number I wanted was 61, and could I find it? No, I could not. Having studiously followed the numbers from 1 to 28, Wilbraham Crescent then appeared to end. A thoroughfare uncompromisingly labelled Albany Road barred my way. I turned back. On the north side there were no houses, only a wall. Behind the wall, blocks of modern flats soared upwards, the entrance of them being obviously

in another road. No help there. I looked up at the numbers I was passing. 24, 23, 22, 21. Diana Lodge (presumably 20, with an orange cat on the gate post washing its face), 19 —

The door of 19 opened and a girl came out of it and down the path with what seemed to be the speed of a bomb. The likeness to a bomb was intensified by the screaming that accompanied her progress. It was high and thin and singularly inhuman. Through the gate the girl came and collided with me with a force that nearly knocked me off the pavement. She did not only collide. She clutched — a frenzied desperate clutching.

"Steady," I said as I recovered my balance. I shook her slightly. "Steady now."

The girl steadied. She still clutched, but she stopped screaming. Instead she gasped — deep sobbing gasps.

I can't say that I reacted to the situation with any brilliance. I asked her if anything was the matter. Recognising that my question was singularly feeble, I amended it.

"What's the matter?" "In there!" she gestured behind her.

"Yes?" "There's a man on the floor... dead... She was going to step on him."

"Who was? Why?" "I think — because she's blind. And there's blood on him." She looked down and loosened one of her clutching hands. "And on me. There's blood on me."

"So there is," I said. I looked at the stain on my coat sleeve. "And on me as well now," I pointed out. I sighed and considered the situation. "You'd better take me in and show me," I said.

But she began to shake violently. "I can't — I can't... I won't go in there again."

"Perhaps you're right," I looked round. There seemed nowhere very suitable to deposit a half-fainting girl. I lowered her gently to the pavement and sat her with her back against the iron railings.

"You stay there," I said, "until I come back. I shan't be long. You'll be all right. Lean forward and put your head between your knees if you feel queer."

"I — I think I'm all right now."

SHE was a little doubtful about it, but I didn't wait to parley. I gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder and strode off briskly up the path. I went in through the door, hesitated a moment in the hallway, looked into an empty dining-room, crossed the hall, and entered the sitting-room opposite.

The first thing I saw was an elderly woman with grey hair sitting in a chair. She turned her head sharply as I entered and said: "Who's that?"

I realised at once that the woman was blind. Her eyes, which looked directly toward me, were focused on a spot behind my left ear.

I spoke abruptly and to the point.

"A young woman rushed out into the street saying there was a dead man in here."

I felt a sense of absurdity as I said the words. It did not seem possible that there should be a dead man in this tidy room with this calm woman sitting in her chair with her hands folded.

But her answer came at once. "Behind the sofa," she said.

I moved round the angle of the sofa. I saw it then — the outflung arms — the glazed eyes — the coagulating patch of blood.

"How did this happen?" I asked abruptly.

"I don't know."

"But — surely. Who is he?"

"I have no idea."

"We must get the police." I looked round. "Where's the telephone?"

"I have not got a telephone."

I concentrated upon her more closely.

"You live here? This is your house?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me what happened?"

To page 71

It costs so little to say
"Merry Christmas"
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THE CLOCKS

"Certainly, I came in from shopping—" I noted the shopping bag flung on a chair near the door. "I came in here, I realised at once there was someone in the room. One does very easily when one is blind. I asked who was there. There was no answer—only the sound of someone breathing rather quickly. I went toward the sound—and then whoever it was cried out—something about someone being dead and that I was going to tread on him. And then whoever it was rushed past me out of the room screaming."

I nodded. Their stories clicked. "And what did you do?" "I felt my way very carefully until my foot touched an obstacle."

"And then?" "I knelt down. I touched something—a man's hand. It was cold—there was no pulse... I got up and came over here and sat down—to wait. Someone was bound to come in due course. The young woman, whoever she was, would give the alarm. I thought I had better not leave the house."

I was impressed with the calm of this woman. She had not screamed, or stumbled panic-stricken from the house. She had sat down calmly to wait. It was the sensible thing to do, but it must have taken some doing.

Her voice inquired: "Who exactly are you?"

"My name is Colin Lamb. I happened to be passing by."

"Where is the young woman?" "I left her propped up by the gate. She's suffering from shock. Where is the nearest telephone?"

"There is a call-box about fifty yards down the road just before you come to the corner."

"Of course. I remember passing it. I'll go and ring the police. Will you—" I hesitated.

"I didn't know whether to say 'Will you remain here?' or to make it 'Will you be all right?'"

"She relieved me from my choice."

"You had better bring the girl into the house," she said decisively.

"I don't know that she will come," I said doubtfully. "Not into this room, naturally. Put her in the dining-room the other side of the hall. Tell her I am making some tea."

"But—can you manage—" "My dear young man. I have made meals for myself in my own kitchen ever since I came to live in this house—fourteen years ago. To be blind is not necessarily to be helpless."

"I'm sorry. It was stupid of me. Perhaps I ought to know your name?"

"Millicent Pebmarsh—Miss."

I went out and down the path. The girl looked up at me and began to struggle to her feet.

"I—I think I'm more or less all right now. There—there was a dead man in there, wasn't there?"

I agreed promptly.

"Certainly there was. I'm just going down to the telephone box to report it to the police. I should wait in the house if I were you." I raised my voice to cover her quick protest. "Go into the dining-room—on the left as you go in. Miss Pebmarsh is making a cup of tea for you."

"So that was Miss Pebmarsh? And she's blind?"

"Yes. It's been a shock to her, too, of course, but she's being very sensible. Come on, I'll take you in. A cup of tea will do you good whilst you are waiting for the police."

I put an arm round her shoulders and urged her up the path. I settled her comfortably by the dining-room table, and hurried off again to telephone.

An unemotional voice answered, "Crowdean Police Station."

"Can I speak to Detective-Inspector Hardcastle?"

The voice said cautiously, "I don't know whether he is here. Who is speaking?"

"Tell him it's Colin Lamb."

"Just a moment, please."

I waited. Then Dick Hardcastle's voice spoke.

"Colin? I didn't expect you yet awhile. Where are you?"

"Crowdean. I'm actually in Wilbraham Crescent. There's a man lying dead on the floor



"Guess what little brothers are worth on the open market, Mum."

of Number 19, stabbed I should think. He's been dead approximately half an hour or so."

"Who found him. You?"

"No, I was an innocent passer-by. Suddenly a girl came flying out of the house like a bat out of hell. Nearly knocked me down. She said there was a dead man on the floor and a blind woman was trampling on him."

"You're not having me on, are you?" Dick's voice asked suspiciously.

"It does sound fantastic, I admit. But the facts seem to be as stated. The blind woman is Miss Millicent Pebmarsh, who owns the house."

"And was she trampling on the dead man?"

"Not in the sense you mean it. It seems that being blind she just didn't know he was there."

"I'll set the machinery in motion. Wait for me there. What have you done with the girl?"

"Miss Pebmarsh is making her a cup of tea."

"Dick's comment was that it all sounded very cosy."

★ ★ ★

At 19 Wilbraham Crescent the machinery of the Law was in possession. There was a police surgeon, a police photographer, a fingerprint man. They moved efficiently, each occupied with his own routine.

Finally came Detective-Inspector Hardcastle, a tall, poker-faced man with expressive eyebrows, to see that all he had put in motion was

being done, and done properly. He took a final look at the body, exchanged a few brief words with the police surgeon, and then crossed to the dining-room where three people sat over empty tea-cups. Miss Pebmarsh, Colin Lamb, and a tall girl with brown curling hair and wide, frightened eyes.

He introduced himself to Miss Pebmarsh.

"Detective-Inspector Hardcastle."

He knew a little about Miss Pebmarsh, though their paths had never crossed professionally. But he had seen her about, and he was aware that she was an ex-school-teacher, and that she had a job connected with the teaching of braille at the Aaronberg Institute for handicapped children. It seemed wildly unlikely that a man should be found murdered in her neat, austere house—but the unlikely happened more often than one would be disposed to believe.

"This is a terrible thing to have happened, Miss Pebmarsh," he said. "I'm afraid it must have been a great shock to you. I'll need to get a clear statement of exactly what occurred from you all. I understand that it was Miss—" he glanced quickly at the notebook the constable had handed him. "—Sheila Webb who actually discovered the body."

"If you'll allow me to use your kitchen, Miss Pebmarsh, I'll take Miss Webb in there where we can be quiet."

HE opened the connecting door from the dining-room to the kitchen and waited until the girl had passed through. A young plainclothes detective was already established in the kitchen, writing unobtrusively at a table.

Sheila Webb sat down nervously, staring at him with large frightened eyes.

Hardcastle said: "There's nothing to worry about. We just want to get a clear picture. Now your name is Sheila Webb—and your address?"

"14 Palmerston Road—beyond the Gasworks."

"Yes, of course. And you are employed, I suppose?"

"Yes. I'm a shorthand typist—I work at Miss Martindale's Secretarial Bureau."

"The Cavendish Secretarial and Typewriting Bureau—that's its full name, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"And how long have you been working there?"

"About a year. Well, ten months actually."

"I see. Now just tell me in your own words how you came to be at 19 Wilbraham Crescent today."

"Well, it was this way." Sheila Webb was speaking now with more confidence.

"This Miss Pebmarsh rang up the Bureau and asked for a stenographer to be here at three o'clock. So when I came back from lunch Miss Martindale told me to go."

"That was just routine, was it? I mean—you were the next on the list—or however you arrange these things."

"Not exactly. Miss Pebmarsh had asked for me specially."

"Miss Pebmarsh had asked for you specially." Hardcastle's eyebrows registered this point. "I see... Because you had worked for her before?"

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"But I hadn't," said Sheila quickly.

"You hadn't? You're quite sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, I'm positive. I mean, she's not the sort of person one would forget. That's what seems so odd."

"Quite. Well, we won't go into that just now. You reached here when?"

"It must have been just before three o'clock, because the cuckoo clock —" She stopped abruptly. Her eyes widened. "How queer. How very queer. I never really noticed at the time."

"What didn't you notice, Miss Webb?"

"Why — the clocks."

"What about the clocks?"

"The cuckoo clock struck three, all right, but all the others were about an hour fast. How very odd!"

Continued from page 71

"Certainly very odd," agreed the inspector. "Now when did you first notice the body?"

"Not till I went round behind the sofa. And there it — he — was. It was awful, yes awful . . ."

"Awful, I agree. Now did you recognise the man? Was it anyone you had seen before?"

"Oh, no."

"Right and that's that. What did you do?"

"Why — nothing . . . nothing at all. I couldn't."

"I see. You didn't touch him at all?"

"Yes — yes I did. To see if — I mean — just to see — But he was — quite cold — and — and I got blood on my hand. It was

horrible — thick and — sticky."

She began to shake.

"There, there," said Hardcastle in an avuncular fashion. "It's all over now, you know. Forget about the blood. Go on to the next thing. What happened next?"

"I don't know . . . Oh, yes, she came home."

"Miss Pebmarsh, you mean?"

"Yes. Only I didn't think about her being Miss Pebmarsh then. She just came in with a shopping basket." Her tone underlined the shopping basket as something incongruous and irrelevant.

"And what did you say?"

"I don't think I said anything . . . I tried to, but I couldn't. I

felt all choked up here." She indicated her throat.

The inspector nodded.

"And then — and then — she said: 'Who's there?' and she came round the back of the sofa and I thought — I thought she was going to — to tread on it. And I screamed . . . And once I began I couldn't stop screaming, and somehow I got out of the room and out through the front door."

Sheila Webb looked at him out of miserable frightened eyes and said rather unexpectedly, "I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. You've told your story very well. There's no need to think about it any more now. Oh, just one point,

why were you in that room at all?"

"Why?" She looked puzzled.

"Yes. You'd arrived here, possibly a few minutes early, and you'd pushed the bell, I suppose. But if nobody answered, why did you come in?"

"Oh that. Because she told me to."

"Who told you to?"

"Miss Pebmarsh did."

"But I thought you hadn't spoken to her at all."

"No, I hadn't. It was Miss Hardcastle she said it to — that I was to come in and wait in the sitting-room on the right of the hall."

Hardcastle said thoughtfully: "Indeed."

Sheila Webb asked timidly, "Is — is that all?"

"I think so. I'd like you to wait here about ten minutes longer, perhaps, in case something arises. I might want to ask you about it. After that, I'll send you home in a police car. What about your family — you have a family?"

"My father and mother are dead. I live with an aunt."

"And her name is?"

"Mrs. Lawton."

The inspector rose and held out his hand.

"Thank you very much, Miss Webb," he said. "Try and get a good night's rest tonight. You'll need it after what you've been through."

She smiled at him timidly as she went through the door into the dining-room.

"Look after Miss Webb, Colin," the inspector said. "Now, Miss Pebmarsh, can I trouble you to come in here?"

Hardcastle had half held out a hand to guide Miss Pebmarsh, but she walked resolutely past him, verified a chair against the wall with

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Unless you turn round and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of Heaven."

—Matthew 18:3.
New English Bible

a touch of her fingertips, drew it out a foot, and sat down.

Hardcastle closed the door. Before he could speak, Millicent Pebmarsh said abruptly: "Who's that young man?"

"His name is Colin Lamb."

"So he informed me. But who is he? Why did he come here?"

"He happened to be walking down the street when Miss Webb rushed out of this house screaming murder. After coming in and satisfying himself as to what had occurred he rang us up, and was asked to come back here and wait."

"You spoke to him as Colin."

"You are very observant, Miss Pebmarsh — (observant? hardly the word. And yet none other fitted) — Colin Lamb is a friend of mine, though it is some time since I have seen him." He added: "He is a marine biologist."

"Oh! I see."

"Now, Miss Pebmarsh, I shall be glad if you can tell me anything about this rather surprising affair."

"Willingly. But there is very little to tell."

"You have resided here for some time, I believe?"

"Since 1950. I am — was — a schoolmistress by profession. When I was told nothing could be done about my failing eyesight and that I should shortly go blind, I applied myself to become a specialist in braille and various techniques for helping the blind. I have a job here at the Aaronberg Institute for Blind and Handicapped Children."

"Thank you. Now as to the events of this afternoon. Were you expecting a visitor?"

"No."

"I will read to you a description of the dead man to see if it suggests to you anyone in particular. Height 5 feet 9 to 10, age approximately sixty, dark hair going grey, brown eyes, clean shaven, thin face, full jaw. Well nourished but not fat."

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VIS

To page 73

THE CLOCKS

Dark grey suit, well-kept hands. Might be a bank clerk, an accountant, a lawyer, or a professional man of some kind. Does that suggest to you anyone that you know?"

Millicent Pebmarsh considered carefully before replying.

"I can't say that it does. Of course it's a very generalised description. It would fit quite a number of people. It might be someone I have seen or met on some occasion, but certainly not anyone I know well."

"You have not received any letter lately from anyone proposing to call upon you?"

"Definitely not."

"Very good. Now, you rang up the Cavendish Secretarial Bureau and asked for the services of a stenographer and —"

"Excuse me. I did nothing of the kind."

"You did not ring up the Cavendish Secretarial Bureau and ask —"

Hardcastle stared.

"I don't have a telephone in the house."

"There is a call-box at the end of the street," Inspector Hardcastle pointed out.

"Yes, of course. But I can only assure you, Inspector Hardcastle, that I had no need for a stenographer and did not ring up this Cavendish place with any such request."

"You did not ask for Miss Sheila Webb particularly?"

"I have never heard that name before."

"You left the front door unlocked," he pointed out.

"I frequently do so in the daytime."

"Anybody might walk in."

"Anybody seems to have done so in this case," said Miss Pebmarsh dryly.

"Miss Pebmarsh, this man according to the medical evidence died roughly between 1.30 and 2.45. Where were you yourself then?"

MISS PEBMARSH reflected. "At one-thirty I must either have left or been preparing to leave the house. I had some shopping to do."

"Can you tell me exactly where you went?"

"Let me see. I went to the post office, the one in Albany Road, posted a parcel, got some stamps, then I did some household shopping, and I got some patent fasteners and safety-pins at the drapers. Then I returned here. I can tell you exactly what the time was. My cuckoo clock cuckooed three times as I came up the path."

"And what about your other clocks?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your other clocks seem all to be just over an hour fast."

"Fast? You mean the grandfather clock in the corner?"

"Not that only — all the other clocks in the sitting-room are the same."

"I don't understand what you mean by the 'other clocks.' There are no other clocks in the sitting-room."

Hardcastle stared.

"Oh come, Miss Pebmarsh. What about that beautiful Dresden china clock on the mantelpiece? And a small French clock—ormolu. And a silver carriage clock, and—oh, yes, the clock with 'Rosemary' across the corner."

"Either you or I must be mad, Inspector. I assure you I have no Dresden china clock, no—what did you say—clock with 'Rosemary' across it—no French ormolu clock and—what was the other one?"

"Silver carriage clock," said Hardcastle mechanically.

"Nor that, either. If you don't believe me, you can ask the woman who comes to clean for me. Her name is Mrs. Curtin."

Detective-Inspector Hardcastle was taken aback. There was a positive assurance, a briskness in Miss Pebmarsh's tone that carried conviction. He then rose to his feet.

"I wonder, Miss Pebmarsh, if you

would mind accompanying me into the next room."

"Certainly. Frankly, I should like to see those clocks myself."

"See?" Hardcastle was quick to query the word.

"Examine would be a better word," said Miss Pebmarsh, "but even blind people, Inspector, use conventional modes of speech that do not exactly apply to their own powers. When I say I would like to see those clocks, I mean I would like to examine and feel them with my own fingers."

Followed by Miss Pebmarsh, Hardcastle went out of the kitchen, crossed the small hall and into the sitting-room. The fingerprint man looked up at him.

"I've about finished in here, sir," he said. "You can touch anything you like."

Hardcastle nodded and picked up the small travelling clock with "Rosemary" written across the corner. He put it into Miss Pebmarsh's hands. She felt it over carefully.

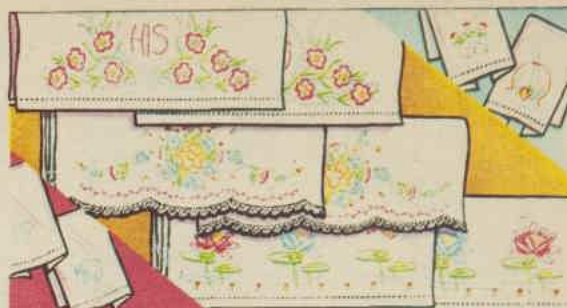
"It seems an ordinary travelling clock," she said, "the leather folding kind. It is not mine, Inspector Hardcastle, and it was not in this room, I am fairly sure I can say, when I left the house at half-past one."

"Thank you."

The inspector took it from her.

To page 74

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Page 73

2 GUINEA LOOK 2 GUINEA FIT

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THE CLOCKS

Continued from page 73

Carefully he lifted the small Dresden clock from the mantelpiece.

"Be careful of this," he said, as he put it into her hands, "it's breakable."

Millicent Pebmarsh felt the small china clock with delicate probing fingertips. Then she shook her head. "It must be a charming clock," she said, "but it's not mine. Where was it, do you say?"

"On the right-hand side of the mantelpiece."

"There should be one of a pair of china candlesticks there," said Miss Pebmarsh.

"Yes," said Hardcastle. "there is a candlestick there, but it's been pushed to the end."

"You say there was still another clock?"

"Two more."

Hardcastle took back the Dresden china clock and gave her the small French gilt ormolu one. She felt it over rapidly, then handed it back to him.

"No. That is not mine, either."

He handed her the silver one and that, too, she returned.

"The only clocks ordinarily in this room are a grandfather clock there in that corner by the window—"

"Quite right."

"—and a cuckoo clock on the wall near the door."

Hardcastle found it difficult to know exactly what to say next.

He looked searchingly at the woman in front of him with the additional security of knowing that she could not return his survey. There was a slight frown as of perplexity on her forehead. She said sharply, "I simply can't understand it."

She stretched out one hand, with the easy knowledge of where she was in the room, and sat down. Hardcastle looked at the fingerprint man who was standing by the door. "You've been over these clocks?" he asked.

"I've been over everything, sir. No dabs on the gilt clock, but there wouldn't be. The surface wouldn't take it. The same goes for the china one. But there are no dabs on the leather travelling clock or the silver one and that is a bit unlikely if things were normal — there ought to be dabs. By the way, none of them are wound up and they are all set to the same time—thirteen minutes past four."

"What about the rest of the room?"

"There are about three or four different sets of prints in the room, all women's, I should say. The contents of the pockets are on the table."

By an indication of his head he drew attention to a small pile of things on a table. Hardcastle went over and looked at them. There was a notecase containing seven

pounds ten, a little loose change, a silk pocket handkerchief, unmarked, a small box of digestive pills and a printed card. Hardcastle bent to look at it.

Mr. R. H. Curry.
Metropolis and Provincial
Insurance Co. Ltd.,
7 Danvers Street,
London W2.

Hardcastle came back to the sofa where Miss Pebmarsh sat.

"Were you by any chance expecting someone from an insurance company to call upon you?"

"Insurance company? No, certainly not."

"The Metropolis and Provincial Insurance Company," said Hardcastle.

Miss Pebmarsh shook her head. "I've never heard of it," she said.

"You were not contemplating taking out insurance of any kind?"

"No, I was not. I am insured against fire, burglary with the Jove Insurance Company which has a branch here. I carry no personal insurance. I have no family or near relations, so I see no point in insuring my life."

"I see," said Hardcastle.

"Does the name of Curry mean anything to you? Mr. R. H. Curry?" He was watching her closely. He saw no reaction in her face.

"Curry," she repeated the name, then shook her head.

"It's not a very usual name, is it? No, I don't think I've heard the name or known anyone of that name. Is that the name of the man who is dead?"

"It would seem possible," said Hardcastle.

Miss Pebmarsh hesitated a moment. Then she said, "Do you want me to—to—touch—"

He was quick to understand her.

"Would you, Miss Pebmarsh? If it's not asking too much of you, that is? I'm not very knowledgeable in these matters, but your fingers will probably tell you more accurately what a person looks like than you would know by description."

"Exactly," said Miss Pebmarsh. "I agree it is not a very pleasant thing to have to do, but I am quite willing to do it if you think it might be a help to you."

"Thank you," said Hardcastle. "If you will let me guide you—"

He took her round the sofa, indicated to her to kneel down, then gently guided her hands to the dead man's face. She was very calm, displaying no emotion. Her fingers traced the hair, the ears, lingering a moment behind the left ear, the line of the nose, mouth, and chin. Then she shook her head and got up.

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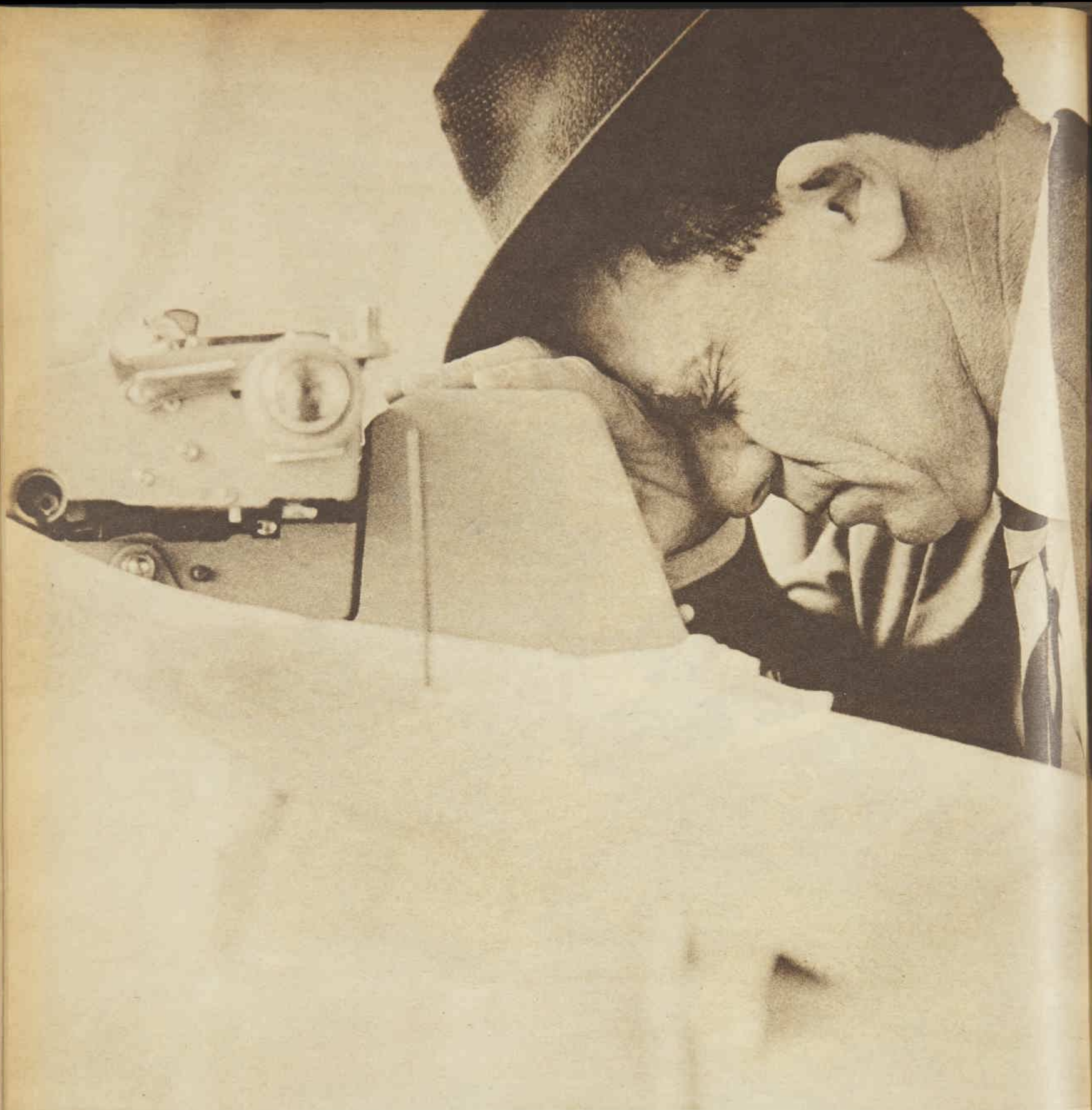
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THE CLOCKS

"I have a clear idea what he would look like," she said, "but I am quite sure that it is no one—I have seen or known."

The fingerprint man had packed up his kit and gone out of the room. He stuck his head back in.

"They've come for him," he said, indicating the body.

"All right to take him away?"

"Right," said Inspector Hardcastle. "Just come and sit over here, will you, Miss Pebmarsh?"

He established her in a corner chair. Two men came into the room. The removal of the late Mr. Curry was rapid and professional. Hardcastle went out to the gate and then returned to the sitting-room. He sat down near Miss Pebmarsh.

"This is an extraordinary business, Miss Pebmarsh," he said. "I'd like to run over the main points with you and see if I've got it right. Correct me if I am wrong. You expected no visitors today, you've made no inquiries re insurance of any kind, and you have received no letter from anyone stating that a representative of an insurance company was going to call upon you today. Is that correct?"

"Quite correct."

"You did not need the services of a shorthand typist or stenographer and you did not ring up the Cavendish Bureau or request that one should be here at 3 o'clock?"

"That again is correct."

"When you left the house at approximately 1.30, there were in this room only two clocks, the cuckoo clock and the grandfather clock. No others?"

"If I am to be absolutely accurate, I could not swear to that statement. Not having my sight I would not notice the absence or presence of anything not usually in the room. That is to say, the last time I can be sure of the contents of this room was when I dusted it early this morning. Everything then was in its place. I usually do this room myself, as cleaning women are apt to be careless with ornaments."

"Did you leave the house at all this morning?"

"Yes. I went at 10 o'clock as usual to the Aaronberg Institute. I have classes there until twelve-fifteen. I returned here at about quarter to one, made myself some scrambled eggs in the kitchen and a cup of tea and went out again, as I have said, at half past one. I ate my meal in the kitchen, by the way, and did not come into this room."

"I see," said Hardcastle. "So while you can say definitely that at 10 o'clock this morning there were no superfluous clocks here, they could possibly have been introduced some time during the morning."

"As to that you would have to ask my cleaning woman, Mrs. Curtin. She

comes here about ten and usually leaves about twelve o'clock. She lives at 17 Dipper Street."

"Thank you, Miss Pebmarsh. Now we are left with these following facts and this is where I want you to give me any ideas or suggestions that occur to you. At some time during today four clocks were brought here. The hands of these four clocks were set at thirteen minutes past four. Now does that time suggest anything to you?"

Miss Pebmarsh shook her head. "Nothing at all."

"Now we pass from the clocks to the dead man. It seems unlikely that he would have been let in by your cleaning woman and left in the house by her unless you had told her you were expecting him, but that we can learn from her. He came here presumably to see you for some reason, either a business one or a private one. Between one-thirty and two-forty-five he was stabbed and killed. If he came here by appointment, you say you know nothing of it. Presumably he was connected with insurance — but there again you cannot help us. The door was unlocked so he could have come in and sat down to wait for you — but why?"

"The whole thing's daft," said Miss Pebmarsh impatiently. "So you think that this — what's-his-name Curry — brought those clocks with him?"

"There's no sign of a container anywhere," said Hardcastle. "He could hardly have brought four clocks in his pockets. Now, Miss Pebmarsh, think very carefully. Is there any association in your mind, any suggestion you could possibly make about anything to do with clocks, or if not with clocks, say with time. 4.13. Thirteen minutes past four?"

She shook her head. A young constable looked in. Hardcastle went to join him in the hall and from there went down to the gate. He spoke for a few minutes to the men.

"You can take the young lady home now," he said. "14 Palmerston Road is the address."

He went back and into the dining-room. Though the open door to the kitchen he could hear Miss Pebmarsh busy at the sink. He stood in the doorway.

"I shall want to take those clocks, Miss Pebmarsh. I'll leave you a receipt for them."

"That will be quite all right, Inspector — they don't belong to me."

Hardcastle turned to Sheila Webb.

"You can go home now, Miss Webb. The police car will take you. Just see her into the car, will you, Colin?" said Hardcastle as he pulled a chair to the table and started to scribble a receipt.

Colin and Sheila went out

and started down the path. Sheila paused suddenly.

"My gloves — I left them —"

"I'll get them."

"No — I know just where I put them. I don't mind now — now that they've taken it away."

She ran back and rejoined him a moment or two later.

Hardcastle joined them as Sheila entered the car. Then, as it drove away, he turned to the young constable.

"I want those clocks in the sitting-room packed up carefully — all except the cuckoo clock on the wall and the big grandfather clock."

He gave a few more directions and then turned to his friend.

"I'm going places. Want to come?"

"Suits me," said Colin.

Colin's Narrative

"Where are we going?" I asked Dick Hardcastle.

"Cavendish Secretarial Bureau. It's on Palace Street, up toward the Esplanade on the right. And then the cleaning woman, in that order," said Hardcastle. "Because the time is getting on. He glanced at his watch. 'Nearly four o'clock.' He paused before adding, 'Rather an attractive girl?'"

"Quite," I said.

He cast an amused look in my direction.

"But she told a very remarkable story. The sooner it's checked up on, the better."

"You don't think that she —"

He cut me short.

"I'm always interested in people who find bodies."

"But that girl was half mad with fright! If you had heard the way she was screaming —"

"And how did you come to be wandering about in Wilbraham Crescent, Colin? Admiring our genteel Victorian architecture? Or had you a purpose?"

"I had a purpose. I was looking for Number 61 — and I couldn't find it. Possibly it doesn't exist?"

"It exists all right. The numbers go up to — 88, I think."

"But look here, Dick, when I came to Number 28, Wilbraham Crescent just petered out."

"It's always puzzling to strangers. If you'd turned to the right up Albany Road and then turned to the right again you'd have found yourself on the other half of Wilbraham Crescent. It's built back to back, you see. The gardens back on each other."

"I see," I said, when he had explained this peculiar geography at length. "Like those Squares and Gardens in London. You start down one side of a square, and then it suddenly becomes a Place or Gardens. Anyway, there is a 61. Any idea who lives there?"

"Sixty-one? Let me see

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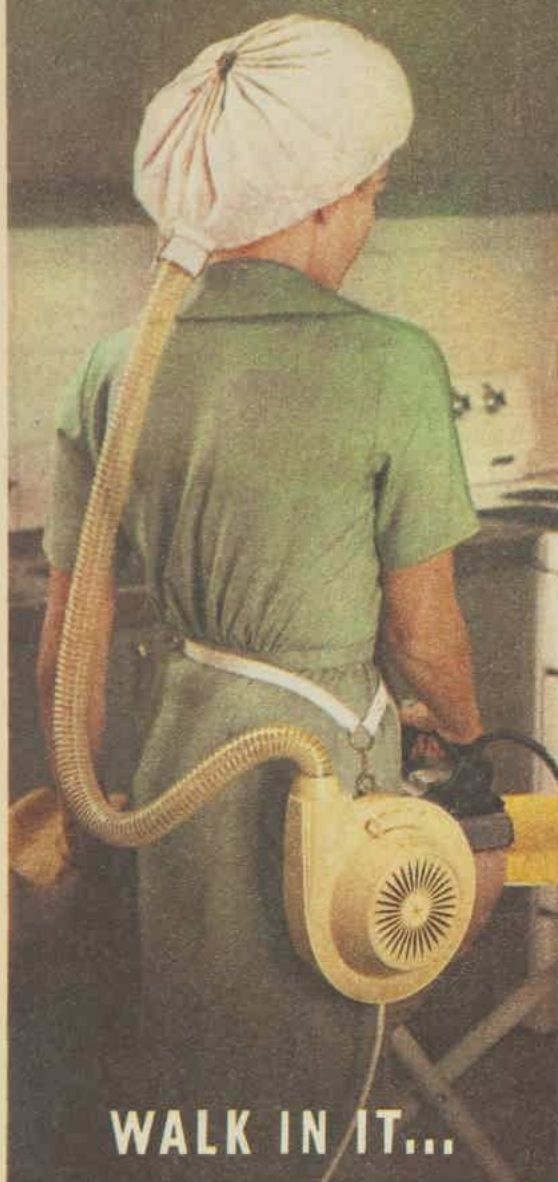
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1963

THE CLOCKS

"Yes, that would be Bland the builder."

"No. I don't fancy a builder at all. Unless — perhaps he's only just come here recently — just started up."

"Bland was born here, I think. He's certainly a local man — been in business for years. He came into a lot of money about a year ago — he rather his wife did. She's a Canadian, came over here in the war and met Bland. Her family didn't want her to marry him and more or less put her off when she did, then last year a great-uncle died, his only son had been killed in an air crash and what with war casualties and one thing and another Mrs. Bland was the only one left of the family. So he left his money to her. That saved Bland from going bankrupt, I believe."

"You seem to know a lot about Mr. Bland."

"Oh, that — well, you see, the Inland Revenue are always interested when a man suddenly gets rich overnight. They wonder if he's doing a little fiddling and salting away — so they checked up and it was all O.K."

"In any case," I said. "I'm not interested in a man who has suddenly got rich. It's not the kind of set-up that I'm looking for."

"No? You've had that, haven't you?"

I nodded.

"And finished with it? Or — not finished with it?"

"It's something of a story," I said evasively. "Are we dining together tonight as planned — or will this business put paid to all that?"

"No, that will be all right. At the moment the first thing to do is set the machinery in motion. We want to find out all about Mr. Curry. In all probability once we know just who he is and what he does, we'll have a pretty good idea as to who wanted him out of the way." He looked out of the window. "Here we are."

The Cavendish Typewriting Secretarial Bureau was situated in the main shopping street, called rather grandly Palace Street. It had been adapted, like many other of the establishments there, from a Victorian house.

Hardcastle and I walked up the four steps, passed through the open front door, and, obeying the legend on a door on the right which said "Please Enter," entered. It was a good-sized room and three young women were typing with assiduity. Two of them continued to type, paying no attention to the entrance of strangers. The third one who was typing at a table with a telephone, directly opposite the door, stopped and looked at us inquiringly.

"Miss Martindale?" said Hardcastle.

"I think she's engaged at the moment on the telephone —" At that moment there was a click and the girl

picked up the telephone receiver and fiddled with a switch and said: "Two gentlemen to see you, Miss Martindale." She looked at us and asked, "Can I have your names, please?"

"Hardcastle," said Dick. "A Mr. Hardcastle, Miss Martindale." She replaced the receiver and rose. "This way, please," she said, going to a door which she opened to let us pass, said, "Mr. Hardcastle," and shut the door behind us.

Miss Martindale looked up at us from a large desk behind which she was sitting. She was an efficient looking woman with a pompadour of pale red hair and an alert glance.

Dick took out one of his official cards and handed it to her. I effaced myself by taking an upright chair by the door.

Miss Martindale's sandy eyebrows rose in surprise and a certain amount of displeasure.

"Detective-Inspector Hardcastle? What can I do for you, Inspector?"

"I have come to you to ask for a little information, Miss Martindale. I think you may be able to help me."

I was studying the general layout. On the walls above Miss Martindale's desk were hung a collection of signed photographs. I recognised one as that of Mrs. Ariadne Oliver, detective writer, with whom I was slightly acquainted. "Sincerely yours, Ariadne Oliver," was written across it in a bold black hand. "Yours gratefully, Garry Gregory" adorned another photograph of a thriller writer who had died about sixteen years ago. "Yours ever Moham" adorned the photograph of Miriam Hogg, a woman writer who specialised in romance. Sex was represented by a photograph of a timid-looking balding man, signed in tiny writing, "Gratefully, Armand Levine."

Whilst I was using my eyes, Hardcastle was proceeding with his questions.

"I believe you employ a girl called Sheila Webb?"

"That is correct. I am afraid she is not here at present—at least—"

She touched a buzzer and spoke to the outer office.

"No, Miss Martindale, not yet."

Miss Martindale switched off.

"She went out on an assignment earlier this afternoon," she explained. "I thought she might have been back by now. It is possible she has gone on to the Cur-

lew Hotel at the end of the Esplanade where she had an appointment at five o'clock."

"I see," said Hardcastle. "Can you tell me something about Miss Sheila Webb?"

"I can't tell you very much," said Miss Martindale. "She has been here for—let me see, yes, I should say close on a year now. Her work has proved quite satisfactory."

"Do you know where she worked before she came to you?"

"I dare say I could find out for you if you specially want the information. Inspector Hardcastle. Her references will be filed somewhere."

"You say she is good at her job?"

"Fully adequate," said Miss Martindale.

"Do you know her personally, apart from your office relations?"

"No. She lives, I believe, with an aunt." Here Miss Martindale got slightly restive. "May I ask, Inspector Hardcastle, why you are asking all these questions? Has the girl got herself into trouble in any way?"

"I would not quite say that, Miss Martindale. Do you know a Miss Millicent Pebmarsh?"

"Pebmarsh," said Miss Martindale, wrinkling her sandy brows. "Now when—ah, of course. It was to Miss Pebmarsh's house that Sheila went this afternoon. The appointment was for three o'clock."

"How was that appointment made, Miss Martindale?"

"By telephone. Miss Pebmarsh rang, and said she wanted the services of a shorthand typist, and would I send her Miss Webb."

"She asked for Sheila Webb particularly?"

"Yes."

"What time was this call put through?"

"It came through to me direct. That would mean that it was in the lunch hour. As near as possible I would say that it was about ten minutes to two. Before two o'clock at all events. Ah, yes, I see I made a note on my pad. It was 1.49 precisely."

"It was Miss Pebmarsh herself who spoke to you?"

"I presume so."

"But you didn't recognise her voice? You didn't know her personally?"

"No. I don't know her. She said that she was Miss Millicent Pebmarsh, gave me her address, a number in Wilbraham Crescent. Then, as I say, she asked for Sheila Webb, if she was free, to come to her at 3 o'clock."

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THE CLOCKS

It was a clear, definite statement. I thought that Miss Martindale would make an excellent witness.

"If you would kindly tell me what all this is about?" said Miss Martindale with slight impatience.

"Well, you see, Miss Martindale, Miss Pebmarsh herself denies making any such call."

"Indeed! How extraordinary."

"You, on the other hand, say such a call was made, but you cannot say definitely that it was Miss Pebmarsh who made that call."

"No, of course I can't say definitely. I don't know the woman. But really, I can't see the point of doing such a thing. Was it a hoax of some kind?"

"Rather more than that," said

Hardcastle. "Did this Miss Pebmarsh—or whoever it was—give any reason for wanting Miss Sheila Webb particularly?"

"I think she said that Sheila Webb had done work for her before."

"And is that in fact so?"

"Sheila said she had no recollection of having done anything for Miss Pebmarsh. But that is not quite conclusive, Inspector. After all, the girls go out so often to different people at different places that they would be unlikely to remember if it had taken place some months ago. But really, Inspector, even if this was a hoax, I cannot see where your interest comes in?"

"I am just coming to that. When Miss Webb arrived at 19, Wilbra-

ham Crescent she walked into the house and into the sitting-room. She has told me that those were the directions given her. You agree?"

"Quite right," said Miss Martindale. "Miss Pebmarsh said that she might be a little late in getting home and that Sheila was to go in and wait."

"When Miss Webb went into the sitting-room," continued Hardcastle, "she found a dead man lying on the floor."

"Did you say a dead man, Inspector?"

"A murdered man," said Hardcastle. "Stabbed, actually."

"Dear, dear," said Miss Martin-

dale. "The girl must have been very upset."

"Does the name of Curry mean anything to you, Miss Martindale? Mr. R. H. Curry?"

"I don't think so, no."

"From the Metropolitan and Provincial Insurance Company?"

Miss Martindale continued to shake her head.

"You see my dilemma," said the inspector. "You say Miss Pebmarsh telephoned to you and asked for Sheila Webb to go to her house at 3 o'clock. Miss Pebmarsh denies doing any such thing. Sheila Webb gets there. She finds a dead man there." He waited hopefully.

Miss Martindale looked at him blankly.

"It all seems to me wildly improbable," she said disapprovingly.

Dick Hardcastle sighed and got up.

"Nice place you've got here," he said politely. "You've been in business some time, haven't you?"

"Fifteen years. We have done extremely well. Starting in quite a small way, we have extended the business until we have almost more than we can cope with."

"You do a good deal of literary work, I see." Hardcastle was looking up at the photographs on the wall.

"Yes, to start with I specialised in authors. I had been secretary to the well-known thriller writer Mr. Garry Gregson for many years. In fact, it was with a legacy from him that I started this Bureau. My specialised knowledge of authors' requirements came in very useful. I offer a very helpful service in the way of necessary research—dates and quotations, inquiries as to legal points and police procedure, and details of poison schedules. All that sort of thing."

Miss Martindale paused. Hardcastle said politely: "I'm sure you have every cause to congratulate yourself."

He moved toward the door. It opened ahead of him.

In the outer office, the three girls were preparing to leave. Coveralls had been placed on typewriters. The receptionist, Edna, was standing forlornly, holding in one hand a stiletto heel and in the other a shoe from which it had been torn.

SHE was saying, "I've only had them a month. And they were quite expensive. It's that beastly grating—the one at the corner by the cake shop quite near here. I caught my heel in it and off it came. I couldn't walk, had to take both shoes off and come back here with a couple of buns, and how I'll ever get home or get on to the bus I really don't know—"

At that moment our presence was noted, and Edna hastily concealed the offending shoe with an apprehensive glance toward Miss Martindale, whom I appreciated was not the sort of woman to approve of stiletto heels. She herself was wearing sensible flat-heeled leather shoes.

"Thank you, Miss Martindale," said Hardcastle. "I'm sorry to have taken so much of your time. If anything should occur to you—"

"Naturally," said Miss Martindale, cutting him short.

As we got into the car I said: "So Sheila Webb's story, in spite of your suspicions, turns out to have been quite true."

"All right, all right," said Dick. "You win."

"Mum!" said Ernie Curtin, desisting from his occupation of running a small metal model up and down the window pane, accompanying it with a semi-screaming, semi-moaning noise intended to reproduce a rocket ship going through outer space on its way to Venus. "Mum, what d'you think?"

Mrs. Curtin, a stern-faced woman who was busy washing up crockery in the sink, made no response.

"Mum, there's a police car drawn up outside our house."

"Don't tell no more of yer lies, Ernie," said Mrs. Curtin as she banged cups and saucers down on the draining-board. "You know what I've said to you about that before."

"I never," said Ernie virtuously. "And it's a police car, right enough, and there's two men gettin' out."

Mrs. Curtin whirled round on her offspring.

"What've you been doing now?" she demanded. "Bringing us into disgrace, that's what it is!"

At that moment the knocker was sounded. Wiping her hands quickly on the tea-towel, Mrs. Curtin went out into the passage and opened the door. She looked with defiance and doubt at the two men on her doorstep.

"Mrs. Curtin?" said the taller of the two pleasantly.

"That's right," said Mrs. Curtin.

"May I come in a moment? I'm Detective-Inspector Hardcastle."

Mrs. Curtin drew back rather unwillingly. She threw open a door



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THE CLOCKS

and motioned the inspector inside. It was a very neat, clean little room and gave the impression of seldom being entered, which impression was entirely correct.

Ernie, drawn by curiosity, came down the passage from the kitchen and sidled inside the door.

"Your son?" said Detective Inspector Hardcastle.

"Yes," said Mrs. Curtin, and added belligerently, "he's a good boy, no matter what you say."

"I'm so sure he is," said Detective Inspector Hardcastle politely.

Some of the defiance in Mrs. Curtin's face relaxed.

"I've come to ask you a few questions about 19 Wilbraham Crescent. You work there, I understand, for a Miss Millicent Pebmarsh."

"Yes, I work for Miss Pebmarsh. A very nice lady."

"Blind," said Detective Inspector Hardcastle.

"Yes, poor soul. But you'd never know it. Wonderful the way she can put her hand on anything and find her way about. Goes out in the street, too, and over the crossings."

"You work there in the mornings?"

"That's right. I come about half past nine to ten, and leave at twelve o'clock or when I'm finished." Then sharply, "You're not saying as anything 'as been stolen, are you?"

"Quite the reverse," said the inspector, thinking of four clocks.

Mrs. Curtin looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

"A man was found dead in the sitting-room at 19 Wilbraham Crescent this afternoon."

"Dead?" said Mrs. Curtin unbelievably. And with even more disbelief, "in the sitting-room?"

"Yes. He'd been stabbed."

"You mean it's murder?"

"Yes, murder."

"I don't know anything about murder," said Mrs. Curtin positively.

"No, but there are one or two points that have arisen. This morning, for instance, did any man call at the house?"

"Not that I can remember. Not today. What sort of man was he?"

"An elderly man about 60, respectably dressed in a dark suit. He

may have represented himself as an insurance agent."

"I wouldn't have let him in," said Mrs. Curtin. "No insurance agents, anything of that sort. Miss Pebmarsh doesn't hold with selling at the door, and neither do I. Who found him—Miss Pebmarsh?"

"A young lady, a shorthand typist, had arrived because, owing to a misunderstanding, she thought she'd been sent for to do some work for Miss Pebmarsh. It was she who discovered the body. Miss Pebmarsh returned almost at the same moment."

"What a to-do," Mrs. Curtin said.

"The man's name, according to a card that was on him, was Mr.

Curry. Have you ever heard that name?"

Mrs. Curtin shook her head.

"We may ask you at some time," said Inspector Hardcastle, "to look at this man's body and tell us if he is a man you have ever seen in Wilbraham Crescent or calling at the house before. Miss Pebmarsh is quite positive he has never been there. Now there are various small points I would like to know. Can you recall offhand how many clocks there are in the sitting-room?"

"There's that big clock in the corner, grandfather they call it, and there's the cuckoo clock on the wall. It springs out and says 'cuckoo.' Doesn't half make you

jump sometimes." She added hastily. "I didn't touch neither of them. I never do. Miss Pebmarsh likes to wind them herself."

"There's nothing wrong with them," the inspector assured her. "You're sure these were the only two clocks in the room this morning?"

"Of course. What others should there be?"

"There was not, for instance, a small square silver clock, what they call a carriage clock, or a little gilt clock—on the mantelpiece, that was, or a china clock with flowers on it—or a leather clock with the name Rosemary written across the corner?"

"Of course there wasn't. No such thing."

"Each of these four clocks represented a time about an hour later

than the cuckoo clock and the grandfather clock."

"Must have been foreign," said Mrs. Curtin. "Me and my old man went on a coach trip to Switzerland and Italy once and it was a whole hour further on there."

"Can you tell me exactly when you left Miss Pebmarsh's house this morning?"

"Quarter past twelve, near as nothing," said Mrs. Curtin.

"Was Miss Pebmarsh in the house then?"

"No, she hadn't come back. She usually comes back some time between twelve and half past, but it varies."

"And she had left the house—when?"

"Before I got there. Ten o'clock my time."

To page 82



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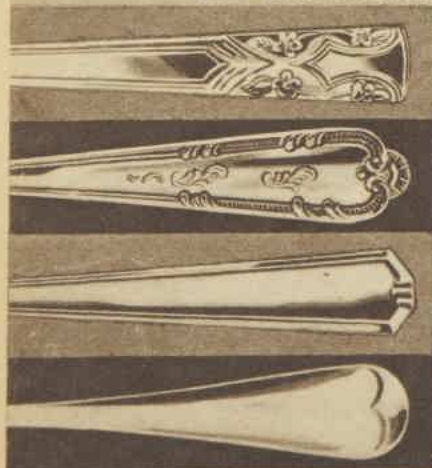
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G123

Continued from page 81

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Curtin."

"Seems queer about these clocks," said Mrs. Curtin. "Perhaps Miss Pebmarsh had been to a sale. Antiques, were they? They sound like it by what you say."

"Does Miss Pebmarsh often go to sales?"

Mrs. Curtin shook her head.

"Not that I've ever known her, but, of course, there's no saying in sales, is there? I mean, you get carried away."

She shook her head darkly. Feeling that he had no more to learn for the moment, Inspector Hardcastle departed. Ernie then made his contribution to the subject that had been under discussion.

"Miss Pebmarsh couldn't have done 'im in, could she?" he suggested yearningly.

"Don't talk so silly," said his mother. A thought crossed her mind.

"I wonder now if I ought to have told him—"

"Told him what, Mum?"

"Never you mind," said Mrs. Curtin. "It was nothing, really."

Colin's Narrative

When we had put ourselves outside two good underdone steaks, washed down with draught beer, Dick Hardcastle gave a sigh of comfortable repletion, announced that he felt better, and said: "To hell with dead insurance agents, fancy clocks, and screaming girls! Let's hear about you, Colin. I thought you'd finished with this part of the world. And here you are wandering about the back streets of Crowdean. No scope for a marine biologist at Crowdean, I can assure you."

"Don't you sneer at marine biology, Dick. It's a very useful subject. The mere mention of it so bores people and they're so afraid you're going to talk about it, that you never have to explain yourself further."

"No chance of giving yourself away, eh?"

"You forget," I said coldly, "that I am a marine biologist. I took a degree in it at Cambridge. It's a very interesting subject and one day I'm going back to it."

"I know what you've been working on, of course," said Hardcastle. "And congratulations to you. Larkin's trial comes on next month, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Amazing the way he managed to carry on passing stuff out for so long. You'd think somebody would have suspected."

"They didn't, you know. When you've got into your head that a fellow is a thoroughly good chap, it

doesn't occur to you that he mightn't be."

"He must have been clever," Dick commented.

"No, I don't think he was, really. I think he just did as he was told. He had access to very important documents. He walked out with them, they were photographed and returned to him, and they were back again where they belonged the same day. Good organisation there. He made a habit of lunching at different places every day. We think that he hung up his overcoat where there was always an overcoat exactly like it — though the man who wore the other overcoat wasn't always the same man. The overcoats were switched, but the man who switched them never spoke to Larkin, and Larkin never spoke to him. It was all very well planned, with perfect timing. Somebody had brains."

"And that's why you're still hanging round the Naval Station at Portlebury?"

"Yes, we know the Naval end of it and we know the London end. We know just when and where Larkin got his pay and how. But there's a gap. In between the two there's a pretty little bit of organisation. That's the part we'd like to know more about, because that's the part where the brains are. Somewhere there's a very good headquarters, with excellent planning, which leaves a trail that is confused not once but probably about seven or eight times."

HARDCASTLE

was curious. "What did Larkin do it for? Political idealist? Boosting his ego? Or plain money?"

"He was no idealist," I said. "Just money, I'd say."

"Couldn't you have got on to him sooner that way? He spent the money, didn't he? He didn't salt it away."

"Oh, no. He splashed it about, all right. Actually, we got on to him a little sooner than we're admitting."

Hardcastle nodded his head understandingly.

"I see. You tumbled and then you used him for a bit. Is that it?"

"More or less. He had passed out some quite valuable information before we got on to him, so we let him pass out more information, also apparently valuable. In the Service I belong to we have to resign ourselves to looking fools now and again."

"I don't think I'd care for your job, Colin," said Hardcastle.

"It's not the exciting job that people think it is," I said. "As a matter of fact, it's usually remarkably tedious. But

there's something beyond that. Nowadays one gets the feeling that nothing really is secret. We know their secrets and they know our secrets. Our agents are very often their agents, too, and their agents are very often our agents. And in the end who is double-crossing who becomes a kind of nightmare. Sometimes I think that everybody knows everybody else's secrets and that they enter into a kind of conspiracy to pretend that they don't."

"I can see why you should be still hanging around Portlebury. But Crowdean's a good ten miles from Portlebury."

"What I'm really after," I said, "are Crescents."

"Crescents?" Hardcastle looked puzzled.

"Yes. Or, alternatively, moons. New moons, rising moons, and so on. I started my quest in Portlebury itself. There's a pub there called The Crescent Moon. I wasted a long time over that. It sounded ideal. Then there's The Moon and the Stars, The Rising Moon, The Jolly Sickle, The Cross, and The Crescent — that was in a little place called Seamede. Nothing doing. Then I abandoned moons and started on Crescents. Several Crescents in Portlebury. Lansbury Crescent, Aldridge Crescent, Livermead Crescent, Victoria Crescent."

I caught sight of Dick's bewildered face and began to laugh.

"Don't look so much at sea, Dick. I had something tangible to start me off."

I took out my wallet, extracted a sheet of paper, and passed it over to him. It was a single sheet of hotel writing paper on which a rough sketch had been drawn.

"A chap called Hanbury had this in his wallet. Hanbury did a lot of work in the Larkin case. He was good — very good. He was run over by a hit-and-run car in London. Nobody got its number. I don't know what this means, but it's something that Hanbury jotted down, or copied, because he thought it was important. Some idea that he had? Or something that he'd

To page 84

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napro



Continued from page 82

seen or heard? Something to do with a moon or crescent, the number 61, and the initial W. I took over after his death.

"I don't know what I'm looking for yet, but I'm pretty sure there's something to find. I don't know what 61 means. I don't know what W means. I've been working in a radius from Portlebury outwards. Three weeks of unremitting and unrewarding toil. Crowdean is on my route. That's all there is to it. Frankly, Dick, I didn't expect very much of Crowdean. There's only one Crescent here. That's Wilbraham Crescent. Fits in rather nicely with W, doesn't it? I was going to have a walk along Wilbraham Crescent and see what I thought of Number 61 before asking you if you'd got any dope that could help me. That's what I was doing this afternoon — but I couldn't find Number 61."

"As I told you, 61 is occupied by a local builder."

"And that's not what I'm after. Have they got a foreign help of any kind?"

"Could be. A good many people do nowadays. If so, she'll be registered. I'll look it up for you by tomorrow."

"Thanks, Dick."

"I'll be making routine inquiries tomorrow at the two houses on either side of 19. Whether they saw anyone come to the house, et cetera. I might include the houses directly behind 19, the ones whose gardens adjoin it. I rather think that 61 is almost directly behind 19. I could take you along with me if you liked."

I closed with the offer greedily.

"I'll be your Sergeant Lamb and take shorthand notes."

We agreed that I should

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE CLOCKS

come to the Police station at 9.30 the following morning.

I arrived the next morning promptly at the agreed hour and found my friend literally fuming with rage.

When he had dismissed an unhappy subordinate, I inquired delicately what had happened.

For a moment Hardcastle seemed unable to speak. Then he spluttered out: "Those damned clocks!"

"The clocks again? What's happened now?"

"One of them is missing."

"Missing? Which one?"

"The leather travelling clock. The one with 'Rosemary' across the corner."

I whistled.

"That seems very extraordinary. How did it come about?"

"Well, the clocks were there all right yesterday in the sitting-room. I got Miss Pebmarsh to feel them all to see if they felt familiar. She couldn't help. Then they came to remove the body."

"Yes?"

"I went out to the gate to supervise, then I came back to the house, spoke to Miss Pebmarsh, who was in the kitchen, and said I must take the clocks away and would give her a receipt for them."

"I remember. I heard you."

"Then I told the girl I'd send her home in one of our cars, and I asked you to see her into it."

"Yes."

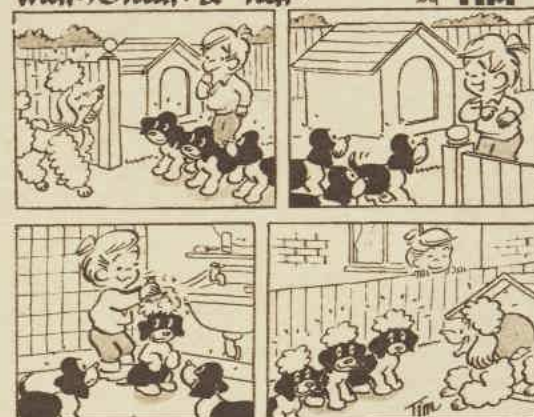
"I gave Miss Pebmarsh the receipt, though she said it wasn't necessary since the clocks weren't hers. Then I joined you. I told Edwards I wanted the clocks in the sitting-room packed up carefully and brought here. All of them except the cuckoo clock and, of course, the grandfather. And that's where I went wrong. I should have said, quite definitely, four clocks. Edwards says he went in at once and did as I told him. He insists there were only three clocks other than the two fixtures."

"That doesn't give much

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



time," I said slowly. "It means—"

"The Pebmarsh woman could have done it. She could have picked up the clock after I left the room and gone straight to the kitchen with it."

"True enough. But why?"

"We've got a lot to learn. Is there anybody else? Could the girl have done it?"

I reflected. "I don't think so. We were just going out to the police car," I said unhappily. "She'd left her gloves behind. I said, 'I'll get them for you,' and she said, 'Oh, I know just where I must have dropped them. I don't mind going into that room now that the body's gone,' and she ran back into the house. But she was only a minute—"

"Did she have her gloves on or in her hand when she rejoined you?"

I hesitated. "Yes — yes, I think she did."

"Obviously she didn't," said Hardcastle, "or you wouldn't have hesitated."

"She probably stuffed them in her bag."

"The trouble is," said Hardcastle in an accusing manner, "you've fallen for that girl."

"Don't be idiotic," I defended myself vigorously. "I saw her for the first time yesterday afternoon and it wasn't exactly what you'd call a romantic introduction."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Hardcastle. "It isn't every day that young men have girls falling into their arms screaming for help in the approved Victorian fashion. Makes a man feel a hero and a gallant protector. Only you've got to stop protecting her. That's all. So far as you know, that girl may be up to the neck in this murder business."

"Are you saying that this slip of a girl stuck a knife into a man, hid it somewhere so carefully that none of your sleuths could find it,

To page 86

Men can be so thoughtless!



Imagine how I felt. We were looking at my high school photo album when my husband said, "Was Peggy in your class? She always looked younger to me!"



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

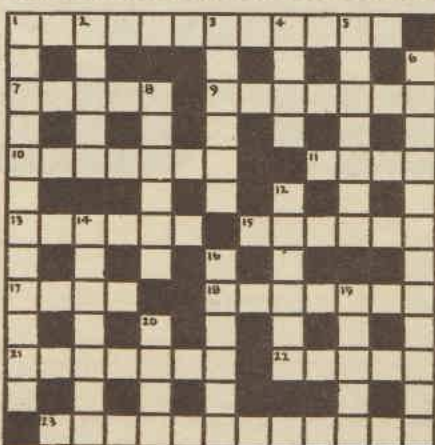
AS Joan dresses in her wedding gown, there is a blinding flash and the spaceship carrying Rolo 19 arrives. For the first time Joan sees him as a man and not just an image. NOW READ ON.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This may be a metallic council, managing the laundry industry? (7-5).
7. The ego as subject of writing? (5).
9. On a tomb, having a hat and pipe (7).
10. Lost tie (rhetorical anagr., 7).
11. Arts shining in heaven (4).
13. Sing to bars of gold (6).
15. No critic without such acid (6).
17. The sea eagle (4).
18. My ant on a word which is contrary to another (7).
21. You need a hooked needle for this knitting (7).
22. Steal in a bird (5).
23. They snip flowers, but in cricket matches they never leave the ground (5-7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Sagacity (12).
2. Nothing on heraldic green when public (5).
3. In this oily matter one can see rag (6).
4. The chief Northern god (4).
5. Rare lot (anagr., 7).
6. The contrary of long goings are defects (5-7).
8. Thing that has real existence (6).
12. Father of antiseptic surgery (6).
14. A boat in Venice (7).
16. Mother's tic in a resin (6).
19. Of exalted rank and once a coin (5).
20. Hits, maybe, but it is not the other (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION

16

for all the family in
Everybody's



then deliberately rushed out of the house and did a screaming act all over me?"

"You'd be surprised at what I've seen in my time," said Hardcastle darkly.

"Don't you realise," I demanded indignantly, "that my life has been full of beautiful spies of every nationality? All of them with vital statistics. I'm immune to all female allurements."

"Everybody meets his Waterloo in the end," said Hardcastle. "It all depends on the type. Sheila Webb seems to be your type."

"Anyway, I can't see why you're so set on fastening it on her."

"I'm not fastening it on her—but I've got to start somewhere. The

body was found in Pebmarsh's house. That involves her. The body was found by the Webb girl—I don't need to tell you how often the first person to find a dead body is the same as the person who last saw him alive. Until more facts turn up, those two remain in the picture."

"When I went into that room at just after 3 o'clock, the body had been dead at least half an hour, probably longer. How about that?"

"Sheila Webb had her lunch hour from 1.30 to 2.30."

I looked at him in exasperation.

"What have you found out about Curry?"

Hardcastle said with unexpected bitterness: "Nothing!"

"What do you mean—nothing?" "Just that he doesn't exist—there's no such person."

"What do the Metropolitan Insurance Company say?"

"They've nothing to say, either, because there's no such thing. The Metropolitan and Provincial Insurance Company doesn't exist. As far as Mr. Curry from Danvers Street goes, there's no Mr. Curry, no Danvers Street, number 7 or any other number."

"Interesting," I said. "You mean he just had some bogus cards printed with a bogus name, address, and insurance company?"

"Presumably."

"What is the big idea, do you think?"

Hardcastle shrugged his shoulders.

"At the moment it's guesswork. Perhaps he collected bogus premiums. Perhaps it was a way of introducing himself into houses and working some confidence trick. He may have been a swindler or a confidence trickster or a picker-up of unconsidered trifles or a private inquiry agent. We just don't know."

"But you'll find out."

"Oh, yes, we'll know in the end. We sent up his fingerprints to see if he's got a record of any kind. If he has it'll be a big step on the way. If he hasn't, it'll be rather more difficult."

"A private dick," I said thoughtfully. "I rather like that. It opens up—possibilities."

"Possibilities are all we've got so far."

"When's the inquest?"

"Day after tomorrow. Purely formal, and an adjournment."

"What's the medical evidence?"

"Oh, stabbed with a sharp instrument. Something like a kitchen vegetable knife."

I SAID thoughtfully:

"That rather lets out Miss Pebmarsh, doesn't it? A blind woman would hardly be able to stab a man. She really is blind, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she's blind. We checked up. And she's exactly what she says she is. She was a teacher of mathematics in a North Country school—lost her sight about sixteen years ago—took up training in braille, etc., and finally got a post with the Aaronberg Institute here."

"She could be mental, I suppose?"

"With a fixation on clocks and insurance agents?"

"It really is all too fantastic for words," I couldn't help speaking with some enthusiasm. "Like Ariadne Oliver in her worst moments, or the late Garry Gregson at the top of his form—"

"Go on—enjoy yourself. You're not the wretched D.D.I. in charge. You haven't got to satisfy a superintendent or a chief constable and all the rest of it."

"Oh, well! Perhaps we'll get something useful out of the neighbors."

"I doubt it," said Hardcastle bitterly. "If that man was stabbed in the front garden and two masked men carried him into the house—nobody would have looked out of the window or seen anything. This isn't a village, worse luck. Wilbraham Crescent is a genteel residential road. By one o'clock daily women who might have seen something have gone home. There's not even a pram being wheeled along—"

"No elderly invalid who sits all day by the window?"

"That's what we want—but that's not what we've got."

"Eighteen and twenty?"

"Eighteen is occupied by Mr. Waterhouse, managing clerk to Gainsford and Swettenham, solicitors, and his sister, who spends her time managing him. All I know about 20 is that the woman who lives there keeps about twenty cats. I don't like cats—"

I told him that a policeman's life was a short one, and we started off.

To be continued

(The novel "The Clocks" is published by William Collins.)

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RECIPE

½ cup chopped seeded raisins; ¼ cup chopped sultanas; ¼ cup minced peel; 2 ozs. glace cherries; 1 tab. cocoa; 2 cups milk; whipped cream sweetened and flavoured; 6 tabs. sugar; 1 dess. coffee essence; 1½ tabs. gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water; ½ cup evaporated milk; 2 tabs. brandy or sherry.

Method: Blend cocoa with milk, bring to boiling point. Add coffee essence, peel, raisins, sultanas and sugar. Simmer for 5 minutes, allow to become cold. Fold in dissolved gelatine, evaporated milk, cherries and brandy. Stir occasionally until mixture begins to thicken, then spoon into individual moulds or a large pudding basin. Chill until thoroughly set. Unmould and serve with whipped flavoured cream.

This recipe has been tested and is recommended by noted home economist Marjorie Miller.



CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box
11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

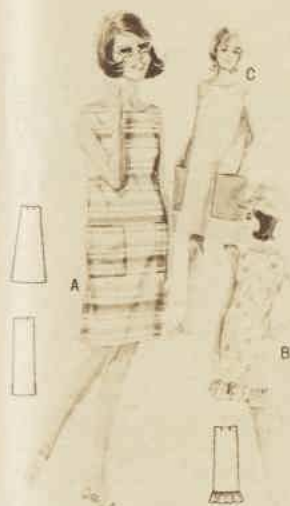
2730—Pretty, shallow-necked, side-pleated dress for party or street wear. Sleeveless or short sleeves. (A) Self-belt buttoning at sides, top-stitch trim. (B) Self-cord belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2730, price 5/3 includes postage.



2240—Easy-to-make front-buttoned dress with slashed shallow neckline, unmounted short sleeves, and front-pleated skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2240, price 5/3 includes postage.



2711—Sleeveless beach dress. (A) Shallow neck, semi-fit, with slit at side seams, patch pockets. (B) Self-ruffle at hemline. (C) Scoop-necked flared version with contrast pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2711, price 5/- includes postage.



2206—Softly bloused slim-skirted dress with popular inverted front pleat. High or shallow neck. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2206, price 5/3 includes postage.



9647—Toddler's outfit. (A) Back-buttoned shirt with short sleeves and short button-on pants. (B) Long button-on pants, braid-and-cord-trimmed shirt. (C) Front-buttoned shirt with short button-on pants. (D) Short play-suit with elasticised back. Sizes 1 1/2 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Butterick pattern 9647, price 4/6 includes postage.



9946—(A) Long muu-muu with curved double yoke, banded puffed sleeves. (B) Cool dress-length version with short straight sleeves, turned-back cuffs. (C) Cape sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 9946, price 5/- includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 11, 1963



*still over a barrel?
still half cleaning?
the hard hard way?*

Here are 5 good reasons why Hoover Constellation is your answer

HOOVER CONSTELLATION HAS 5 EXTRA FEATURES
YOU GET WITH NO OTHER CLEANER—FEATURES TO MAKE
CLEANING EASIER AND BETTER



EXCLUSIVE "WALK ON AIR." Only Constellation "glides" on its own air stream a fraction above the floor. With a Constellation there's no tugging, no dragging, no tipping over. No other cleaner moves so smoothly, so easily.



REVOLUTIONARY CLEANING HEAD. Exclusive to Hoover. Adjustable brush and carpet combs clean all floor surfaces—no need to change when you move from carpet to wood to linoleum. Glides easily on built-in nylon coasters.



EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE. Adds yards to your reach by stretching to twice the length of a normal hose. Lets you clean right up to the ceiling and on stairs without tugging or lifting. More flexible, too—easier to manage.



BIG CAPACITY THROW-AWAY DUST BAG. No other cleaner makes dust disposal so easy! Just flip open the lid, lift out the dust bag, and throw it away—or empty and use again. Larger capacity means less frequent emptying.



TELESCOPIC EXTENSION WAND. No extra tubes to fit together—Constellation has one lightweight telescopic wand. No separate tubes to fall apart—it simply snaps in or out, and nothing's out of reach.



PRICE
40 gns
less with
trade-in

HOOVER Constellation CLEANER

FOR EFFORTLESS CLEANING FROM FLOOR TO CEILING

HCI106WWHPM

Page 87

CHURCH



Enjoy a
Bushells
break



... and enjoy life! Whenever you're hard at work (or at play!) it's fun to stop every now and then for a friendly cup of Bushells Tea or Bushells Coffee. It's good sense, too ... after a Bushells Break, you go refreshed!

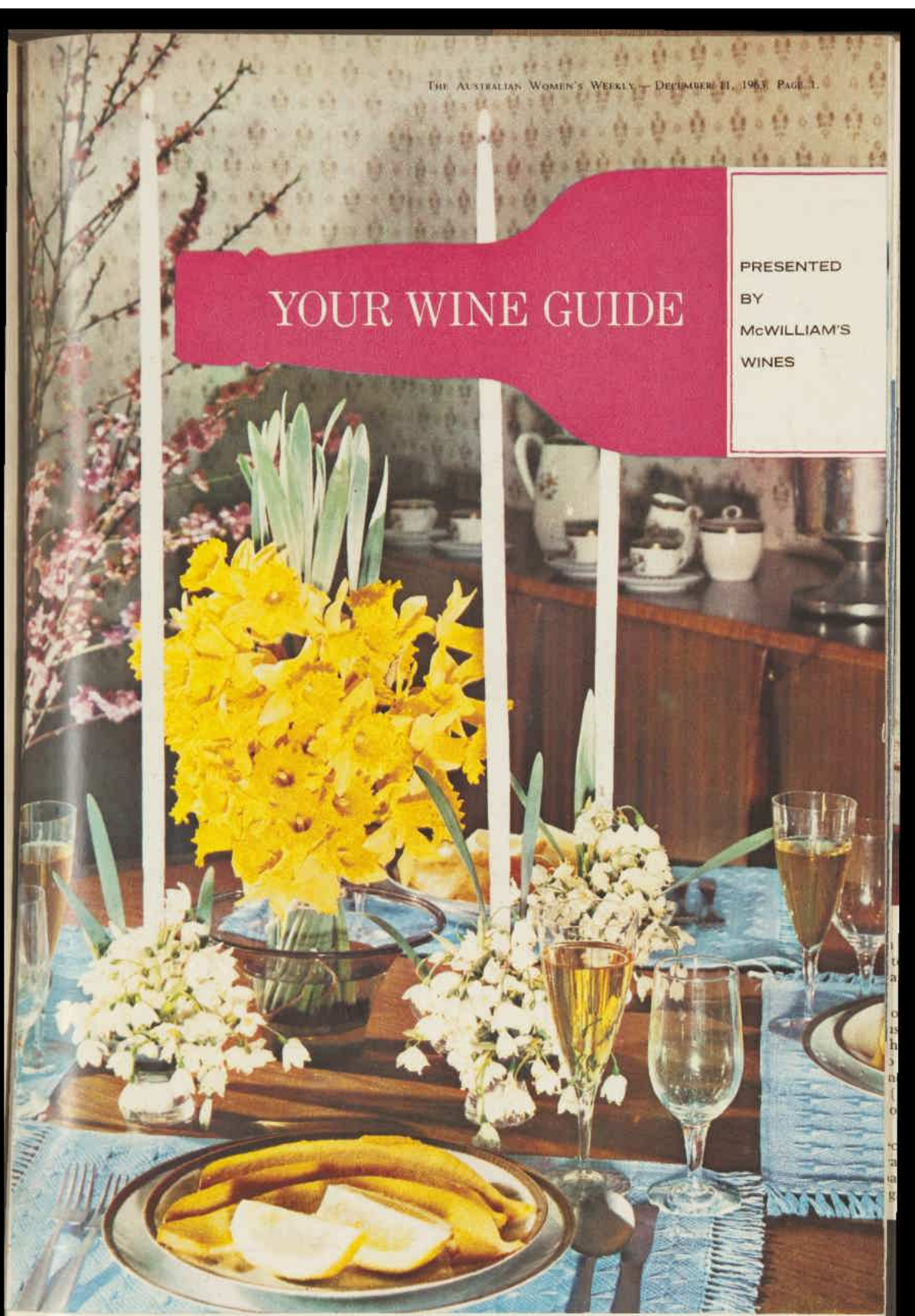
STOP for Bushells **GO** refreshed



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1965, PAGE 1.

YOUR WINE GUIDE

PRESENTED
BY
McWILLIAM'S
WINES



McWILLIAM'S TABLE WINES

LOVEDALE RIESLING

A dry white table wine of pale golden tint, with a delicate flavour and bouquet. Lovedale Riesling is a great favourite with sea foods, chicken and other white meats. Gold medal winner at the 1963 Australian Championship Wine Show and 1962 Royal Adelaide Show. Serve chilled.

ROSEDALE CLARET

Dry, delicate, fragrant, this choice red table wine is a favourite with most main-course dishes, particularly with red meats. Serve Rosedale Claret at room temperature. Gold medal winner at the 1962 International Wine Fair held at Ljubljana, Yugoslavia.

ROYAL RESERVE SAUTERNES

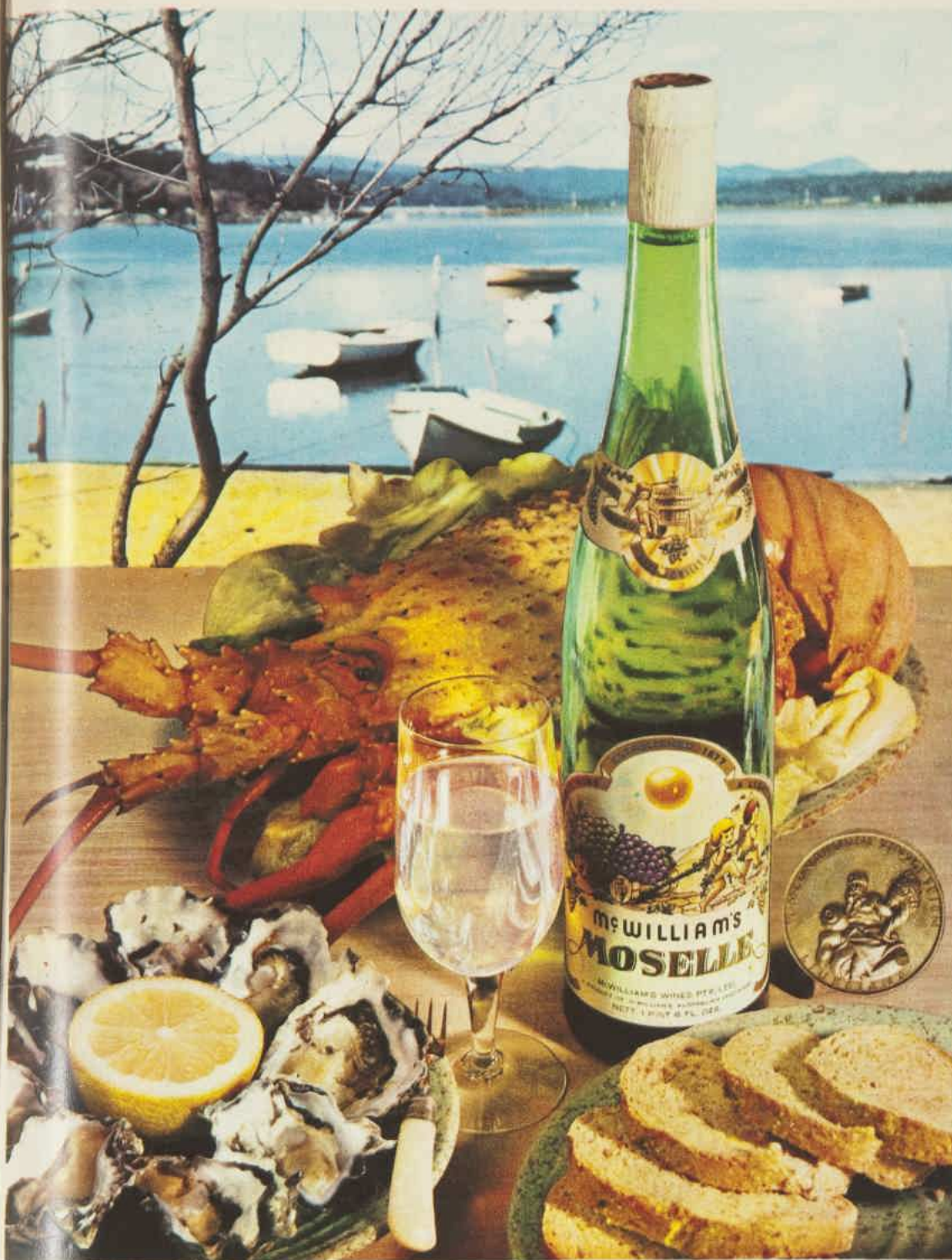
A sweet white wine of delicate flavour which retains the full fragrance and flavour of the grape. Sauternes as with all white table wines should be served chilled.

McWILLIAM'S MOSELLE

Here is a light delicate white table wine with the full aroma and flavour of the grapes from which it was made. McWilliam's Moselle is slightly sweet, well-balanced and crisp. It is a truly all-purpose white table wine which complements all foods. Delight your taste with the zest of this superb Moselle . . . at its best when served chilled. This is the Moselle that was awarded a gold medal at the 1963 International Wine Fair. It is the same Moselle you buy when you ask for McWilliam's Moselle.



WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963, PAGE 3.



A delicate dry white table wine made from Riesling grapes grown at Pokolbin in the Hunter Valley. Excellent with seafood, poultry, cheese dishes and salads.

McWILLIAM'S WINES—
WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS
INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR
LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963

VINTAGE WINES OF MOUNT PLEASANT

The soil, the warm sun, the growing of the grapes, the fermentation of the juice . . . these belong to nature. It is the way that nature is assisted—the choice of the land, the methods of making the wine, and the care and experience—that creates the delight of Mount Pleasant Vintage Wines. Acknowledged as among Australia's best, products of McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Vineyards have won many Australian Championships and gold medals in International Wine Fairs. Mount Pleasant pioneered the naming of wines by grape types, with their vintage wines rigidly separated into individual annual production. Further methods of distinguishing them are by giving them the name of the paddock in which the grapes were produced, or of various kings and queens.

McWILLIAM'S WINES—WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963



McWILLIAM'S MOUNT PLEASANT RIESLING 1961

From June, 1960, right through until November, 1960, the weather experienced in the Hunter Valley was unusually cool. This has resulted in the grapes for the 1961 Vintage ripening slightly unevenly and thus has produced wines which are more fresh and delicate than usual. This Riesling which was bottled in August, 1961, is a typical example of the excellent quality which can be expected in all Mount Pleasant Rieslings.

McWILLIAM'S MOUNT PLEASANT HERMITAGE 1961

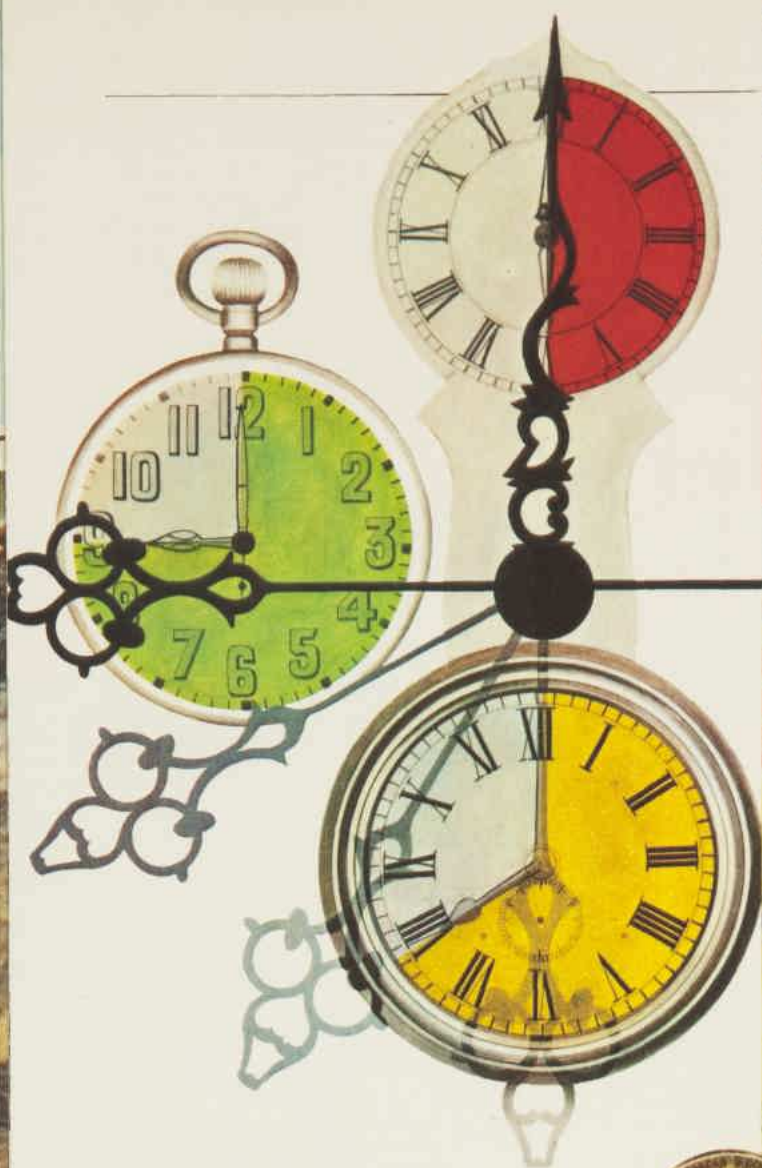
This wine was made from Hermitage grapes grown at Mount Pleasant where the soil is mostly volcanic basalt. A full robust style of wine with a great deal of flavour and a firm tannin finish, it should continue to improve for many years. It was matured in 1,000 gallon oak casks until bottled in September, 1962.

McWILLIAM'S MOUNT PLEASANT SAUTERNES 1958

Made from a blend of Riesling and White Hermitage grapes grown on sandy loam at Mount Pleasant, this sauternes has the generous bouquet and richness of flavour expected in a true sauternes. It was aged in 1,000 gallon casks until bottled in May, 1959.



serve
McWILLIAM'S
sherry
at any time



McWILLIAM'S CREAM SHERRY

From the very first sip you will recognise the special qualities of McWilliam's Cream Sherry. Rich, mild and mellow, here is a specially selected cream sherry suited for all occasions. For your own enjoyment, and for when friends drop in, always keep McWilliam's Cream Sherry in your home . . . it is Australia's most popular Cream Sherry.



This is the Cream Sherry that was awarded a gold medal at the 1963 International Wine Fair. It is the same Cream Sherry you buy when you ask for McWilliam's Cream Sherry.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963, PAGE 6



McWILLIAM'S GOLDEN SWEET SHERRY

Mellow, sweet and full bodied, perfected especially for those who like a fruity, mellow, sweet sherry, McWilliam's Golden Sweet Sherry is superb.

McWILLIAM'S SEMI-SWEET SHERRY

Your taste will tell you that McWilliam's Semi-Sweet Sherry is not too dry . . . not too sweet . . . the happy medium sherry preferred by many. It is a smooth, anytime sherry.

FINE OLD HANWOOD SWEET SHERRY

A sweet dessert wine, being a selection of vintages from 1941 to 1949 blended and bottled at our Hanwood winery early in 1956 and subsequently exhibited at the 1957 Royal Sydney Show in which it was awarded second to the most outstanding wine of the eight-championship classes.

McWILLIAM'S DRY FRIAR SHERRY

Here's a dry sherry with a subtle taste. Gently chilled, or on the rocks, its lingering delicate flavour lends a new delight to the before-meal appetiser. You'll enjoy it, and your friends will be grateful for an introduction to this fine sherry.

Most successful exhibitor Australian Championship Wine Show 1963

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963: PAGE 7.

VINTAGE 99 PORT

For entertaining . . . for dessert . . . McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port is a happy "anytime" wine, after meals with fruit and cheese, between meals with cake or biscuits, or by itself! Generous, mellow and rich with a flavour only age can give, Vintage 99 Port is the wine of good fellowship, the touch of gracious living.

FINE OLD HANWOOD PORT

Made from the grape variety Black Shiraz, a vine whose country of origin is France, where it is grown in the Valley of the Rhone and known as Syrah. In favourable years a proportion of the crop is often left on the vine for several weeks after the main crush. This gives us grapes of extreme richness and body. The vintages of 1948, 1951 and 1954 were years in which a "special" wine was reserved. This wine is a blend of these years, having been matured in the "wood" until 1962 when it was blended and bottled.

McWILLIAM'S dessert wines





McWilliam's Wines awarded the trophy for the most successful exhibitor at the 1963 Royal Melbourne Show.

McWILLIAM'S COCKTAILS

Entertaining is made easy with McWilliam's Cocktails. With the range of palate-pleasing McWilliam's Cocktails available you mix long drinks as easily as this: 1½ oz. Cocktail; fill tall glass with cold lemonade. If desired you can embellish with ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber. Serve ice cold.

McWILLIAM'S DRY VERMOUTH (French type)

An appetiser white wine flavoured with aromatic herbs. It is pale amber in colour. It may be served alone, well chilled, or in numerous mixed drinks.

McWILLIAM'S SWEET VERMOUTH (Italian type)

Rich, deep amber, full bodied and tangy sweet from its many herbs. Sweet Vermouth should be served chilled, by itself or as a base for many popular drinks.

McWILLIAM'S HANWOOD MUSCATEL 1951 VINTAGE

A liqueur wine of extreme richness and flavour made from Frontignac grapes grown at our Hanwood Vineyards. The name of this grape is a variation of "Frontignan," the name of a village near Montpellier, in Southern France, which is famed for its Muscat Wine and from where this variety originated. Hanwood Vineyards in the Riverina grow this grape to perfection.

McWILLIAM'S BRAEMAR BROWN MUSCAT

A mellow sweet dessert wine with the lingering taste of the muscat grape. Enjoy Braemar Brown Muscat during dessert and whenever you entertain.



McWilliam's Cocktail is available in the following flavours: Apricot — Banana — Cherry — Manhattan — Martini — Tropical Fruit.

WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963. PAGE 9.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963 — PAGE 10

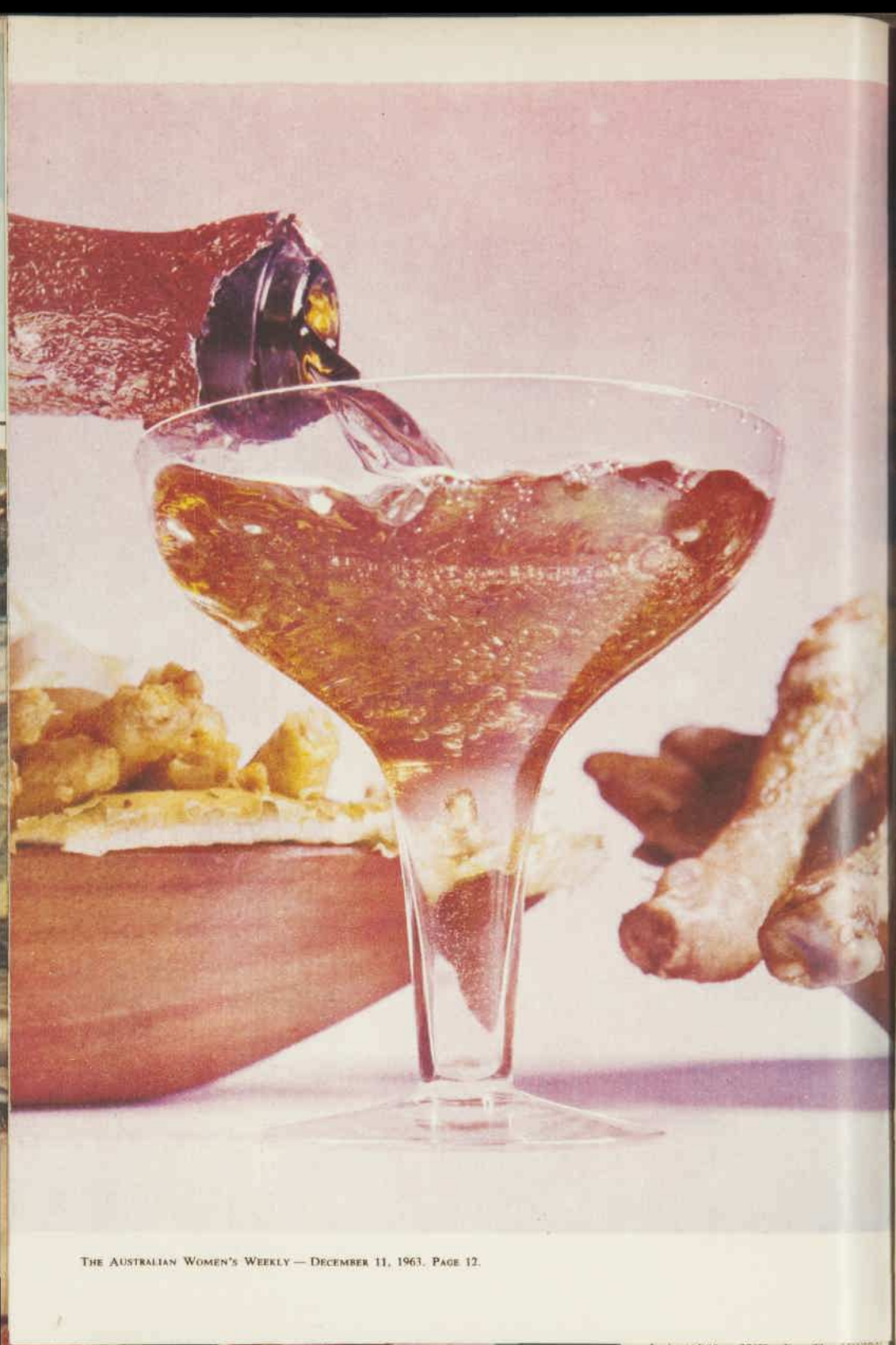
This is the Sparkling Chateau Gay that was awarded a gold medal at the 1963 International Wine Fair.
It is the same Sparkling Chateau Gay you buy when you ask for McWilliam's Sparkling Chateau Gay.



SPARKLING
Chateau-Gay

FOR GAY TIMES . . . FOR ANY TIME.

You'll enjoy the bright clear look of it . . . the fine bouquet of it . . . the clean crisp taste of it. Sparkling Chateau-Gay adds to the pleasure of your company when dining out . . . at party time . . . and when relaxing. Sparkling Chateau-Gay is a natural sparkling wine, locked in the cool shade of a green bottle.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963. PAGE 12.

SPARKLING WINES

Whatever the occasion, it will become more memorable with Sparkling Wines. Delightful, gay, bubbling with their own effervescence. Sparkling Wines give a feeling of joyous gaiety. They go with every occasion, every food—before, during, or after meals. Always chill well: when opening hold bottle at 45° angle, covering cork with a napkin in one hand; with other hand twist bottom of bottle gently loose from cork. Always keep a sparkling wine ready for that happy moment or special occasions.

WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963



**McWILLIAM'S
SPARKLING
MOSELLE**

A light, white, slightly sweet sparkling wine that will make anytime a time to enjoy.

**McWILLIAM'S
SPARKLING
BURGUNDY**

Rich red, slightly sweet sparkling wine ideal for all occasions . . . fruity, gay and bubbling.



McWILLIAM'S CHAMPAGNE

A light, medium dry, sparkling wine ideal for gay or special occasions. Especially popular at celebration dinners and luncheons.

McWILLIAM'S PINK CHAMPAGNE

Light, medium, sweet sparkling wine for all festive occasions. Often served with dessert courses at dinners and luncheons.

McWILLIAM'S

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SHERRY

McWilliam's Cream Sherry
McWilliam's Golden Sweet Sherry
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Sweet Sherry
McWilliam's Fine Old Hanwood Sweet Sherry
McWilliam's Semi-Sweet Sherry
McWilliam's Dry Friar Dry Sherry
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Dry Sherry

WHITE TABLE WINES

McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Vintage Riesling
McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Vintage Sauternes
McWilliam's Lovedale Riesling
McWilliam's Moselle
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Chablis
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Hock
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Sauternes

RED TABLE WINES

McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Vintage Hermitage
McWilliam's Rosedale Claret
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Burgundy
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Claret

SPARKLING WINES

McWilliam's Champagne
McWilliam's Pink Champagne
McWilliam's Sparkling Burgundy
McWilliam's Sparkling Moselle
McWilliam's Sparkling Chateau Gay

DESSERT WINES

McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port
McWilliam's Fine Old Hanwood Port
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Port
McWilliam's Royal Reserve White Port
McWilliam's Fine Old Hanwood Muscatel
McWilliam's Braemar Brown Muscat
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Brown Muscat
McWilliam's Royal Reserve White Muscat
McWilliam's Royal Reserve Tokay

COCKTAILS & VERMOUTH

McWilliam's Cocktails —
Apricot, Banana, Cherry,
Manhattan, Martini, Tropical Fruit.
McWilliam's Sweet Vermouth
McWilliam's Dry Vermouth

WINE GUIDE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—DECEMBER 11, 1963—PAGE 15



COCKTAILS AND REFRESHMENT

Serve Sherry chilled, straight or "on the rocks." Sherry is popular because it's so right for every occasion. A wonderful appetiser before meals or as a "welcome" anytime. Enjoy Sherry with hors d'oeuvres, soups or snacks.

WHITE MEATS

Always serve white Table Wines well chilled. White Table wine is ideal served with seafoods, chicken, omelets and other light dishes. Also used in cooking fish, white meats and in making wine punch. Remember, wine should be a matter of personal taste; you can drink whites with anything you like.



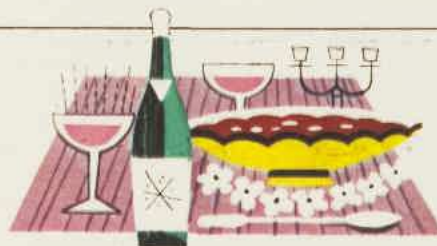
RED MEATS

Serve Red Table wines at cool room temperature. At mealtime they go with steaks, roasts, richer poultry foods, such as duck and with cheeses. Don't forget a Red Table Wine when planning your next barbecue, and if you want to, drink a red with any dish. Also used in cooking, such as marinating meats and part of the liquid in stews.



SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Serve Sparkling Wines very chilled. They make a major moment out of any occasion. Versatile, you can serve them with main courses and desserts. They are red or white as their name variety indicate.



DESSERT WINES

Serve at cool room temperature with fruits, nuts, cheeses and coffee, or maybe over a game of cards, in fact whenever you feel like opening a bottle. Also used in cooking, like basting ham or making wine jellies.



LONG DRINKS

It's easy to entertain with a range of McWilliam's Cocktails. Long drinks are made easily with 1½ to 2 ozs. cocktail in a tall glass, add ice cold lemonade. You can embellish with a twist of lemon and cucumber. Vermouths are the base of many mixed drinks, and they can be served as an appetiser wine.





THE McWILLIAM STORY

The first grapes grown by the McWilliam family in Australia were planted in the Corowa district of New South Wales in 1877. Here, Mr. J. J. McWilliam with his father and brothers, started a great family business. Year by year it has grown, until today McWilliam's Wines Pty. Limited are one of the largest wine producers in Australia. Following success at Corowa, J. J. McWilliam in 1900 established vineyards and wine cellars of his own at Junee, which were to operate until quite recently. The fourth generation of his family is today represented in McWilliam's Wines Pty. Ltd., one of the most honoured names in the Australian wine industry and winners of hundreds of prizes and awards for wines throughout the years.

Bearing in mind the soundness of the founder's techniques and the subsequent commercial success which the company bearing his name enjoys today, it is possible to examine with increased interest how it all grew.

In 1913, the year after the main canal of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area Scheme had reached the Hanwood district, two 50-acre farm blocks were bought and planted with about 35,000 grape cuttings, to establish McWilliam's as the Murrumbidgee area's pioneer vignerons. Three years later, their first grapes went to Junee for processing. In that same year, 1916, construction of the Hanwood Winery started and by 1917 had progressed far enough for processing of the year's vintage.

The Yenda Winery construction started in 1920 and today has a distillery for the company's brandy as well as being the site of the Champagne cellars.

McWilliam's Wines activities in the Hunter Valley is of special interest because of its historical associations. The Hunter Valley is one of the oldest wine growing centres in Australia, the first vines being planted there by James Busby in 1830. The original Mount Pleasant property at Pokolbin, about five miles from Cessnock, was selected by Charles King. After the original Crown grant of land had been taken up by him, he planted a vineyard in 1880 and thus commenced Mount Pleasant vineyards.

During the early 1880's John Augustus O'Shea emigrated from Ireland to Australia. Realising the good future for Australian wines, Mr. O'Shea sent his son Maurice to study at Montpellier University in France just before the outbreak of the 1914/18 War. Maurice returned in 1921 to take over the Mount Pleasant vineyards which had been bought by the O'Shea Estate and at that time comprised a grape growing property of about 120 acres.

The present company of Mount Pleasant Wines Pty. Limited was incorporated in 1932 with members of the McWilliam family on the board and Maurice O'Shea as Manager and a Director. Shares were held equally by each family. For domestic reasons, the O'Shea family later sold their interest to McWilliam's Wines Pty. Limited but Maurice O'Shea retained both of his positions until he died in 1956. As the resources of Mount Pleasant wines grew the winery was expanded and new areas of land acquired for additional plantings.

The development of the Lovedale property which is on the Cessnock/Branxton Road was delayed somewhat due to the 1939/45 War. Its large flat area was taken over by the Government and used as an emergency landing field. It was not returned to the company until 1950. With the increase in vineyard production it became necessary to expand the capacity of the winery and a new modern winery was erected in 1960.

Robinvale in Victoria became the next site for a new McWilliam's Winery, and construction was commenced in 1961. Plans are in hand to process 5,000 tons of grapes annually here, with further expansion to bring this figure to 10,000 tons per year. Today, McWilliam's Wines Pty. Ltd. occupies an honoured position in an industry worth £70 million a year to Australia. The company is combining the most modern knowledge and fruits of scientific research with the best of tradition of winemaking skills, aided by the finest and latest equipment produced in Australia and abroad.

A producer of famous wines, sensitive to new trends in public taste and alert to new marketing opportunities, McWilliam's are undoubtedly entering a new and most interesting phase of their development.

WINNERS OF 12 GOLD MEDALS INTERNATIONAL WINE FAIR LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA 1963





BELOW: Entrance Foyer Head Office.



ABOVE:

Pictured on this page is the Sydney Administrative Headquarters which is the Company's Head Office. This new extension to the offices, cellars and bottling plant adds many thousands of square feet to the Bulwara and Pyrmont Bridge Road premises.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DECEMBER 11, 1963, PAGE 18.



ABOVE:

Grapes ready for loading at the Hanwood Vineyards.

RIGHT:

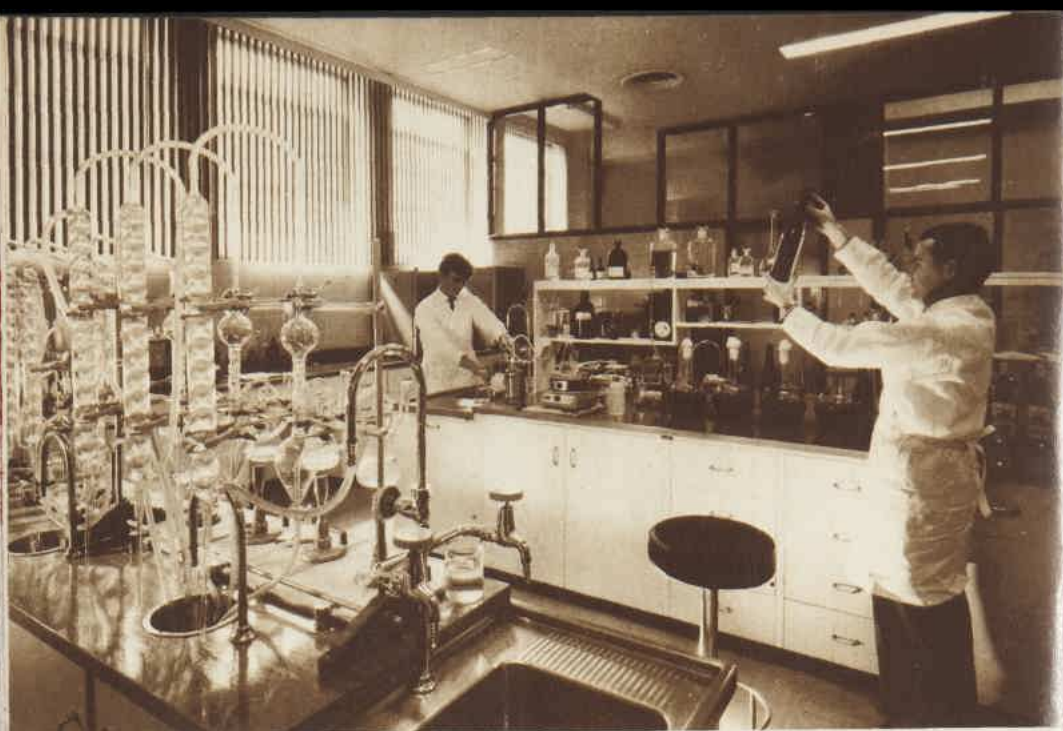
Loading grapes for transport to the Winery at Hanwood. The Hanwood Winery is one of five McWilliam's Wineries processing a total of approximately 25,000 tons of grapes annually and with a storage capacity of over 6,000,000 gallons.

BELOW:

This is the Winery and Vineyards at Hanwood in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area.



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MCWILLIAM'S WINE PRODUCTION

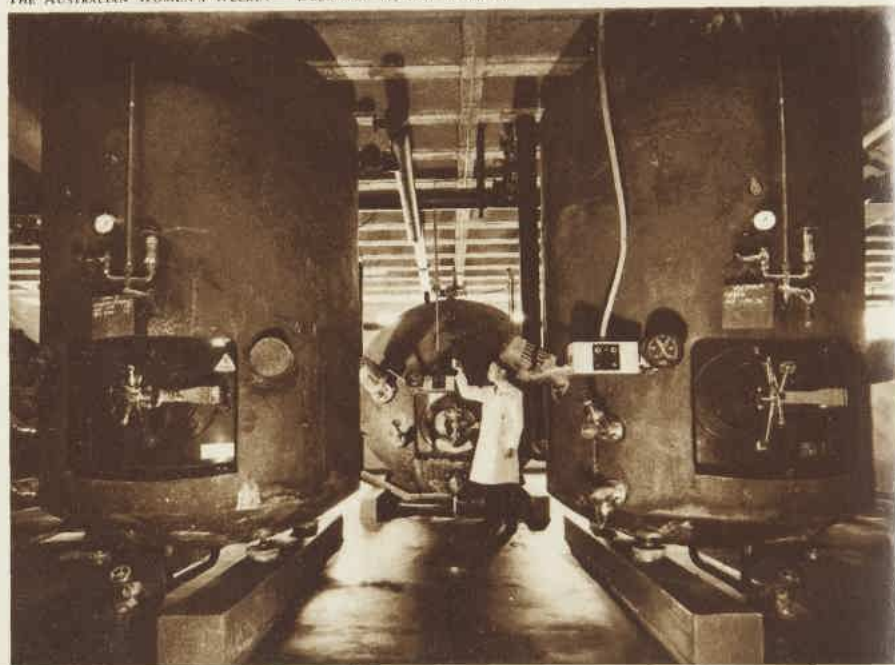
ABOVE:

Quality control is an essential part of modern wine making and bottling techniques.

BELOW:

Modern, fully automatic pressure and temperature control fermentation tanks.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963. PAGE 20.



RIGHT:

Champagne Shaking Tables. Each bottle of champagne is turned twice daily for a period of up to six weeks.

BELOW:

Completely automatic stainless steel bottling and corking unit. This unit has a capacity of 2,400 bottles per hour.



RIGHT:

Champagne Ageing Stacks at Yenda underground Champagne Cellars. Yenda is also the location of a Brandy Distillery.





The Munster Terrace frontage of the Melbourne Office and Cellars. A building of five floors, three floors facing Munster Terrace and five floors facing Laurens Street.

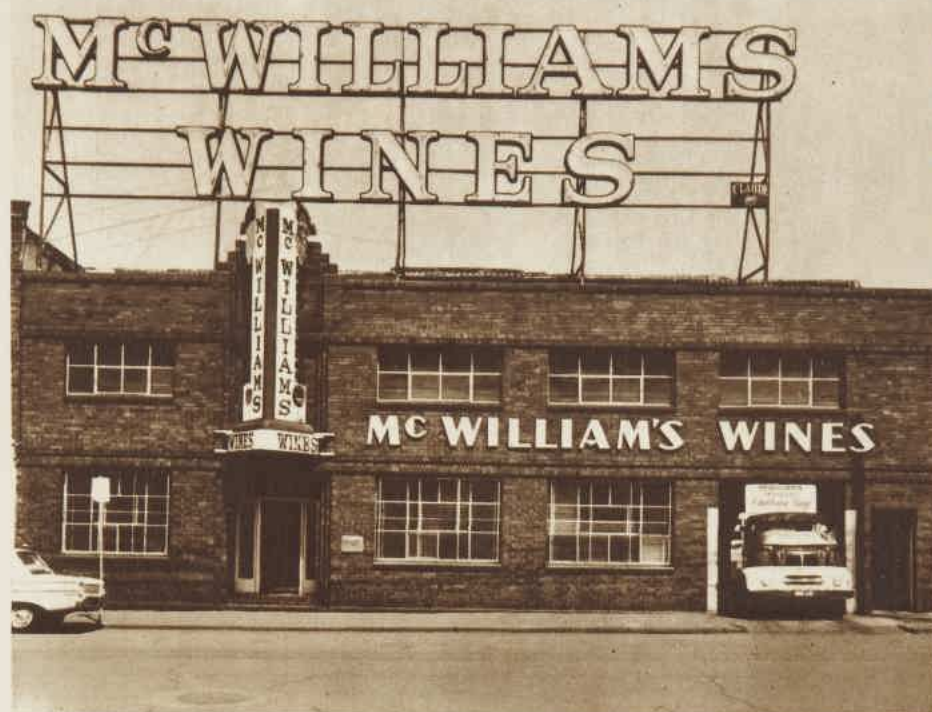


LEFT:

A corner of the Cask Room entertaining area.

BELOW:

Brisbane Office and Cellars situated in Stanley Street, South Brisbane.



BELOW:

A section of the Accounts Processing Office.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963, PAGE 23

Printed by Congress Printing Limited, 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria.



McWILLIAM'S CREAM SHERRY

This is the Cream Sherry that was awarded a gold medal at the 1963 International Wine Fair. It is the same Cream Sherry you buy when you ask for McWilliam's Cream Sherry.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 11, 1963, PAGE 24.
PRINTED AS AN ADVERTISEMENT BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 11, 1963

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to
The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold
separately



**SARA QUADS GO
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—pages 8, 9**

Letters

No one has the right to be idle

IT seems to me that those who defend the surfies and their idle way of life are prone to an error of simple logic.

It is pointless to argue that any particular surfer is handsome, intelligent, and fit; therefore there can be nothing wrong with his decision to reject the "rat race" of getting a decent job, etc.

Quite apart from the obvious fact that most surfies are not completely sincere in their rejection of the "rat race" (don't they buy things that are available only because the "rat race" exists?), it ought to be pointed out that good looks, intelligence, and health are no guarantee that their possessor can make wise decisions.

Considered by itself, the decision to become a beachcomber - cum - playboy is unwise for this reason: it reinforces the ranks of those against whom society must fight in its efforts to make leisure the right of all, rather than the prerogative of a few. — R. H. Rothwell, Drum-moyne, N.S.W.

Proof of age

IT seems to be becoming necessary for all tall girls and boys to carry their birth certificates around with them as proof of their age.

I have often been asked to pay full fare in buses or picture theatres, while still being in the half-fare age group.

Some of my friends, who are older but not so tall, can walk up with-

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

out embarrassment and pay half-fare. — "Tall Teena," Bunbury, W.A.

TV and study

I AM tired of hearing parents say that they can't have television because they think it will interfere with their children's education.

Surely they have enough discipline to make the children do their homework before watching television. — Gwendoline, Riverton, S.A.

Collection craze

DOES any other reader have a craze like mine? I collect soap novelties, and at the moment I am the proud owner of 87 of them.

My friends tell me that my bed-sitter smells like a chemist's shop! I am even considering getting a china cabinet for my collection. — "Curious Collector," Ringwood, Vic.

Papers banned

I ATTEND a boarding school where we aren't allowed to see a newspaper of any description.

I am sure everyone will be intrigued by this, so I will tell you the reason — our innocent young minds would be tainted should we read about immoral persons.

Result is we grow more narrowminded and less knowledgeable day by day. — B.F., Cloncurry, Qld.

Problems of property . . .

MY younger sister has the annoying habit of taking my things and wearing my clothes. I would not mind if I did the same to her, accepting it as tit for tat, but I don't.

My mother has told her she is not to take or wear my things, but she takes no notice.

I have tried locking my drawers, etc., but she either produces a key that will fit the lock or I lose my key—which is no help, either.

We share a room and I can hardly call a thing my own. Have any readers had the same problem, and, if so, can they please tell me how to solve it? — "Stretched," Harrow, Vic.

. . . and privacy

NOW that I'm going on for the age of 14 I'm starting to receive letters from boys. I try to hide them from my little brother, but he always finds them.

One day I had a talk with him and told him that with the help of my science teacher I had made a burglar alarm. Now he won't take anything of mine. — Diane Larkin, Sutherland, N.S.W.

Poor test

THE Leaving Certificate, for which I sat this year, is an examination basically designed to test the candidates' intelligence and knowledge in the subjects for which they are sitting.

However, it seems to me that a three-hour examination is a very inaccurate method of judging the work and study done by a candidate in a year or more at school.

Moreover, many candidates get nervy and

worried before an exam like the Leaving, and this sometimes results in an inaccurate record of their ability.

If the Leaving Certificate were based more on the work done over the course of the year by the student, his results would give a much more realistic record of his intelligence and ability. — Paul Baker, Willoughby, N.S.W.

Unfair to men

EVERY year when they run the Melbourne Cup they have fashion prizes for women. I would also like to see a contest for the best-dressed man.

Tailors do a good job in making modern clothes for men, and if men go out of their way to look well dressed I think they should get something out of it. — Helen Carter, East Preston, Vic.

Impositions

SECONDARY-SCHOOL students who get detentions as deserved punishment should be set work that is of some positive value to their studies.

Lines of "I must not," knitting squares, and cleaning duties are of little corrective use, and an unwarrantable waste of time in an age when the school syllabus has become so vast and complex.

Copying passages from English, French, or Latin literature would, at least, improve style and knowledge of these subjects. Those weak in mathematics and science should be given impositions in these subjects.

Convicted prisoners are made to do work that improves their abilities. Surely erring schoolchildren deserve equally progressive punishments! — "Kept In," Epping, N.S.W.

Death puzzle

I AM very puzzled at the mournful attitude taken by the church leaders over the death of righteous people.

NEXT WEEK . . .

- Slightly offbeat casual fashions for your summer wardrobe in cool fabrics and dazzling colors. • To get the most out of travel, see Australia first.
- Boys make the best cooks. • Color pin-up of The Beatles.

If the person was truly good, why should we feel pity for him, because would he not be going to Heaven? Isn't it believed that Heaven is a better place than Earth?

If my beliefs are true, then why not rejoice in the fact that a good soul is finding a better life in a better world? — "Un-Understand," Adamstown, N.S.W.

Working wives

IN the country town where I live, more and more girls are leaving school each year looking for suitable jobs. But these jobs are unavailable because married women whose husbands are earning good wages are working in them.

I think this is most unfair because young girls then have to leave home and go to the city seeking work. — "The Unemployed," Grafton, N.S.W.

Simple bookshelf

ANYONE planning a new room or redecorating an old one and wanting some bookshelves? Here's a quick and easy idea.

All you need are six bricks, two planks of wood about 4ft. long and 9in. wide (preferably varnished), and about ten minutes of your spare time.

Take two of the bricks and place them about 3ft. apart on the floor where you want your shelves. On top of these place one of the planks. Next, the rest of the bricks (two each end, three feet apart), and then the other plank on top of that.

Now you have some neat shelves that can be dismantled and moved any time, and make an attractive addition to your room. — Elizabeth Raw, Box Hill North, Vic.

Male nurse

AS a 15-year-old high-school student studying for my proficiency, I have thought a great deal about my future career and would like to become a male nurse.

My parents agree to it, but I haven't mentioned the idea to my friends for fear of embarrassment. What do other teenagers think? — "Uncertain," Catterton, Vic.

Real happiness

AT this time of year people everywhere are busy planning their holidays and celebrations — in fact, trying to make themselves happy.

However, if they thought more of others less fortunate than themselves — people in hospital, homes, or orphanages — I'm sure they would get more pleasure from their Christmas.

It only needs a little time and effort to make someone else happier. Together with some of your friends you could make gifts or visit someone whose Christmas would otherwise be lonely. Their gratitude will recompense you for your effort.

Let us show the adult world that there are still some unselfish teenagers around. — B.P., Yagoona, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Like hi! You look like someone intelligent I could talk to."

Is 16 too young to start at university?

• "Jan" (T.W., 30/10/63), who turned 16 last July, asked if readers supported her friends and relatives in advising her to repeat another year of school instead of going to university in 1964.

I SHARE your advantage, as I also sat for the Leaving this year, having turned 16 in September. I am, therefore, two months younger than yourself, and I by no means intend to give up what I consider to be a wonderful advantage in age.

Sydney University imposes no age restriction, except in the case of Law, where it sets the minimum age at 17 by the first lecture of the first term.

It remains then for you to determine whether you are psychologically (and perhaps physically) capable of attending university. In my opinion (and I have been seeing around Sydney University lately), some of the people already there do not seem very practical. And it wouldn't be a hard life.

I am surprised that your friends and relatives do not encourage you, as mine encourage me. However, it's really up to yourself, and if you consider

yourself capable at least give it a try. — John Sumner, Katoomba, N.S.W.

I DO not think that 16 is at all too young to be going to university. I am only a couple of months older than "Jan," and I hope to be going next year, too.

I quite agree that if she does her course and obtains her degree, she will have more time to enjoy herself and travel while she is still fairly young.

Also, as my friends tell me, you enjoy university life more if you are young. So my advice is, go ahead and enrol. — "Chris," Penrith Hills, N.S.W.

TWO students known to me, both of them six months younger than you when they did their Leaving, could have gone to university this year. However, they chose, because of their age, to repeat fifth year.

They are now much more mature and therefore

much better fitted for the undertaking of tertiary education.

I would not say you are too young, as individuals differ, and one therefore would have to know you before passing judgment.

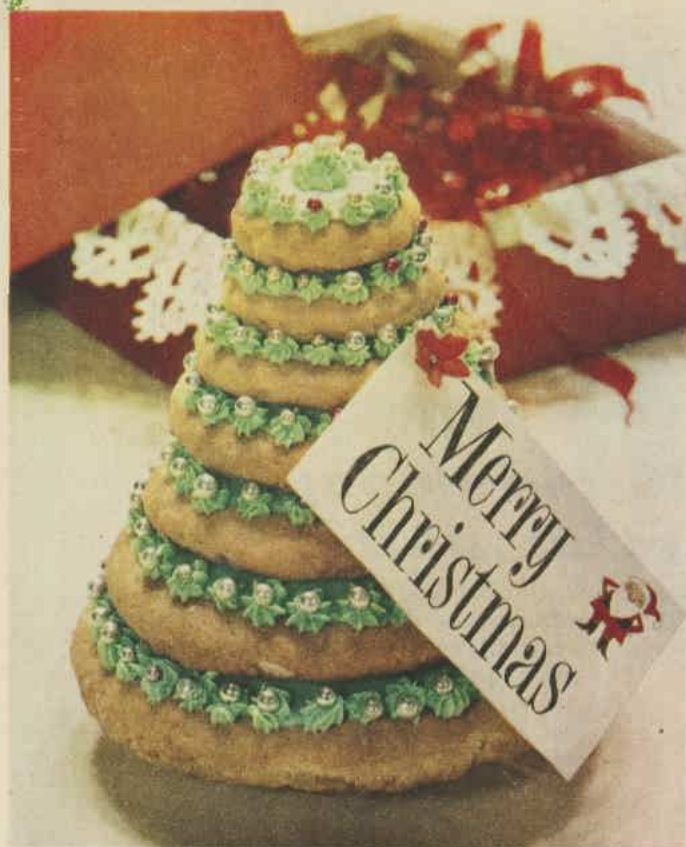
However, 16 is not very old, and it may be wise to listen to those who are older and wiser than you. There can be no doubt that it is your welfare they are thinking of. — "Students' Friend," Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

AS you turned 16 last July, I don't think you are too young. I have a friend who was 16 in November, and is preparing for university after Christmas.

Go ahead with your plans, you won't be sorry afterwards, so don't let your friends and relatives stand in your way.

While I have the chance, may I wish you the best of luck in your career. — "Adviser," Manilla, N.S.W.

COOK A CHRISTMAS



SUGARY-SPICY biscuits are assembled to make this delightful Christmas tree. Make them for Christmas gifts or give them pride of place at the Christmas table.

Other ideas for cards

- *There are many other gay ideas for Christmas cards which you can make yourself.*

YOU can cut out and make cards of many shapes, such as an abstract Christmas tree, a holly leaf, a star, or a bell. Paint them in bright colors, and paint or write your message inside.

If you feel your artistic abilities are not up to this, smear a square card liberally with bright paint and finger paint a design into it. Very clever and contemporary.

Or smear the card with glue and sprinkle sand on it. When it is dry, paint over it. If you have a steady hand you can write a message in pencil, then go over

it with the glue brush, and sprinkle sand on it.

If you want to be way out, make a card of hessian or felt. Use cardboard in the middle to keep it firm, then embroider your message on the front. You could cut out a design in contrasting colored material and sew it on.

And for that surfer boy-friend, how about making a Christmas card shaped like a surfboard and writing a gas verse in the middle.

Why not ask a friend over one afternoon and pool your resources and ideas?

- *A Christmas card you make yourself is always more personal than the ready-bought variety—and here are ideas for Christmas cards you can make in your own kitchen!*

THEY'RE jumbo-sized biscuits, crisp and spicy, and delicious to eat.

And when you cut them into Christmas shapes, ice them simply but colorfully, pack them into gaily attractive boxes — then you're saying "Merry Christmas" in a personal and very special way.

Make some, too, to hang on the Christmas tree, and make extra of the tall Christmas tree biscuits to stand on the festive table. They're lovely to look at and good for nibbling later!

For the Father Christmas, fir tree, and star biscuits (or choose your own designs), first trace the outline on a piece of strong cardboard, and cut around the lines. Lay it on rolled-out biscuit dough and cut out firmly around edges.

We've suggested dividing the mixture into four, so that some of each biscuit shape can be made; but, of course, all the dough can be used for the biscuit design you like the best.

Quantity of biscuit dough given will make one Christmas tree biscuit, two each of the other three shapes—seven biscuits in all.

Save the scraps from the cut-out biscuits; these can be rolled out again and used for the smaller circles of the Christmas tree.

Choose boxes that are about 1/2 in. bigger than the biscuits. Lacy white paper (cut from paper doilies) can be glued around the edge.

We covered ours with gay art paper, and made the decorations from contrasting paper, Christmas baubles, and cottonwool.

Spoon measurements in the recipes are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce measure has been used.

Christmas Card Biscuits

Two-thirds cup honey, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice,

CARD!

$\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each ginger and cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground almonds, 1 cup finely ground mixed peel.

Bring honey to boil in small saucepan, remove from heat, add sugar, stir until dissolved.

Beat eggs until light, blend in cooled honey and sugar mixture, lemon rind and juice.

Sift flour with soda, salt, and spices. Add honey mixture with ground mixed peel and almonds. Mix well. Chill overnight. Divide mixture into four.

Royal Icing

One egg-white, approximately 8oz. icing sugar, food coloring.

Beat egg-white slightly. Add sifted icing sugar, tablespoon at a time, beating well until mixture forms stiff peaks. Divide mixture into four. Color as desired. Cover with damp cloth until required.

Father Christmas

One quarter quantity each of biscuit dough and icing.

Draw a figure to resemble Father Christmas on cardboard and cut out.

Roll out dough to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness on lightly floured board, transfer to oven tray, and continue rolling until dough is $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick.

Place cardboard design on top and cut around with a sharp knife, lifting off surplus dough as it is cut away.

Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

Let cool for a few minutes on tray, slip spatula under, and lift on to cake-rack to cool.

Fill icing into piping bag and, with No. 3 tube, pipe on biscuit to form Father Christmas.

Fir Tree

One quarter quantity each of biscuit dough and icing.

Cut out design for fir tree, roll out and bake biscuit dough as for Father Christmas. When cool, ice around edge with icing as for Father Christmas.

Star

One quarter quantity of biscuit dough, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons fruit juice, food coloring, sugar.

Cut design from cardboard and



CHRISTMAS-CARD COOKIES, gaily wrapped in their boxes and ready for delivery. They say "Merry Christmas" in a very special way.

roll out and bake biscuit dough as for Father Christmas.

Sift icing sugar and mix to spreading consistency with fruit juice in which butter has been melted. Color with yellow food coloring.

Spread over cool biscuit and sprinkle with yellow sugar obtained by adding a few drops of yellow food coloring to sugar and mixing well.

Christmas Tree

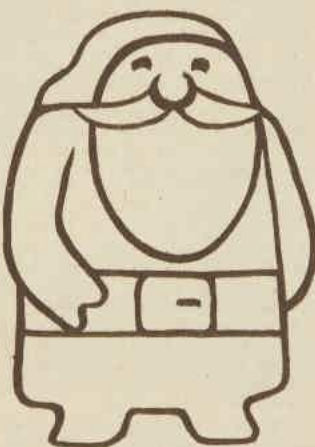
One quarter quantity biscuit dough, $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of icing, food coloring, silver cachous.

Roll out dough to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness on lightly floured board and cut out seven decreasing circles, starting with 6in. for bottom and ending with 1in. for top. (Use saucers, plates, lids, etc., for shapes.)

Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

Color icing with green food coloring and, when biscuits are cool, spread icing over the biscuits and sandwich together to form tree. Set aside until dry.

With remaining icing and piping bag and star rose tube, pipe star roses around each layer of biscuit and decorate with silver cachous.



DESIGN for the Father Christmas biscuit. Draw it on cardboard, then cut around edges to use for shaping the biscuits. Later, follow the design for the icing decoration.

Great Discoveries — By WILLIAM JOY

He made, and drove, first passenger train

● Thousands assembled at Brusselton Incline, County Durham, on September 27, 1825, to witness the start of the first passenger railway train in the world.

SOME said frankly they'd gone only to see the engine blow up. Coach and canal workers vowed they'd yet prevent the line from working.

Farmers grumbled that the smoking monster would turn the milk sour in their cows, while the peppery Duke of Cleveland thanked heaven he had the power to keep them clear of his fox covers.

Driving the engine—a high-wheeled, long-chimneyed affair—was its designer, George Stephenson, a colliery engine-wright, who also supervised the laying of the line.

The train consisted of one passenger coach for directors, 21 wagons for passengers, and 12 wagons loaded with coal and flour.

To shouts and wavings of flags, the train moved off. Horsemen galloped alongside. A local reporter wrote that at places it notched an awesome 12 miles an hour.

Whenever it slowed, reckless bystanders clambered aboard. By the time it reached Stockton, 600 cheering, waving people were in the train or clinging to the wagons.

Started at 2d. a day

For George Stephenson, the opening of the Stockton-Darlington Railway was an hour of triumph. For the world it was the start of a vibrant new era of industrial and social upheaval.

With the coming of the railways, raw materials rolled swiftly, cheaply, reliably to factories. Finished products sped rapidly to markets and to ports for shipment overseas.

Factories were no longer tied to one source of material. They sprang up all over Britain, and workers who had never travelled before followed them.

George Stephenson, who started all this, was born on June 9, 1781, at Wylam, Northumberland. His father, a colliery pump fireman, earned only 12/- a week, so none of the six children could go to school.

At eight, young George earned

2d. a day herding cows. He hoed turnips and led plough horses for 4d. a day. He rose to 6d. a day picking stones and dross from pit-head coal. At 14 he was given 1/- a day to help his father at the pumps.

Big, bony, a grand weight-lifter and hammer-thrower, George Stephenson was a pump engine expert at 18.

Keen to read and write, he took lessons three nights a week, paying the village teacher 1d. a lesson. At 19 he could write his name. A farmer's son taught him maths and how to draw plans and sections. He soon outstripped his teacher.

Stephenson got his chance when a pump failed at Killingworth pit. Miners were "drowned out" of the flooded workings.

Top engineers could not make it go. Young Stephenson was given a chance. Within a week the pump was working, and the pit for the first time clear of water.

The grateful owners made Stephenson engine-wright (engineer) of a chain of pits, with a horse to ride between them.

High cost of corn for the horses which hauled the coal wagons made him seek cheaper traction. He turned at once to steam locomotion, then in its infancy.

In 1763, a Frenchman named Cugnot had built a primitive steam engine to haul guns into battle, but after 15 minutes it ran out of water.

Cornishman Richard Trevithick built a steam carriage in 1801 and was pelted with rotten eggs and vegetables by irate coachdrivers.

Perfected locomotive

A locomotive, Puffing Billy, worked spasmodically at Wylam colliery.

Stephenson perfected the locomotive. His first was working successfully at Killingworth in 1814.

Then came the 38-mile Stockton-Darlington Railway. Despite its success, many still regarded the locomotive as only a curious toy.



GEORGE STEPHENSON

The big test came when Stephenson was appointed to build a railway from Liverpool to Manchester.

The opposition massed to stop it. Stephenson, taking levels, was driven off by gamekeepers who threatened to duck him.

Pamphleteers raved against the railway. The snorting monster would stop hens from laying. Red hot coals and poisoned air, belched from the funnel, would burn down houses and kill birds. Boilers would burst and blow passengers to pieces.

Won £500 prize

More protests came when directors offered a prize of £500 for the best engine.

Stephenson won the contest with The Rocket and himself drove the engine that opened the Manchester-Liverpool Line on September 15, 1830.

In his train were the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, hero of Waterloo, Sir Robert Peel, founder of the London Bobby, and Mr. Huskisson, Liverpool's M.P.

Stephenson stopped his train at Parkside so that seven others carrying 600 cheering people could pass in review before the Duke.

Unfortunately, Mr. Huskisson left the official carriage to stretch his legs. He was crossing the other line when the Duke, with whom he had quarrelled, leaned from the carriage and offered the hand of friendship.

Thus honored, Mr. Huskisson failed to see The Rocket advancing swiftly upon him. It crushed his thigh and he died that night.

This cast a gloom over the ceremony, which was not improved when protesting Manchester workers threw bricks at the Duke's carriage.

From then railway mania gripped Britain. Stephenson and his son Robert built many great lines and the locomotives for them.

George Stephenson died a rich man on August 12, 1848.

RUFFLES, FRILLS FOR TEENS

● Here are fashions to show that a ruffle trim is the newest teen revival. It's the most feminine and flattering trend on the fashion horizon.



NEW LOOK in check cotton gingham (above). The coat-dress type design has a self-frill to conceal the neck-to-hemline front-buttoned fastenings.



TWO-PIECE summer suit in striped pink and white cotton (above). The ruffle trim on the easy-fit sleeveless top is repeated at the hemline.

SELF-RUFFLE trim prettily frames the wearer's face and outlines the sleeves in the belted one-piece (left). The dress is made in self-striped cotton.

Quads

● "And there's No
said Alison Sara

BUDGETING had gone on for weeks among the quads for their Christmas shopping spree, and staff photographer Ron Berg and I went along to help them do their buying.

Everything was organised when we arrived at the Sara home in the Sydney suburb of Punchbowl to take them to a nearby Bankstown department store.

Just to make things easier — and to give them more swimming time afterwards — the quads had a small conference beforehand (see picture on our cover) to decide what they would expect from one another.

The quads, Alison, Judith, Phillip, and Mark, turned 13 last August. They each had £2 to spend, and nine of the immediate family to buy presents for, so they were determined to get the very best value for their money.

Maybe their decisions will help you in your Christmas shopping.

The girls decided on practical things for Mrs. Sara. Alison bought her an oven-proof dish (10/-), and Judy a smart-as-paint whistling kettle (8/11).

Phillip and Mark also bought glassware for their mother. "I bought Mum two plates because I always seem to be breaking them," said Mark. The plates cost him 14/-, while Phillip's gift was a jam dish (2/6).

Judy picked up a bargain in cuff-links (2/6) for her father and Alison chose cigarettes and hankies (5/3 together).

Phillip's present for Mr. Sara was



SALES ASSISTANT Mrs. Lind, of the Bankstown store, helps Alison (left) and Judith inspect stockings. Phillip (left) and Mark decided they wouldn't be any assistance here.



FOR DAD, perhaps. Phillip (left) and Mark deciding over a pipe, but they finally chose other presents for him.



BAUBLES, bangles, and beads attract two smart shoppers, Alison (left) and Judy, but it's only wishful thinking.



DISTRACTED from shopping for a while by a glass-blowing demonstration are Mark (left) and Phillip.

shop for Christmas

By Jayne O'Flahertie

and Auntie Peg, Grandpa and Geoff"
a, compiling a list of Christmas present musts.

the result of shrewd thinking — a
boxes of matches. "Dad is sav-
the tops, which show the crests
N.S.W. towns," said Philip.
This should almost complete the

Mark bought Mr. Sara a comb
and bottle-opener (4/-), and Phil-
ip decided later on an extra present
for Dad — a bottle of after-shave
lotion.

The quads were very decisive
while buying gifts. Just one look, a
bit of a shake — a sniff in the case
of the after-shave lotion — and "I'll
have it."

Older brother Geoffrey, now 17,
came out rather well with pairs of
socks from Alison and Mark (2/6
a pair), hair oil from Phillip (3/3),
and a belt from Judy (4/6).

Best of all was buying presents
for one another. Tinkering with
bikes is a popular pastime with the
quads, so Judy bought Alison a bike-
pump and padlock chain (5/6).

Phillip's present from Judy was
actually for his pet bird — toys for
its cage (4/6), while she bought
Mark an adventure story.

Books were a popular choice (the

quads bought seven books between
them to give to each other). Phil-
lip and Alison each bought three
books as presents.

Mark bought pens (4/6 each) for
his two sisters, and a fishing-line
(2/11) for Phillip.

Grandpa, grandma, and Auntie
Peg were not to be forgotten, either.

Alison bought note-paper (5/6)
and Judy a handkerchief (2/6) for
Grandma. Phillip and Mark went
very domestic and bought her a
measuring-basin (2/-) and sherry
glasses (2/6).

Hankies were bought by all for
Grandpa. The boys and Alison
bought two for 1/1, while Judy
bought two for 4/6.

A variety of gifts were bought for
Auntie Peg — a propelling pencil
(1/11) from Phillip, hankies (2/6)
from Judy, a money-purse from
Alison (2/6), and two glass ash-
trays from Mark (2/-).

There was little or no change
from the girls' shopping. Judy had
to dip into her pocket-money to
meet the £2/1/5 bill, and Alison
had only a few pennies left.

Whether it was due to careful

handling of money or better bar-
gaining powers, Phillip and Mark
finished up with some change. Phil-
lip put his surplus (about 6/-) to-
ward a new Cliff Richard record-
ing, and Mark spent his 8/- on his
bike. "Now I've got all the latest
in gears, brakes, and headlamp,"
he said.

Now that the quads are teenagers
they are really beginning to grow
up.

"Alison has become stomp-mad
and often breaks into the steps
around the house," said Mrs. Sara.
"I should think Alison will be the
first into high heels. She is becom-
ing very fashion-conscious; Judy
doesn't worry so much."

Mark ("Mr. Personality") also en-
joys dances. "The end-of-term dances
at school are beaut," he said. But
he didn't have much to say on the
possibility of a girl-friend.

Phillip is a little more serious,
and at this stage is intensely in-
terested in science and maths at
Sir Joseph Banks High School at
Revesby, which all the quads attend.

Again this year the Sara quads
will exchange Christmas cards with
the Lucke quads, of Bundaberg,
Queensland.

The morning's shopping over, the
Saras set off smartly to their favor-
ite spot — the local swimming
baths. In the picture below we see
them on their way (from left):
Phillip, Judith, Mark, and Alison.





Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Big success for Johnny

● "What a swinging session," said Johnny Devlin of the day Eartha Kitt recorded his composition "You're My Man" for the disc which was released last week.

"It was an honor to work with such a thorough professional—not a sign of temperament," Johnny added.

Eartha Kitt, however, is not the first top American artist to record one of Johnny's songs. Teresa Brewer did a cover version of his hit for Patsy Ann Noble, "Good Lookin' Boy."

Surrounded by piles of records, tapes, and sheet music, with phones ringing in the background in his office at the R.C.A. studios, Johnny Devlin, record-company executive, is a far cry from the New Zealand boy who was racing around his hometown, Wanganui, on a

motor-bike back in 1958. The following year, while he was appearing at the Auckland Trades Hall, Lee Gordon noticed him and brought him to Australia for one of his Stadium shows.

I recall how he stole the show from Tab Hunter, Sal Mineo, and the Everly Bros. In those days Johnny was an Elvis Presley imitator with a wild act.

About that time he had his first hit record, "Doreen," which he wrote himself.

Next, his recording of "Tiger," outsold Fabian's version here, and then came "Turn the Lights Out, Johnny," his biggest hit. His latest disc, "Stomp the Tumbarumba," is his biggest since then.

Johnny is in a unique position. While still under contract to Festival, he is Artists and Repertoire Manager of a rival company, R.C.A.

In his new executive position Johnny selects artists, material, and produces recording sessions for local R.C.A. releases.

Like Bobby Darin, Johnny has successfully made the transition from rock-n-roll singer to businessman, while still maintaining his status as a record star.

He wrote "Surfside," which became a No. 1 hit in Australia and was released in eight other countries overseas. He also wrote "Stomp Fever" for the Denvermen and his



JOHNNY DEVLIN, enjoying a day on the beach with his wife, Carol, and two-year-old daughter, Lisa Maree, was a wild rock singer when he came to Australia in 1959.

own "Stomp the Tumbarumba."

In March, 1961, he married model Carol Dixon and they now have two daughters—seven-month-old Kerri and Lisa Maree, almost two, to whom he dedicated the tune of the same name recorded by the Denvermen.

Johnny and his wife have just launched their own booking agency, with which they hope to foster more local talent. They live in the Sydney suburb of Ryde, where they recently built their own home.

Such success is great to see.

Essex sound

"THE POOR" Man's Beatles," they called them—but Brian Poole and his Tremeloes have proved that they are not carbon copies of anyone.

The boys hit the top in England with their own special sound on "Do You Love Me?", which is rapidly rising here in Australia.

Despite the fact that they made the grade with the Liverpool beat, Brian and his group all hail from Essex, in the south of England.

Cashing in on the commercialised form of rhythm and blues which has become the big rave in Britain, Brian says: "We find that audiences really go for the big beat, U.S. negro style."

Brian is busy these days preparing a new, slickly paced stage act as bookings pour in from all over the country.

Disc banned

BANNED in Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York, hailed as the most controversial record of the year, Lena Horne's recording "Now" is stirring up a hornet's nest in the U.S.A. owing to its black and white integration message.

Hits with the same theme, like "If I Had a Hammer," and more recently "Blowin' in the Wind," were mild com-

Two more pages on pop music in Everybody's Magazine.

Pin-up and "Star Dossier" of Connie Francis

AUSTRALIA'S TOP TEN

LATEST NEWS AND REVIEWS IN

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW

This issue on sale next week in WESTERN AUSTRALIA

pared to this adaptation of the old Israeli folk song "Hava Nagilah" with its strong lyrics.

Most radio stations across the U.S. claim it is too hot to handle. "It's an inflammatory treatment of an incendiary situation," said one station spokesman.

Other people are calling it a hymn of the integration movement.

With such an American-slanted theme, the record may not make an impression in Australia.

Lena Horne, however, is in top form, and the disc could take off on the strength of her delivery coupled with a great arrangement of an old favorite.

The Cavern

BIRTHPLACE of the Mersey Beat—that's the Cavern. Come with me to the heart of Britain's new sound—through a maze of alleys in the centre of Liverpool and down 17 stone steps at No. 10 Matthew Street. The minute you enter, the noise and atmosphere wash over you.

The Cavern is the cellar of an old warehouse building, for the most part unpainted, with a bare flagstone floor.

The damp heat and stone walls give the place ready-made atmosphere which engulfs every visitor.

Don't mind the broken furniture or the "We Love the Beatles" signs scrawled on the walls. This is where the Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and Billy J. Kramer were discovered.

Manager of the Beatles, Brian Epstein says: "I dropped in at a smoky, squalid cellar and there were these boys. I sensed at once that there was something here."

Canon goes pop

BY now I guess you have all heard of the Singing Nun and her hit record, "Dominique." But did you know that England's newest pop singer is a singing clergyman?

Canon Edward Blake recently cut an album called "Pops with a Religious Purpose," and he now includes selections from his LP in his services.

The clergyman, with a voice like Frank Ifield,

takes his guitar along to provide accompaniment.

He says the songs are not intended to replace hymns. The idea is to put over to young people church teaching in a form they will understand.

Risky career

TEENAGERS often write to me asking how to become a disc jockey. Well, a disc jockey's life is quite exciting and meeting famous people is fun, but it is an extremely insecure business.

I always advise people not to give up good careers for one or two years of transient stardom.

At this time of year, with the summer holidays beginning, young people wonder about their chances of breaking into show business. It is something to consider very carefully.

Only a very few last a lifetime in this business, and there is quite often only heartbreak for those who can't adjust to ordinary life when the bubble of success breaks.

SURE SHOTS FOR YOUR COLLECTION:

"Don't Talk To Him," Cliff Richard (Columbia); "Secret Love," Kathy Kirby (Decca); "Be Mad Little Girl," Bobby Darin (Capitol); "Gommin' Down," Dig Richards (Festival).

WORTH HEARING

STRAVINSKY: The Rite of Spring

ONE of the most exciting musical works ever written is Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring," which can now be had in an authoritative recording by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer himself (C.B.S.).

The "Rite" was the third of the famous ballet scores which Stravinsky composed for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet before World War I (the previous ones were "The Firebird" and "Petroushka").

When it was first performed in Paris, just over 50 years ago, both the music and the dancing were so startlingly new that the audience protested violently, and the dancers could not hear the orchestra through the din. But it was a success when revived a year later, and the score not only became one of the most influential of all 20th-century works but today is among the most popular.

As the name suggests, the ballet represents a primitive pagan rite. Much of the music is deliberately brutal and savage, and this seems to have been all that the early critics of the work heard; but there is at least as much that is lyrical and even tender.

It is an historic work and this is an historic recording of it. — **MARTIN LONG.**

Frank Ifield keen on Christmas visit

From **BRIAN GIBSON** in London

● Frank Ifield, who is due to arrive in Australia on December 24, is looking forward to his first Christmas at home in five years.

IN his London Palladium dressing-room he told me: "When I arrive in Sydney I really won't know where to start — there are so many places I want to visit and so many people I want to see."

When he leaves London at the end of his seven-month Palladium season, he flies to New York and an appearance on the Ed Sullivan show.

"I plan to spend a week in New York," he said, "two in New Zealand, and three in Australia."

"My weeks in Australia will be spent mainly in Sydney because I'm doing a show there, but I hope to get down to Melbourne."

"I'd like to take a boat out on the Hawkesbury River and visit Dural — we had a house there."

One of the highspots of Frank's visit will be Christ-

mas at home with his parents and brothers.

"I've seen my folks twice since I've been over here," said Frank, "but I've only seen one of my brothers. I aim to just sit around and take it easy—in fact, spend the kind of Christmas Day we used to."

Frank has been in Britain for five years now, yet it is only 16 months since his big hit record — "I Remember You" — gave him the top chart placings that he hasn't yet vacated.

"I worked here for a long time without getting a hit record, but at least I was working," he said.

"So long as I'm working somewhere I'm happy and contented. When I'm not at the theatre I spend my time at the new flat I've bought or go driving in my car."

At the Palladium, where he has been topping the bill in an all-star show, Frank holds open house for his friends in his spacious dressing-room.

There's a record player in a corner and a stack of albums with Sinatra, Bobby Darin, and Nat "King" Cole as Frank's special favorites.

Frank said he was looking forward to meeting some of his old mates like Buster Noble, Lucky Starr, Col Joye, Bob Rogers, and Brian Henderson.

Although Australia claims him as her own, Frank was in fact born in Coventry, England, and came to Australia with his family when he was 11.

He gained moderate success as a Country and Western singer before he returned to England in 1959.

● **LATEST PIN-UP OF FRANK** — page 16.

TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



TOPS IN SPORT

Champion at basketball

By Cynthia Robinson

● When Annette Foley, a 19-year-old student teacher of Swanbourne, Western Australia, says she's sitting pretty on top of the world, she really means it.

SHE became a world champion earlier this year when she was a member of an Australian women's team which won the world basketball and netball tournament held in Eastbourne, England.

The Australians, who owed much of their success to the brilliant defence performances of Annette, were undefeated in the tournament.

"We just couldn't believe it when we beat Jamaica, Trinidad, the West Indies, England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Wales, Ceylon, South Africa, and New Zealand one after the other," said Annette when she returned home — still full of excitement — a few weeks ago.

Annette, an attractive blonde, has always shone at sport.

At 13, she was captain of the State junior school-girls' basketball team and was also junior champion swimmer at the John Curtin High School in Perth.

Just one year later she was vice-captain of the W.A. State senior school-girls' team and a leading surfer with the Swanbourne-Nedlands Surf Life-saving Club women's section.

By the time she was 15 she was chosen to play for the W.A. State women's basketball team at a carnival in Brisbane, and she proved herself to be such a dynamic player that she won a place with "The Rest," an Australian second team.

In 1960, in addition to passing her Leaving Examinations (with two distinctions and five passes) she was the school

athletics champion, and represented W.A. in a women's basketball carnival in Sydney.

That year she also entered international ranks when chosen to play basketball for Australia against New Zealand.

In 1961 Annette began a Science Course at the University of Western Australia, and despite the setback of a lung operation to remove a tumor she passed her four subjects and was a member of the State and Australian women's basketball sides.

Last year she was chosen as University Sportsman of the Year in a tie with the Australian swimming captain, Olympian David Dickson.

"It was a great year for me," said Annette. "The University award was really overwhelming, and I don't know whether



ANNETTE FOLEY, 19-year-old student teacher, who helped Australia win the world basketball championship in England this year.

I was more excited about it, or about the news that I'd be off to England this year for the world basketball and netball championships."

After the championships in August, Annette and three other members of the 10-strong Australian team hired a car and spent a month touring Europe.

This meant that by the time Annette reached home in October, she had only a few weeks left to swot for her final exams

at the Claremont Teachers' College.

Annette — who hopes to be a high-school teacher next year — switched from her University course to the Teachers' College after successfully tackling second-year Science last year.

She spends nearly every free moment trying to improve her game, but also likes surfing, tennis, and sewing.

NEXT WEEK: Terry Lancaster.

Beauty in brief:

SMOOTHER SKIN

THERE are several quick and easy ways of removing superfluous hair, and there is no rule about which one to use. Choose whichever suits you best.

Shaving with a razor is a clean, much-used method of keeping legs and underarms free from hair, if you know how to handle a razor properly.

Modern electric razors make the job almost foolproof, especially the ones with two cutting edges — one for legs, the other for underarms.

The best time for this treatment is after bathing, when the growth is softened by water and responds readily to the blade. Smooth a speck of cream, lotion, or moisture oil into the skin after shaving, for its soothing effect.

Smoother than the razor and very

efficient, unless you have a sensitive skin, are the depilatory and wax methods.

Depilatory creams dissolve hair and wax strips off hair that grows above skin level and leaves the surface skin quite sleek.

To get rid of leg fuzz that appears between treatments, the new improved abrasive mitt or glove is a good idea.

The abrasive disc slips over the fingers and is rotated lightly over the skin surface in alternate circles. It's safe and simple, but must be used in strict accordance with given directions.

Well-soaped pumice stone applied to well-soaped skin may also be used at bathtime.

— Carolyn Earle

Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Lone wallflower

"I AM a 16-year-old girl, reasonably attractive and fairly slim, but at school or town dances I am never asked to dance. Could you please tell me what I should do to get dances, as it is very embarrassing when all my friends are up dancing and I'm always the little flower decorating the wall? If you say 'Just wait, it will change,' how long must I wait? Also, an article in a magazine said the guest should try to make the party a success by talking to those sitting near. What happens if there is an uneven number at the party by one and you're left sitting by yourself all night?"

"Lonely," N.S.W.

Pluck up your courage and take yourself off that wall. Get up in the Ladies' Choice. Lots of boys of your age are shy about asking a girl to dance (particularly at school dances). Ask one of these wall-clingers to dance with you.

And don't sit in the same spot at a party waiting for someone to come and talk to you just because you're the odd girl out. Move around and talk to the other guests. Parties should be social get-togethers, not pairing-off sessions.

Boy-shy at 14

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and I have a problem. I am terrified of boys. I hope you will not think I am silly by saying this, and that you will help me. Whenever I go into a place where there are boys, I just stand there, blush terribly, and get hot and cold shivers. Also, when I dance with a boy I don't say a word, and that makes it worse. All my friends say I am silly for being so shy. Will you please give me some advice on how to overcome my shyness and how to speak freely to both boys and girls, as I feel left out."

"Reddy," N.S.W.

I don't think you're silly. Shyness can be a painful affliction, particularly when you're young. Experience in mixing with people is about the only cure. And you CAN make an effort to help yourself.

It might give you confidence to

remember that lots of other boys and girls (and adults, too) have the same problem. And remember that you don't have to become an ear-basher to be bright and interesting. Much better to listen and perhaps ask questions before adding your own ideas.

To start a conversation? Think of some of the things the boys and girls you're with like to talk about. The boys? Sport, TV programmes, cars—even school. The girls? Well, I shouldn't have to clue you there, should I!

Lazy athletes

"WE are five good-looking 17-year-old males. We are all in the college football team, and go in for swimming, surfing, and water-skiing during the summer. Girls seem to hang around us. This may seem O.K., but our problem is that the girls who pester us are the forward type, not the type we like. We prefer the quieter, more reserved type of girl who would let us do the chasing. How do you suggest that we go about attracting the type we like without frightening them off?"

"Sporting Five," Vic.

Not ALL quiet, reserved girls are averse to the attentions of good-looking, athletic males. Just push your way through the circle of forward admirers and go looking for them.

Dating beginner

"I AM a boy of 19. As yet, I do not have a girl-friend, and have never taken a girl out. There is a girl who frequently comes into the place where I work, and I have taken a liking to her. What bothers me is, firstly, I don't know her and she doesn't know me. Secondly, I do not know the correct way to ask a girl like her out—and for that matter, whether she would go with me. I am not extremely good-looking. Also, if I had a chance to ask her out, all my workmates would be standing round listening to me. I do hope you can advise me what to do."

"Worried," S.A.

If you haven't already got to the chatting stage, smile at her and ask her how she is next time she comes in. You'll soon get to know her well enough to ask her for a date.

But don't ask her in front of your workmates—that would most likely embarrass her as much as you. Find out where she works and phone her.

And for heaven's sake, stop worrying about your looks. Haven't you noticed that even the prettiest girls fall for guys who are downright homely?

Troubled twins

"WE are 17-year-old twins and are so alike that our relatives and friends cannot tell us apart, even though we have tried different hairdos and clothes. We both have steady boy-friends, but we are afraid that they might drop us, as they have trouble in telling us apart. This has happened to us before. The other night one of our steadies was going to kiss the wrong girl when he arrived at our place. He was terribly embarrassed when he found out. Could you please tell us what to do, as we are greatly troubled."

H. and M.T., Vic.

If you're really such a pair of carbon copies, I can only suggest drastic measures to clear up the

A word from Debbie . . .

• "Gift wrap" your hair for your Christmas parties with some of these pretty jiffy gaudies:

Concoct a festive party hat. Twist some clumps of holly and a scrap of red velvet into a tiny Juliet cap.

Be a jingle belle. Make music as you move. Tuck some tiny silver Christmas bells into your locks.

Make a halo circlet of holly to crown your hairdo. Finish it with a merry red bow.

Pick some tinsel and scatter it in small clusters among your locks.

Sit three jewelled combs into your coiffure. One in front, one at either side. A crown straight from the Swan Lake ballet.

For a girl who likes hair ribbons: A big flat bow of scarlet satin and a sprig of evergreen holly in the centre. Anchor it with some bobby-pins.

Make a headband of gold lame with a galaxy of paste-on stars. You'll outshine the fairy on the Christmas tree!

confusion. Like one of you going blonde, brunette, or red-head (depending on which you are now). Or one of you cropping your hair very short, and the other growing it to shoulder-length.

But I don't think you need worry too much. When a boy really falls in love with either of you, he'll know which is his girl quickly enough. And he won't be frightened away if he DOES go to kiss the wrong twin once or twice.

Meantime, just stick without cheating to those individual hair-styles.

To be a Wraac . . .

"I AM an 18-year-old girl, and have been thinking for a long time about joining the Army. Friends say that I will not get to meet any boys during the enlistment. Could you please tell me if this is true, as this is the only thing holding me back. Could you also tell me how to go about joining up. My parents disagree wholeheartedly with me, and say it is foolish for a young girl to join the Army. Are they right? Please help me, as I have to wait for your answer before doing anything."

"Anxious," N.S.W.
Are you looking for career opportunities or romantic opportunities? The Army DOES offer the first—and you will meet plenty of boys if you do enlist (the W.R.A.A.C., after all, works in conjunction with the all-male military forces).

The point is, you'll have to convince your parents that you have some serious reasons for wanting to join up. You can't do so without their consent until you are 21.

For further information about enlisting, write to the Deputy Director of Recruiting, Armed Services Information Bureau, 77 York Street, Sydney.

... or a Wraaf

"I AM a girl of almost 17, and I have been thinking seriously about joining the Royal Australian Air Force. Could you please tell me where I can contact the nearest branch? Does it cost very much money to join? Is there a waiting list? Does height matter? (I am only 5ft. 1in.)."

"W.R.A.A.F.," Tas.
You'll have to wait another year before you can enlist in the W.R.A.A.F. You can't join up until you are 18 (and then you must have your parents' consent).

You should contact the Deputy Director of Recruiting at the Armed Services Information Bureau in your capital city for recruiting details, and to find out if there is a waiting list (this generally depends on the "mustering" you apply for—clerk, stewardess, dental assistant, general, etc.).

There is no fee for enlisting, and the minimum height is 5ft.

THE LONG LEG OF THE LAWLESS

● I see an Italian court of law has decided that girl's knees aren't naughty.

IN the central Italian city of Ancona three girls were charged that their skirts were so short their knees were exposed when they sat on a park bench.

The charge claimed that exposure of knees violated a section of the Italian penal code.

Maybe it's a scheme to stop boys hanging around such joints! But the court acquitted the three girls on the grounds of insufficient evidence. The prosecution, it seems, didn't have a leg to stand on.

I didn't realise Italians were so touchy about knees—particularly after all their movies I've seen.

And aren't some of them even known as Knee-apolitans? But, apparently, it's a case of Sophia—and no further!

Knees or not, though, I suppose it's reasonable fun being, as Harry Lauder would say, a Roman in the gloamin'.

One would still be able to pursue the pleasures of calf-love.

But it's pretty tough on girls, I reckon, being lumbered by the law for showing a leg.

I know the old saying about the wages of shin—but knees, too?

Surely it should be up to the girl. Even if she puts her foot in it with too much knee and makes a bloke too amorous she can always go to her mama and sing, "Ma-fia, he's making eyes at me!"

And I don't suppose she'd get into trouble with the police for showing her unwanted suitor a clean pair of heels.

Even if the Law does become involved, however, justice is not being served, as things go now.

Surely girls charged with knee-showing should be tried in clothed courts.

And they should be tried by a jury of their peers.

That way a girl with bad knees could plead insanity.

And get off with man's-laughter!

—Robin Adair

Broken melody

"COULD you please tell me how long it takes for a boy's voice to break? My brother's voice is breaking, and as we both sleep in the same room, and he insists on singing in bed, it is most unpleasant to lie and hear him sing pop songs. He can only sing in about five notes."

R.M., S.A.
Better get yourself some ear-plugs. A boy's voice can take anything from about three months to over a year to break, so you COULD be in for a long five-note concert season.

Bike fanatics

"WE are two 18-year-old boys who are motor-bike fanatics. Our problem is that our girl-friends say we look 'bodge types' because we spend most of our spare time on our bikes. As we hold respectable

jobs and do not belong to a gang, we feel the girls have no cause to criticise us. Their constant criticism leads to quarrels. But we still love the girls very much. Could you please help us, as we do not want to part with either the girls or our bikes."

"AJS" and "Velocette," Vic.

You shouldn't need to give up either. But if you wear black leather jackets, you might compromise with the girls by giving up those. That's about the only reason the girls could have for saying you LOOK bodge types.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



FRANK IFIELD

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